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JAVA AND
HER NEIGHBOURS



ARTHUR S. WALCOTT

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WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE PADANG HIGHLANDS, SUMATRA

JAVA AND HER NEIGHBOURS

A TRAVELLER'S NOTES IN JAVA,
CELEBES, THE MOLUCCAS
AND SUMATRA

BY

ARTHUR S. WALCOTT

WITH 78 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

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To

F. A. W.

PREFACE

THE Dutch East Indies, despite their exceptional natural attractions, and the safety and comfort with which they may be visited to-day, are still comparatively unknown to the world of travellers and to the greater world of stay-at-homes. Java alone, of all the islands, has become to any appreciable extent the resort of English or American tourists or pleasure-seekers. The only comparatively recent books in English that narrate actual travel experiences in the Dutch Indies have confined their attentions to Java, where the conditions described have already changed considerably for the better. It is for these reasons that I have ventured to write up in the following pages the notes of my three months' wanderings in Java, Celebes, the Moluccas, and Sumatra, in the hope that they may prove of use to some at least of the ever-increasing army of travellers and of interest to others who by preference or of necessity do their travelling by proxy.

In the introductory chapter will be found an outline sketch of the history of the islands from the time of the arrival of the European discoverers, and in an appendix are given the present adminis-

trative divisions of Netherlands India and a few other facts, for purposes of reference. An index of geographical and personal names and a sketch map showing the routes covered have been added for the better convenience of the reader.

The illustrations are for the most part from my own films,—the survivors of a much larger number which suffered severely in experiences with an unfavourable climate and the fatal carelessness of Chinese photographers. For others I am indebted to my friend Carr M. Thomas. In the case of the remainder, credit has been given when possible. The views by Kurkdjian of Soerabaya are worthy of special mention.

In the spelling of place-names it has been impossible to follow any hard and fast rule, for even the official spelling varies in some cases. In general the spelling most favoured by the Dutch has been chosen, but in a few cases, the more familiar though possibly less accurate form has been adopted. It should be remembered in pronouncing the names that “oe” corresponds to “ou” or “u” in English, “j” or “ji” to “y,” and “ui” to “ai” or to “uy” in “buy.”

A. S. W.

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Java and Her Neighbours

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

HISTORICAL SKETCH

THE splendid island possessions of Holland in the Far East, known officially as Netherlands India and more familiarly as the Dutch East Indies, stretch across the tropical waters of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific from South-eastern Asia to Northern Australia, forming a sort of broken, irregular belt, the length of which from west to east is greater than the distance between London and Siberia or that which separates New York and San Francisco. This vast colonial empire, to which Multatuli¹ has given the peculiarly graceful and appropriate name of Insulinde (Island India), has an area of approximately 587,000 square miles,—about forty-six times that of Holland,—and a population of over 40,500,000, roughly seven times that of the mother-country. Included within its bounds are the great islands

¹The *nom de plume* of E. D. Decker, an ex-official and the author of "Max Havelaar."

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of Sumatra, Java, and Celebes, over three-quarters of Borneo, the Moluccas, and an infinity of smaller islands and island groups of the Malay Archipelago, in addition to the western half of the enormous island of New Guinea.

Of the origin and early history of these islands practically nothing is known with definite certainty, but from a study of the flora and fauna, the sea depths and coral-reef formations, the normal geology and the manifestations of abnormal disturbance by earthquake and eruption, scientists have come to an almost unanimous conclusion that at some time in the past ages the seas of the Archipelago were occupied by two great bodies of land,—to the west, by an extension of the mainland of Asia, to the east, by an island continent,—and that both of these, in the course of time, either as the result of violent convulsions of the earth or by gradual subsidence, sank below sea-level and were swallowed up by the seas, leaving their mountains and highlands as the islands which we know at the present day.

Wallace,¹ the great naturalist and probably the best authority on this subject, is responsible for the opinion that Java, Borneo, and Sumatra were all of them once parts of the Asiatic mainland and became separate islands in the order named. He further suggests that later elevations and depressions may have reunited these islands

¹ Died November, 1913.

and once again separated them, and adds: "The whole of the islands eastwards beyond Java and Borneo, with the exception, perhaps, of Celebes, essentially form a part of a former Australian or Pacific continent, although some of them may never have been actually joined to it. This continent must have been broken up not only before the western islands were separated from Asia, but probably before the extreme south-eastern portion of Asia was raised above the waters of the ocean. . . . Celebes must be one of the oldest parts of the Archipelago. It probably dates from a period not only anterior to that when Borneo, Java, and Sumatra were separated from the continent but from that still more remote epoch when the land that now constitutes these islands had not yet risen from the sea."

Our knowledge of the origin and early history of the inhabitants is unfortunately hardly more certain than that of the islands themselves.¹ There are innumerable native traditions and legends which have come down from past generations by word of mouth, and there are the written "babads" or chronicles of the Malays, which purport to be authentic records, but in each case the semi-mythological, fabulous character of the pretended history is sufficiently self-evident to make it of

¹ In the miocene or upper pliocene strata of Java there have been found fossil remains of the *Pithecanthropus erectus* or "missing link."

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little real value. It is pretty well determined that the Dyaks, Bataks, and other primitive savages of the interior are the present-day representatives of the earliest inhabitants,—the Indonesians, as we find it convenient to call them. About the beginning of the Christian era successive waves of migration, which continued for several centuries, brought to the more accessible islands thousands of refugees or emigrants from the mainland of Asia, Hindus from India, and Indo-Chinese from the lands farther to the east. Those of the aborigines who came in contact with the newcomers met the usual fate of an inferior people, and were killed or driven to the more remote districts, or else remained and soon lost their racial identity by intermarriage and the adoption of the ways of their conquerors. The Arabs and Chinese traders, even in these early days, seem to have visited the islands in considerable numbers and mixed freely with the other races, adding still further complications to the ethnological tangle.

The name Malay, which to-day is generally used in a broad way to cover all the brown-skinned peoples of the Archipelago, even including the wild tribes and every conceivable strain and mixture of Asiatic blood, was quite possibly at one time the specific name for a large body of emigrants from the same region of the mainland, who settled in Sumatra and for some centuries succeeded in retaining their racial individuality

and impressed their name and customs on an ever-increasing number of vanquished or submissive tribes. These Proto-Malays, if we may judge from the language and literature of their descendants, came from Central Asia, by way of India, perhaps by way of the Malay Peninsula, but no certain statement can be made as to when, why, or how these people came to make so extraordinary a journey.

The Hindus, who migrated to the islands in immense numbers during the first thousand years of our era, settled more especially in Java and Sumatra. They seem to have been an enterprising and artistic people, of sufficient warlike strength to establish themselves in a position of control on these alien shores, but lacking the stamina to defend their religion or their states against the subsequent onslaughts of the Mahometans. Many ruins of magnificent temples built by the Hindu Buddhists and Brahmins in the plains and table-lands of Central Java still remain, the sole memorials of their vanquished civilization in the land of its earlier conquests.

In the fourteenth century, Mahometanism was almost at its zenith in Asia and its missionaries were overrunning the Far East. Arabs and other Mahometans thronged to the islands to spread the precepts of the Koran, and converts were imbued with an almost fanatic ferocity in their zeal to extend the new faith. By persuasion or

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by force the north coast of Java was soon proselyted to Islam, and one by one the Hindu princes of the interior yielded to the fiery followers of Allah and his prophet. In 1478, Madjapahit, the capital of the great Javanese feudal empire of the Hindus, fell and the Hindu supremacy in the Insulinde was at the beginning of the end. A son of the last Rajah of Madjapahit by a discarded wife struck the final blow. A convert to the Mahometan faith, he became the avenger of his mother's wrongs, and rebelling against the authority of his father, defeated him decisively in battle and set up his own former fiefdom of Demak as an independent Mahometan state. Demak grew steadily in power and importance and ultimately became the empire of Mataram, the precursor of the native "principalities" of present-day Java. At the time of the fall of Madjapahit its Rajah claimed as vassals a majority of the rulers or chiefs of the neighbouring islands to the east, but the allegiance of these was hardly more than formal, and in a very few years Mahometan Sultans had replaced the Hindu Rajahs throughout all the Insulinde, and Mahometanism had become the religion of all the natives of the Archipelago, with the exception of the wild tribes and a few Hindus who had remained true to their faith and taken refuge in the forests and mountains. Even to-day we find the descendants of these few courageous Hindus in the Tenggri mountaineers of East

Java and the Balinese of the near-by island of Bali.

Thirty odd years after the fall of Madjapahit, the arrival of the Portuguese opened a new chapter in the history of the Indies, and the first of which we have reliable information,—the chapter of European discovery and conquest. Before entering upon this let us go back a few years and see how it came to pass that Europeans came to these far-off shores, for the story of the search for the Indies and the era of the great discoveries is one of particular interest and an important part of the history of the world of modern times.

For many centuries the Indies had been known to Europe in a vague, hazy way as the home of spices, precious stones, rich fabrics, and costly woods, all of which merchandise found its way by sea and land to Balsun on the Persian Gulf or Mocha on the Red Sea, thence by camel caravan to the coast of Asia Minor or Palestine or to the port of Alexandria, for a final distribution throughout Europe by overland routes from Constantinople or to the various Mediterranean ports by the ships of the Moors (all Mahometans were so called indiscriminately) and later by those of the Genoese and Venetians. The Crusades brought Europe into still closer contact with the riches of the East, and the wealth of the Saracens awakened many an envious thought in the minds of the Christian princes and the more adventurous of

their subjects. The cessation of active hostilities in Palestine was followed by the despatch of several European missions to the courts of various Asiatic rulers, and a number of venturesome travellers, among others the famous Marco Polo, undertook the long and dangerous overland journey to Central and Eastern Asia in pursuit of knowledge and fortune. Polo returned to Europe towards the close of the thirteenth century with a marvellous account of his adventures at the court and in the service of the Great Khan of Cathay (the China of to-day) and glowing tales of the unlimited wealth and magnificence of the oriental potentates with whom he had met. Later travellers corroborated the almost incredible reports of Polo and expatiated on the great profits to be derived from a direct trade with the countries of the Far East, but unfortunately there were insuperable obstacles in the way of accomplishing the desired end.

The overland route was, at this time, in the hands of Arabs and other Mahometans who would be sure to resent forcibly any occidental intrusion on their established preserves and monopolies, and of the sea route nothing was known except in the form of a vague tradition that in ancient times the ships of the Phoenicians had discovered a way to the Indies by sailing out of the Mediterranean to the west. The western world had distinctly retrograded in geographical knowledge as in art and literature since the close of the classic era,

and the old maps of Strabo and Eratosthenes, though rarely consulted, were still far superior to the charts of the Christian cartographers who succeeded them. In this lack of knowledge and threatened by the fear of capture by the Moors so soon as their vessels should have left the protection of the European coasts, it is easy to understand that monarchs and merchants alike were slow to offer financial backing to so hazardous a venture as an attempt to reach the Indies by water. As a matter of fact, if we except the voyages of the Norsemen to Greenland, no European ships ventured beyond the Mediterranean and the waters of the Atlantic adjacent to the European coast till well along in the fifteenth century, when the Moors, although still in possession of a portion of the Lusitanian Peninsula, were losing ground in Western Europe and being constantly attacked by the white nations in their strongholds on the north coast of Africa.

Prince Henry of Portugal, a man of whom we rarely hear, but one to whom the world of modern discovery owes an incalculable debt, makes his first appearance on the page of history as the successful commander of an expedition against the North African Moors early in the fifteenth century. During this campaign Prince Henry became impressed with the fact that the power and wealth of the Moors were largely due to their control of the spice trade with the Indies and to their mono-

poly of the African slave-trade, both of which in turn resulted from their ability to control the seas, not so much by reason of superior ships, men, or equipments as by a superiority in geographical knowledge and a greater proficiency in the art or science of navigation. Returning to Portugal with a keen realization of the importance of "sea power" and determined to make of his native country the first maritime power of Europe, this far-sighted prince at once bent all his energies to the accomplishment of his herculean task. Maps and charts and books on navigation and travel were collected from all over Europe, schools were founded for the education of mariners, ship-building was encouraged, and expeditions to explore the great unknown seas to the west and south were financed and otherwise assisted.

Among the first results of this enterprise were the discovery of the Azores and the Madeiras and the establishment of trading-posts on the west coast of Africa, and although the "father of discoveries" did not live to see the full fruition of his plans, his fellow-countrymen, before his death in 1460, were already enjoying the rich pecuniary benefits of the African slave-trade and more than able to hold their own on the sea with any of the nations of the world.

The subsequent expansion of the Portuguese dominion is a striking example of the influence of sea power on history. By 1460 the Portuguese



Photo by the Author

NATIVE TYPES, BATAVIA



AN OUTDOOR MEAL

had reconnoitred the west coast of Africa to a point south of Cape Verde; in 1487, their ships reached and rounded the Cape of Good Hope (so named from the hope that the last obstacle had been passed on the sea route to the Indies); in 1498, the "good hope" materialized and a fleet under Vasco da Gama anchored off Calicut on the west coast of the peninsula of Hindustan; in 1509, with one foot planted firmly in Africa and the other in India, another step eastward was taken and an expedition was sent across the Bay of Bengal, and Malacca, the Malay capital on the Malay Peninsula, captured and garrisoned. In 1510-12, Sumatra and Java were visited, columns of discovery were set up at various points in the Moluccas or Spice Islands, and the entire Insulinde was at the mercy of the Portuguese.

In the meantime, while the Portuguese were still blocked by the continent of Africa in their advance to the East, the Spanish (under Columbus), sailed across the Atlantic in an effort to reach the Indies by a westward route, and in 1492 and the years immediately subsequent the flag of Ferdinand and Isabella was raised over the West Indies and the mainland of the western hemisphere, in the temporary delusion that these were the East Indies and the mainland of Asia. For the next few years Spain was fully occupied with the exploration and exploitation of her new possessions in the Americas, and Portugal, as we have seen,

was equally busied with a similar work in Africa and India. In the interests of peace an agreement had been made by the kings of the two nations, and ratified by a bull or edict of Pope Alexander VI., which provided that Spain should confine her activities to a sphere to the west of an imaginary line in the Atlantic somewhat west of the Portuguese islands¹ and that Portugal should limit hers to regions to the east of this line. Under this agreement the two great rivals in the field of discovery pursued the prosperous tenor of their respective ways till 1522, when trouble came from a most unexpected source,—the arrival in the East Indies of a Spanish expedition from the direction of America.

Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese adventurer who had acquired some knowledge of the Indies and of eastern seas in voyages under the flag of his native land, disgruntled at his indifferent treatment by the King of Portugal, shifted his allegiance to the King of Spain and made an amazing suggestion to his new sovereign, declaring his belief that the Spice Islands and the rest of the Indies could be reached by way of the western ocean and the Americas. If this were so, Asia was as much within the sphere of Spain as within that of Portugal, under the Tordesillas agreement, and Spain was fully entitled to share with Portugal the rights of trade and colonization in this

¹ The Azores, etc.

vast region. Charles V. was quick to recognize the value of the suggestion, and in 1519 Magellan set sail from Seville in command of a Spanish expedition bound for the Indies by way of the western seas. Crossing the Atlantic, following the coast of America to the south, discovering and passing through the straits which still bear his name, cruising up the west coast, and at last striking boldly across the unknown Pacific, the great navigator eventually brought up at the Ladrone Islands, and a few months later lost his life in an encounter with natives in the Philippine Islands, of which he had taken possession in the name of the King of Spain. In 1522, the two remaining ships of the fleet of four which had sailed from Seville reached the long-sought Moluccas and the assertion of Magellan was established. The Portuguese were considerably upset at the arrival of the Spanish ships, but allowed them to repair their one seaworthy ship, the "Victoria," and depart for Spain with the eighteen survivors of the original force. The "Victoria" returned to Europe by way of the Cape of Good Hope and was thus the first ship to make a complete circumnavigation of the world.

As an immediate result of the discoveries of the expedition under Magellan, the King of Spain claimed, by right of discovery, the Philippines and other groups visited by his fleet, and in addition insisted on an equal right with the Portuguese to

trade in the Spice Islands and in other parts of the Indies. Dissensions arose at once, and an amicable solution of the matter was not reached till 1529 when, under the terms of a new treaty, Spain agreed, for a liberal money compensation and the recognition of her rights of ownership in the Philippines, to leave the Portuguese undisturbed in the sphere of their discoveries and (with the exception of the Philippines) to limit her own activities in this quarter to regions east of a line running north and south through the mid-Pacific.

For nearly half a century after this settlement Portugal enjoyed a practical monopoly of the spice trade and remained unquestioned mistress of the direct sea route between Europe and the Indies. Her control of the slave-trade and her lion's share in the foreign trade of Africa and Asia brought her ever-increasing prosperity, and Lisbon became the richest port of Europe. In her possessions beyond the seas, she took advantage of this period to strengthen her position and established trading-posts, built "factories" or warehouses, constructed forts and installed garrisons for the protection of her traders and their wares from the marauding attacks of Chinese and Malay pirates, and entered into treaty relations with the native Sultans or—and this far more often—reduced these native rulers to submission by force of arms. It is interesting to note in this connection that in the Portuguese struggle with the Moluccans in

1537 the Portuguese commander Galvão offered to settle the difficulties by personal engagement with the Sultans of Gilolo and of Batjan in single combat. During this period Spain held to the Treaty of 1529, and the other European nations were not yet of sufficient strength on the sea to warrant their intrusion in regions so far from home. The pirates and freebooters of Europe were in general more profitably employed in planning and executing raids in the Spanish Main on the homeward bound treasure-ships of the Spanish laden with the wealth of Peru.

Towards the end of this sixteenth century a series of momentous events in Western Europe changed the whole complexion of the East Indian situation. From 1572–1609, the Dutch Republic fought to free themselves from Spain. In 1580, Portugal was unceremoniously gobbled up by Spain, and eight years later the sea power of the peoples of the Iberian Peninsula met a crushing blow in the destruction of the "Invincible Armada," the flower of their combined fleets. The English and Dutch were now in a position to contest the supremacy of the seas in all parts of the world, and England at least, stimulated by recent successes on the Spanish Main and in European waters, was already casting greedy glances at the Latin possessions in Asia.

In 1580, Francis Drake, the bold English freebooter nicknamed the "Master Thief of the

Unknown World," returned home from a voyage around the world, a feat unaccomplished since the days of the Magellan expedition a half-century before. Drake spent some time in the Spice Islands during his voyage and took advantage of the native antipathy to the Portuguese to make a treaty with one of the Moluccan Sultans, the ruler of Ternate, which provided for the sale of cloves to the English. This act, in absolute derogation of the monopolistic rights claimed by the Portuguese, was strongly resented and was made the subject of a violent but unfruitful protest to the English Queen, Elizabeth. A few years later, in 1591, an English fleet met with a hostile reception by the Portuguese at Malacca.

Such incidents as these simply served to emphasize the weakness of the Latins, and thereafter their rights and wrongs were rarely, if ever, considered seriously by their rivals. In 1594, the closing of the port of Lisbon to the ships of the Dutch put an end to the carrying trade which the latter had for some time enjoyed between the Portuguese port and the towns of Northern Europe, and forced them to seek fresh fields of endeavour. As we have seen, Drake had forced the secret of the Spanish route to the Indies, and now at this psychological moment the secret of the Portuguese route came into the hands of the Dutch, Cornelius Houtman having succeeded in obtaining at Lisbon copies of the jealously guarded Portuguese charts.

In 1595, the first Dutch expedition to the Indies set sail under Houtman. There were four ships in all, the two largest being of four hundred tons burden each and the smallest of only sixty. The numerical strength of the expeditionary force was about 250 men. The little expedition had a desperate struggle with bad seas and the scurvy, but finally, after a voyage of nine months, sighted Sumatra, and a few weeks later came to anchor off Bantam on the west coast of Java. Portuguese at once boarded the ships to inquire the intentions of the Dutch, but being informed that the expedition was come in search of peaceful trade they seemed satisfied and allowed the Dutch to make a treaty with the Bantamites without raising objection. A little later, sounding operations by the Dutch and intrigues by the Portuguese brought on hostilities with the natives, and Houtman himself was captured and held for ransom. After his release the fleet sailed on to Jacatra, a palisaded town of three thousand houses (later the site of Batavia), and then along the north coast as far as the islands of Madoera (Madura) and Bali. This expedition reached its home port on the North Sea after an absence of over two years.

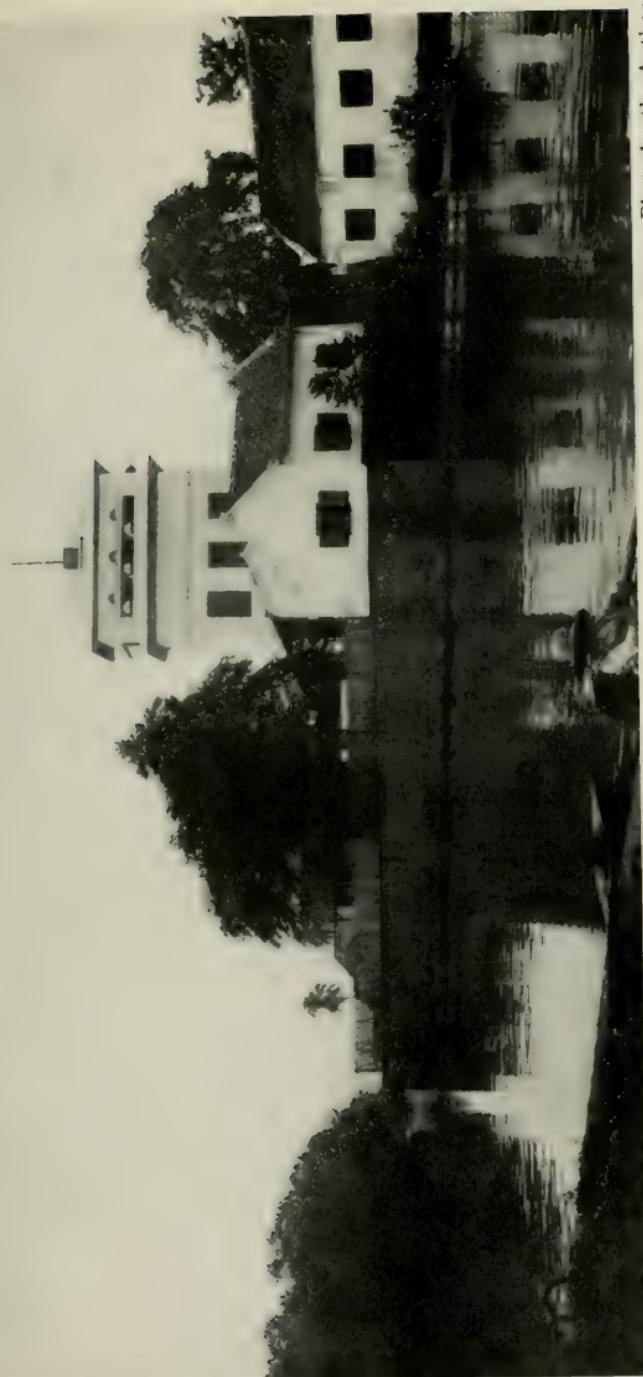
A second expedition (six ships and 560 men) started within a year and arrived off Bantam in about seven months. Half of this fleet returned to Europe with a full cargo; the other half cruised

about the Moluccas, establishing trading stations and leaving men in charge of them. A third fleet attempted the route of Magellan, but was forced to return by stress of bad weather. Other expeditions followed soon and the Spanish became sufficiently alarmed to send a squadron from the Philippines to capture these bold Dutch merchantmen. As nothing was accomplished by the Spanish fleet the Dutch became bolder than ever, and the number of their ships engaged in the new trade increased steadily year by year.

In 1602, the Dutch East Indian traders combined and secured a patent for a new company, the "Oest Indische Compagnie," capitalized at 660,000 livres. This company corresponded almost exactly to the English "East India Company" formed at about the same time. From the grant of its original patent to the time of its failure and dissolution in 1796, although purely commercial in its first purpose, it was obliged to engage in warfare and to assume other functions of a governmental nature, for native opposition to the company's trade had to be overcome with force and the resulting conflicts frequently led to the acquisition of native territory or the appointment of Dutch agents at the native courts. The "Chamber of 17," the executive committee of the company, was represented in the Indies by a governor-general and council, backed by a small body of troops and a few small war-ships.

Photo by the Author

IN OLD BATAVIA





The English and the Dutch East India companies for a few years worked in a sort of forced harmony against their common enemy, but wherever the allies succeeded in ridding themselves of the Latins for good and all, the harmony soon became discord, and the history of the Dutch-English relations in the Indies during the early seventeenth century is a tiresome repetition of petty jealousies, intrigues, fights, treaties made and broken, reprisals, and accusations. Towards the middle of the century Portugal once more became independent of Spain, and in this division of the Latin strength the Dutch found and used to good purpose the opportunity to rid themselves of the few outstanding remains of Portuguese power in the Far East. The Dutch were at this time the most powerful maritime people of Europe and till well past the middle of the next century they remained by virtue of their sea power, in full control of the situation in the Insulinde. The wars of the reformation and restoration and the protection of her colonial and trade interests nearer home kept England from any general attempt to seize the Dutch possessions in the eastern seas. During the last half of the seventeenth century and after 1688, when William, Prince of Orange, ascended the throne of England, the Dutch and English were allies for many years, and the Dutch were allowed to continue their work of trade and colonization in the Insulinde without interference.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century came another change in the *status quo*. The armies of the new Republic of France had marched into the Netherlands, and the new Dutch government, the Batavian Republic, had allied itself with France, and by so doing had become the enemy of Great Britain and the other powers that had formed the “coalition” against the French. Great Britain was by this time stronger on the seas than the Dutch and nothing stood in the way of her seizing the Dutch possessions in the East. Ceylon, Malacca, and other mile-stones on the highway to the Insulinde were accordingly taken (in 1795–96), and the Dutch were forced to concede to the British the right of free trade throughout the Indies.

Under Napoleon I. the Netherlands were annexed to the French Empire (1810), and within a few months thereafter British expeditions seized the Moluccas and other parts of the Insulinde, drove the French troops from Java, and established the British rule, with the able administrator Stamford Raffles as Governor-General. With the final defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo a readjustment of the territories of the great European powers became necessary, and under the rulings of the Congress of Vienna Great Britain restored to the Dutch their former possessions in the islands, retaining the settlements on the Malay Peninsula. Since the Anglo-Dutch Treaty of 1824 the Dutch

East Indies have remained a crown colony of the Netherlands. The British finally relinquished all claims in Sumatra in 1871-72, and in 1895, in a division of New Guinea, Holland received the western half of this enormous island.

During the long period of Dutch occupation the power of the native Mahometan Sultans has been gradually weakened by wars and agreements till to-day the Dutch are in control of the whole of Java, a large part of Sumatra, Dutch Borneo, Celebes, and practically all the inhabited lands of the smaller islands of the Archipelago, with the exception of part of Timor. To accomplish this result it has been necessary to exercise extreme patience, to put down numerous rebellions, and in several cases to fight expensive and exhausting wars. The Padri and the Achin wars in Sumatra; the Dipo Negoro rebellion in Java; the Bali, Boni, and Lombok wars are among the best known of many conflicts, in which Holland has sunk millions of dollars and lost at least a million lives. Even to-day a colonial army of over 30,000 men is required to ensure peaceful conditions in the Insulinde, and there are immense regions in the interior of Sumatra, Borneo, and New Guinea where the Dutch rule is either totally unknown or merely nominal, but conditions are steadily improving, and the future of the Insulinde is likely to prove even more prosperous than its present.

During the first half of the nineteenth century

there was doubtless much to be desired in the Dutch treatment of the natives, but since 1870 or thereabouts the most flagrant evils have been done away with, and the Dutch rule of the present day is probably as just and wise as that to be found in the colonial possessions of any other of the great powers. In their administration of the Insulinde the Dutch have from the first preserved so far as possible the system in vogue under the former native rulers. The religion has not been interfered with, the Malay language has been encouraged as the *lingua franca* of the Archipelago, taught in the government schools and used in relations between the government and the people, and the "adat" or ancient customary law has been upheld. Under the rule of the Sultans all real property rights vested in the rulers, as well as the right to engage in foreign trade and other rights generally appropriated by despotic princes. Village communities or "dessas" held lands by favour of the rulers, and the village chief apportioned these lands among the people under them to be worked by the individuals. In return both rulers and dessas claimed a certain proportion of the labour of the individuals (sometimes as much as one day in seven) upon certain lands reserved from this distribution, this corvée taking the place of taxes. Village chiefs were chosen by the people, subject to the approval of the powers above, and a group of dessas formed a "district" under a "wedono,"

A SULTAN OF DJOKJA AND THE DUTCH RESIDENT



appointed by the ruler of a group of districts. Under the Dutch the whole colony was divided into "residencies" or groups of districts with native regents at their heads who ruled in accordance with the "advice" of Dutch Residents placed at their sides to "assist" them.

From the corvée and the system of "forced cultivation" which followed as a corollary, even more than from the opportunities for graft and favouritism in the distribution of community lands, resulted most disastrous conditions for the peasantry. Marshal Daendals, universally known as the "iron marshal" from his cruel, inflexible disposition, was the ruler of Java under Napoleon. In his anxiety to build military roads, this able officer made extreme uses of the corvée, requiring so much labour from the natives that in some cases they were forced to neglect their food crops and became the victims of the resulting famines, dying by the thousands. Daendals was also the first to introduce the obnoxious system of forced cultivation, obliging, for example, all village communities with lands suitable to the cultivation of coffee-trees to plant a certain large number of trees and in due time to give to the government two-fifths of the crop, ready for market, the remainder going to the cultivators but its sale being allowed only at a price fixed by the government and usually far below the proper market value.

Under the British occupation Raffles partially

did away with the corvée and with forced deliveries, but they were resuscitated on the return of the Dutch, without, however, proving successful financially. By 1833 the Javanese deficit had become a serious detriment to Holland, herself in an impoverished condition. The Dutch had continued Raffles' innovation of leasing land to the natives in return for a land tax, partly payable in produce, partly in money, and made use of the corvée also, but to no avail. At this juncture Van den Bosch, Governor-General and later Colonial Minister, instituted a new system under which the land rent was continued and, in addition, a fifth of the lands of the natives was taken for the government and the long-suffering native was required to cultivate for the government on this land, coffee, tobacco, tea, and other valuable products. To make matters even worse the government farmed out this land and the forced labour to private contractors. This iniquitous exploitation of the natives brought to Holland from the Indies each year a surplus of some twelve million dollars gold. The condition of the natives under the original methods of the Van den Bosch system went steadily from bad to worse, and finally the abominations of its practical working were written up in a book, "Max Havelaar,"¹ which stirred the sympathies of thousands of Europeans, including many Hollanders, to such a degree that

¹ Published 1860.

within a few years the system was radically modified, though it did not entirely disappear till within the present generation. Forced cultivation of coffee is still continued in a few districts of the Insulinde, but free labour is now almost universal; income and capitation taxes have replaced the earlier spoliations, and lands may be leased by the natives for their sole and unincumbered use. Under the new conditions the native population has increased in rapid strides; private capital has taken advantage of the opportunity to interest itself in the various agricultural industries of the islands, and the Insulinde bids fair to become a model colony from every point of view.

CHAPTER I

GENERALITIES—SINGAPORE AND THE VOYAGE TO JAVA

THE very names, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and the Moluccas, conjure up in the imagination delightful visions of palm-fringed, coral-sanded shores, caressed by balmy breezes and redolent with fragrance; of dense forests, great plantations, and awe-inspiring volcanoes. They recall many a happy hour of childhood, when we cruised over the eastern seas with Sindbad the Sailor or shared the thrilling adventures of some more modern hero as he triumphed over a myriad of gruesome perils, from Malay pirates and head-hunters to devil-fish, orang-utans, and huge serpents. They bring up vivid recollections of the wonderful tales of Marco Polo, Odoricus, and Mandeville, the great European travellers, and refresh our recollections of the era of discovery and of the bold adventurers and navigators, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Albuquerque, Magellan, Francis Drake, and others, who risked their lives in efforts to tear the veil of mystery from these regions of wealth and

fascination and throw open to European trade and colonization this new-old world of Insulinde or island India. Those of us who are less imaginative, and more inclined to live in the present than in the past, are perhaps more apt to be reminded of "old government Java," Sumatran tobacco, and sugar, or of cloves, nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, peppers, and other spices.

To one who has visited the islands the names have a world of other associations as well. They stand for an earthly paradise, a region of never-failing delight to the lover of natural beauty, and the home of all the splendours and rarities of tropical vegetation. In this marvellous Insulinde there are strange and rare flora and fauna to attract the botanist and zoölogist, a wide range of volcanic and structural phenomena to interest the geologist, knotty racial and governmental problems to absorb the ethnologist and student of colonial administration, a number of ruined temples to occupy the attention of the archæologist, a variety of big game to tempt the sportsman, and on every hand novel scenes and objects to busy the collector, photographer, and sightseer.

With so many allurements one would expect to find the Insulinde overrun with tourists and travellers, but with the exception of Java the islands are rarely visited by others than the Dutch and a few business men and concession hunters. One reason for this is the position of the islands,

—several hundred miles off the beaten track between India and China, and so near the equator. Another reason may be found in the fact that until quite recently the Dutch were inclined to discourage foreign travellers who sought to wander beyond the near vicinity of the cities of Java and the immediate neighbourhood of a few of the island ports. Strict passport regulations were enforced with unnecessary rigidity and a superabundance of red-tape, correct information as to communications and accommodations was difficult to obtain, and practically no news found its way from the *Insulinde* to the outer world, except of cholera or fever epidemics, native outbreaks or volcanic eruptions.

Of late years the attitude of the authorities has undergone a complete volte-face, and to-day it is possible to travel safely, comfortably, and agreeably throughout the civilized part of this great colonial possession. Passports are now easily obtainable; a government tourist bureau has been opened at Batavia, where information may be had gratis concerning every conceivable matter, from railways and hotels to game regulations and health precautions; publicity bureaus have been opened in Europe and America with the object of interesting travellers in the *Insulinde*, and hotel and carriage charges have been regulated by the government and established at moderate rates. In the comfortable little steamers of an

inter-island line¹ even the farthest distant corners of the Archipelago may be reached, and there are approximately three thousand miles of railway and steam tram in Java and over six hundred in Sumatra, besides hundreds of miles of fine roads and many more of trails available to equestrians. The only outstanding obstacle in the way of a would-be traveller to the Insulinde is the immensity of distance that separates the islands from Europe and America. To reach Singapore, in the Straits Settlements, the natural point of departure for Batavia, Java, a sea voyage of about a month is necessary from London or San Francisco, and at Singapore we are still some five hundred miles from Batavia.

In selecting the time for one's visit to the islands it is well to remember that in these regions, where the cold winters of Europe and the United States are unknown and the thermometer varies but slightly during the entire year, the four seasons of our temperate zone are practically non-existent and in their place there are two "monsoons" or five-month periods, each marked by the prevalence of a wind from a particular quarter. Of these, the bad, wet, or west monsoon begins in November and continues till late in March, and the good, dry, or south-east monsoon includes roughly the months from April to October. During the former the world of vegetation is undoubtedly at its best,

¹ The Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij.

but the pleasure of travel is somewhat marred by the discomforts and uncertainties attendant upon the heavy rains; during the latter the heat of the sun's rays is more intense, the atmosphere is apt to be hazy, and distant views lose their sharpness of outline. The short periods of changing monsoon are uncertain in weather conditions, and high winds and rough seas are usual. The worst season for a visit is probably October and early November, when the germs of fever are neither baked to harmlessness by the scorching rays of the sun nor drowned by the tropical rains and exert their strongest influence for harm.

Unfortunately we cannot always arrange our travel dates so as to enjoy the best climatic conditions in the lands to be visited, and when, after years of planning and anticipation, it became possible for me to spend three or four months in the Insulinde, there was no alternative but to leave Hongkong in the typhoon season, arrive in Java at perhaps the worst time of the whole year, and do all my travelling during the "bad" monsoon. As we steamed out of Hongkong harbour typhoon signals were hoisted on shore, and for the greater part of the week's voyage through the China Sea to Singapore we encountered bad weather and rough water. Once arrived we learned that the steamer for Java with which we had expected to connect had been sunk in colli-

sion and that we must wait over for the through mail-boat from Holland.

Although Singapore is generally scornfully ignored by travellers on their hurried way to the more interesting ports of India or China, this thoroughly cosmopolitan city is deserving of more than a passing glance and on closer acquaintance develops many unexpected sources of amusement and interest. A first impression of Singapore is apt to be one of puzzled surprise, for here in this largest city of all Malaya, a town of 260,000 inhabitants, the Malays themselves seem to be a negligible factor, and there is hardly a visible suggestion of their presence. The architecture is either Chinese or European, the bulk of the population seems to be Chinese, and even the Japanese and the Klings are more in evidence than the insignificant representation of pure natives. To be sure, there are Malay boatmen to be found in the river and harbour, Malay diving-boys at the docks, and Malay drivers on the hacks, and we may see barefoot Malays playing "soccer" football on the sea-front opposite Raffles Hotel or witness marvellous renditions of Shakespearean drama by Malay actors at their theatre, but these genuine natives are but a drop in the bucket as compared with the "Straits Chinese," who make up over three-quarters of the population.

It is in fact to the British and the Chinese that the prosperity and growth of this Malay city are

wholly due. This "Gate of the East," the entrepôt of Malayan and Siamese trade, the great sea junction of the far-eastern tropics, was in earlier days the property of the Malay Sultan of Johore and, with the remainder of the little island (twenty-seven miles long by fourteen broad), was ceded to the British in 1819 at the instigation of Stamford Raffles, revered by English children as the founder of the London "Zoo." Its acquisition seems to have been intended as an act of protest on the part of Great Britain against the monopolistic claims and pretensions of the Dutch. Be that as it may, Singapore became a free port under a strong, honest, and just government and was soon invaded by thousands of Chinese eager to take advantage of its exceptional opportunities for money-making. The wisdom of both British and Chinese has been amply justified by the present position of the city as one of the greatest ports of the world in importance and by the fortunes heaped up by the shrewd business men from the Middle Kingdom.

Early commercial successes of the Chinese traders made of Singapore a sort of Chinese El Dorado, and hordes of Celestials of every trade and grade have thronged to the Straits in search of wealth or to escape the oppression of their despotic home government. To-day Chinese rickshawmen and coolies crowd the streets, Chinese room-boys and waiters are employed in the foreign

hotels, Chinese clerks and accountants are found in all the banks and business-houses; the local tailor-shops, laundries, and photograph galleries are nearly all owned or run by Chinese; Chinese contractors, ship-chandlers, dealers in provisions and other supplies control the labour and material markets; and in the handsomest equipages of the fashionable promenade—in motor-cars, dog-carts, and victorias—are to be seen the rich Chinese merchants and their families, clad in richest silks and the very embodiment of prosperity and content.

Of the growth and well-being of Singapore one sees indisputable signs on every hand. In the roads, off the city proper, enormous moles and breakwaters are in process of construction and large areas of shore are being reclaimed from the sea. A mile or so to the south, in the neighbourhood of Tandjong Pagar, the district of the docks, there is a scene of upheaval and excavation, of bustle and activity, strikingly suggestive of the great works in the Panama Canal Zone. Swamp-lands are being filled in, hills dug away, tracks laid, wharves, docks, and "go-downs" or warehouses constructed, in a late attempt to provide adequate means and accommodations for handling a yearly ship tonnage that has already passed the twenty-five million mark. Still farther from town, on near-by islands, modern fortifications are being hurried to completion, for the passing of the great

Russian armada in 1905 within full view of the town was an object lesson to the British imperial authorities and opened their eyes to the value of Singapore as a naval base and the importance of equipping it at once to take its proper place in that splendid line of armoured outposts that mark the advance of British conquest and commerce from Gibraltar to Hongkong. One result of the recent activity in this direction is the prohibition of photography and sketching in town or harbours without special permit,—a precaution peculiarly irritating to tourists.

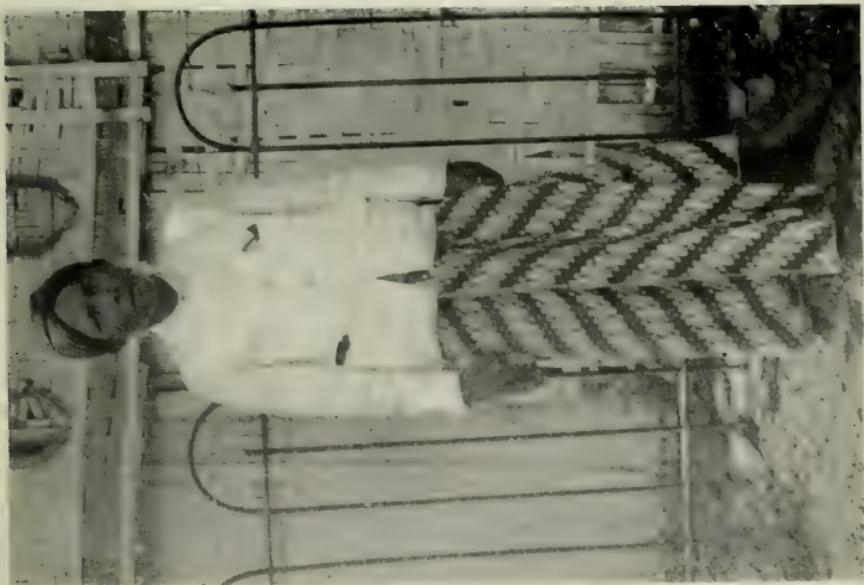
The Dutch mail steamer on which we had taken passage for Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia, arrived on time from Europe, and, sending the heavy baggage ahead on a bullock-cart in charge of one of the hotel runners, we bade Raffles Hotel and its smiling manager good-bye and drove to the docks in a "ticca-gharry," one of the box-like cabs of India and the Straits. The steamer was crowded to the last foot with Dutch army officers and civilian officials, planters, merchants, their stout wives and numerous children and servants; one American family, a handful of English and German business men, my two friends and myself were the only passengers that were not unmistakably from Holland or her colonies. In view of the crowded conditions we were fortunate to secure accommodations and were not inclined to grumble, but I found it difficult to find positive

A DOMESTIC SCENE



Photo by the Author

A NATIVE SERVANT



enjoyment in my berth after discovering that the only source of fresh air, directly over my head, opened upon a part of the deck occupied by native servants, who at first seemed to think my skylight a heaven-sent depository for refuse.

One's first experiences on a Dutch ship in the tropics are certain to be surprising and entertaining, if not amusing, especially if one comes aboard fresh from the punctilious forms and usages of a British ship or settlement. First impressions, however, are by no means the most lasting, and early feelings of amusement or shock are soon buried by deeper ones of respect and admiration for the independence and good sense which have led our Dutch cousins to do away with so much of the merely conventional and thoroughly uncomfortable.

In the matter of dress looks are sacrificed to comfort, and in social intercourse quasi-aristocratic aloofness is replaced by democratic good-fellowship. During the informal hours of the day the men wear pyjama suits or "whites" cut high at the neck to avoid the need of the stiff collar and unnecessary outer shirt. The women are even less dressy, attiring themselves in loose, shapeless garments of the kind known to us as "Mother Hubbards" or in short, white jackets and straight-hanging Malay skirts or "sarongs." Corsets are unusual, stockings sometimes dispensed with, and foot-gear is of the informal toe-slipper variety. The

hair is in many styles of half-dress or undress. It may easily be imagined that this costume, though tolerably becoming to a beauty, is by no means improving to the appearance of the stout dowagers who are in the great majority. The children, and there are dozens of them, play about bare-armed and bare-legged, unhampered and unheated by superfluous clothes. Such is the ordinary bill-of-dress till the more formal hours. For dinner and evening the dress approaches more closely that in vogue in colder climes, but full evening clothes are rather the exception than the rule.

The daily routine of life on shipboard offers comparatively little variety the world over, but in the mid-day meal and the following siesta we found something quite novel and were at the same time introduced to two indispensable features of Dutch colonial life. The first of these, the "rijstafel" or rice-table, is a feast beside which a Continental table d'hôte is a mere nibble. It comprises all the courses of an elaborate lunch and in addition to the soup, fish, meat-balls, and cold meats, desserts and fruits, huge portions of rice are served, in which each mixes, according to individual preference, chutney and curries and other spices and condiments. After such a Gargantuan repast a doze or quiet rest for an hour or two is an absolute necessity, everyone repairs to his cabin, and the decks are deserted by all but the Malay deck-hands, who lounge lazily about, smoking cigarettes

and chattering to one another in their soft-sounding lingo as they make an absurd pretence of cleaning the brasses or washing the paint. In the evening the usual shipboard coteries gather for music, cards, or conversation, and many of the "vrouws" join their husbands in the smoking-room.

Our steamer having started shortly before midnight, by the time we came on deck next morning land was out of sight and the equator far behind us to the north. During the afternoon the Dutch island of Banka was sighted, and later the steamer passed through the straits between Banka and Billiton. These two islands are of chief importance for their coal mines. The latter were for many years leased to the Chinese by their owner, the Sultan of Palembang, Sumatra, but in 1740 the Dutch took possession of them and have since then worked them as a government monopoly at an enormous profit. The actual miners are some twenty-nine thousand Chinese coolies, and it is said that these are underpaid and not too well treated, though this is probably less true to-day than formerly. The entire population of Banka is roughly 115,000 and that of Billiton 37,000, made up chiefly of Malays of Sumatran ancestry.

Over seas smooth to glassiness we steamed on through another night and morning, with not even a sail or a flying-fish to vary the sleep-inspiring monotony of sky and sea. At last, almost exactly a day and a half from Singapore, the dim outlines

of great mountains began to unfold themselves from the filmy haze ahead. These soon assumed more definite form, and at the same time a band of gleaming white on the horizon line below resolved itself into a stretch of coral beach, and a fringe of green above revealed itself as the waving foliage of a row of graceful palm-trees. Gradually, as we came nearer, small islands covered with verdure seemed to detach themselves from the mainland and float towards us. Eventually we passed these and steered our course towards two great stone arms that stretched out from the shore as if to pull us in. These arms are the solid trachyte piers, over a mile long, that form the protecting walls of the artificial harbour of Tandjong (cape) Priok, port of Batavia. Between them the steamer glided slowly along the outer harbour past gun-boats and a few "tramp" steamers, finally entering a narrow inner harbour and warping up to a substantial quay or wharf, behind which, on the right, through the openings between the godowns, could be seen the tracks and rolling stock of the railroad which connects the port with the capital.

Tandjong Priok is a modern port. In the early days ships anchored some six miles to the west, directly opposite the old city, but a severe eruption of the volcano Salak in 1699 brought about a gradual silting up of this old anchorage with ashes, mud, and other detritus carried down by the river

(the Tjiliwong), and in the end a new harbour became a matter of imperative necessity. The works at Tandjong Priok were completed and the new port thrown open in 1886, after a period of nine years of constructive effort and an outlay of over ten million dollars gold. Already the new harbour is proving inadequate for the accommodation of the increasing tonnage and fresh expenditures will soon be necessary.

Of all the important sea-ports of Eastern Asia Tandjong Priok is perhaps the least interesting to the stranger and the one most lacking in local colour. As we glanced across the harbour toward the graving-dock and coaling-station there was not a single native craft in sight, and in no direction, wheresoever we looked, was there anything to suggest in any way the propinquity of a great city. On the quay to which we were tied up the waiting crowd was made up largely of uniformed policemen and customs officials, hotel runners and their attendant satellites, Dutch, half-caste, and Chinese friends of our fellow-passengers, and Malay coolies precisely similar to the Malays that we had already seen at Singapore. Possibly there were a few more of the knotted head-cloths, perhaps there was a trifle more of colour in the sheet-like body "kains," but certainly in face and figure the Malay labourer of Java looked a close counterpart of his brother of the Straits Settlements. The prevalence of Dutch uniforms, the compara-

tive scarcity of Chinese, and the unusual presence of numbers of self-confident and prosperous half-castes alone reminded us that we had travelled over the five hundred miles of sea that separate Singapore and Batavia.

The landing and transfer to the train for Batavia were quickly and easily accomplished. The runners of the various city hotels swarmed to the first-cabin deck as soon as communication had been established with the shore, and in a trice, escorted by the man of our choice, our baggage on the backs of his myrmidons, we were hurried to the adjacent shed of the customs to undergo a somewhat perfunctory examination for firearms before being allowed to pass on to the railway station a few yards farther. The railroad carries no baggage free and it is best to leave everything heavy to the tender mercies of the "mandoer" or head man of the hotel, who sees to its delivery at one's rooms in town at the earliest possible moment and at a minimum of expense.

The ride from the port to the hotel and residential district of the capital, Weltevreden, was one of rather less than half an hour, but the atmosphere seemed oppressive after the fresher air of the open sea, and even the first-class compartment was stuffy and uncomfortable, filled as it was with perspiring men and women and peevish babies. The tracks run through a low, flat, swampy country all the way, for some distance paralleling a



Photos by Carr M. Thomas

NATIVE SAIL-BOATS, N. JAVA COAST

canal or canalized river, along the banks of which we caught occasional glimpses of picturesque little "kampongs" or native villages, groups of thatch-covered cottages half-hidden in groves of bananas and cocoanut-palms and surrounded by flower gardens and hedges bright with colour. Here and there we saw gaily turbaned and skirted grown people and pretty little children in the garb of the Garden of Eden, mongrel dogs, quaint two-wheeled carriages, and carts with arched roofs. Everywhere the vegetation was luxuriant and the green of the verdure proved pleasantly soothing to eyes wearied by the rude glare of the sun on the tropical sea.

As we neared our destination we passed through a district of rice-fields and market gardens, then through larger villages, and finally the suburbs of the city. When at length, we alighted, we were in a neighbourhood of handsome villas and broad avenues. Another representative of the hotel was on hand to meet us, and we were soon bundled into a carriage and driven off to our hostelry at an unconscionable speed which seemed to threaten imminent destruction. Malay drivers are probably the worst in the world, their ponies spirited and only half broken,—surely a dangerous combination, yet, as a matter of fact, one productive of very few accidents of a serious character. It was none the less a relief when we dashed up in safety to the colonnaded verandah of the Hotel des Indes.

CHAPTER II

WELTEVREDEN, RESIDENTIAL AND OFFICIAL BATAVIA

REFRESHED after the hot ride from the port by a cold bath in a private bath-room and lounging luxuriously in pyjamas on a "long-sleeved" or extension-armed chair, on the front porch or verandah of a comfortable apartment in the best hotel in the Dutch East Indies, the new arrival is apt to wax enthusiastic on the subject of Javanese hostellries and to institute invidious comparisons to the disparagement of similar establishments on the mainland of Asia. Certainly no one could ask for more satisfactory quarters than those of the new part of the Hotel des Indes. Our rooms opened on a spacious rear court or garden carpeted with grass, beautified by fine specimens of the fan-palm and many flowering plants and shrubs and amply shaded by a wealth of splendid trees. Each apartment had its own porch and back-yard and was one of a row of similar groups of rooms. As this type of hotel construction is that with which one

meets not only in the great caravanseries of the cities, but in a more or less modified form throughout the entire Insulinde, a few details may not be amiss.

At the rear of a huge court facing the main thoroughfare which connects the residential and the business sections of the city stands a large, white, central building with a deep front verandah, on the marble floor of which are a number of the tin-topped tables of the Parisian boulevards. Here in the late afternoon one may sit and sip the popular drink of the Indies,—the "gin bijt" or gin and bitters. In this main building are the hotel offices, the reading-room, dining-room, and kitchens. From either side covered walks lead to long one-storied galleries or rows of bedrooms and apartments that stretch far out to the rear and in front to the road. In the front court of the Hotel des Indes is the largest known waringin or banyan tree in all Java, and protected by its shade are great cages of birds and monkeys. The apartments of the rear gallery consist, each, of a covered porch furnished with easy-chairs, desk, table, electric light, and bamboo Venetian blinds; a bedroom, aired by open lattice-work near the ceiling in addition to a door and window, and provided with a modern washstand with hot and cold running water, electric lights, and a telephone; a rear yard, well walled in and supplied with lines on which to dry the dampness from one's clothes;

a little bath-room with the usual tank and dipper (tub-baths are considered unwholesome in the tropics); and a toilet-room with modern plumbing. For all these comforts and good meals and service we paid four dollars gold a day.

Daily life in Weltevreden, and one finds it the part of wisdom to conform in the essentials to the life of the resident, is quite unlike that of the British tropical towns and approximates far more closely that to which we had already become accustomed on the steamer. One rises soon after the six o'clock sunrise, takes tea or coffee, the morning "mandi" or bath, loaf about till eight or nine, takes a breakfast of eggs and cold meat, and makes an early start at shopping or sightseeing. Returning for rijstafel, that ample meal is followed by the siesta, and as the heat begins to diminish the business of the day is renewed. Later there is a second mandi, a change from "whites" to darker, more formal apparel and a drive or an hour at the club before dinner. Dinner at the hotel is quite a formal affair, and as there is little to occupy the evening hours the usual late hour of half-past eight is most satisfactory. The food and cooking are remarkably good, and there is a plenty of what a fellow-American has designated as "real English-speaking grub." For drink one takes Scotch whiskey and "polly," light wine or plain Apollinaris,—"ayer blanda" as it is called here. The Javanese waiters, like the room-

boys, are quiet and quick and make a favourable contrast with the consequential, tip-hunting and often totally incompetent menials of the Occident. The early hour of rising sends everyone to bed early and soon after ten nearly all are in their rooms if not in their beds. Within the mosquito nettings which enclose the bed there is the usual tropical lack of blankets and spreads, but besides the sheets and pillows one finds a mosquito broom and a great, hard bolster, the arrangement known to foreigners as a "Dutch wife." This last is a source of much comfort on a hot night, for placed beside one it keeps the upper sheet clear of the body.

I should be giving a wrong impression of hotel life in Weltevreden if I neglected to say anything of the animal life. As elsewhere in the tropics, there are dozens of the harmless little "gekkos" or house lizards on the walls, birds fly in through the lattice and build their nests in the ceiling plates of the drop-lights, winged and wingless ants are common, and rats are by no means unknown, but the bats, scorpions, centipedes, and spiders which so often make one's life miserable in the tropics are seldom seen, and the beds are remarkably free from the smaller animal pests.

Distances in Batavia are great and the damp heat is not conducive to pedestrianism, but fortunately public conveyances are plentiful and inexpensive. Residents of position scorn the

clumsy steam tram-car and the convenient "sado,"—the cheaper two-wheeled vehicle generally used by the natives and half-castes,—and hold fast to the "mylord" or victoria. One of these more fashionable equipages may be had at the hotel at a moderate charge,—one dollar gold to one and a quarter for two hours, or two to two and a half for six, the higher charge being made for a vehicle with rubber tires. The mylord is drawn by two spirited ponies and driven by a native who makes up for lack of intelligence by picturesque appearance, and for ignorance of all matters pertaining to the art of driving by a fondness for speed and a calm recklessness that are quite refreshing in a land of restful quiet. The native driver always expects a tip, or "per cent." as it is called here, but the extortionate tip of Europe or America is undreamed of. For excursions to the country motor-cars are to be had at reasonable rates. If one prefers to economise, sados may be hired for twenty-four cents gold an hour or six cents for fifteen minutes.

The reader may have wondered why I have added the word "gold" in mentioning dollars and cents. The object is to avoid ambiguity resulting from the fact that the term "dollar" in the Far East generally means the Mexican or the "Conant" dollar, which has a value of only half an American gold dollar, and the "cent" of the Dutch East Indies is a hundredth part of the



Photo by the Author

A SADO, THE CAB OF JAVA



Photo by the Author

A LARGE WHEELED CART, SOERABAYA

guilder or florin, the guilder being worth forty cents gold. The monetary system of the Indies is simple. Of the various coins the "kwartje" corresponds to the American dime, the "dubbeltje" equalling four cents gold. Drivers, porters, and coolies generally speak of the guilder as a "rupiah" and of a half-guilder as a "stengah," calling the two and a half guilder piece a "ringgit." As in well-nigh every quarter of the globe, letters of credit are the most usual and convenient form of carrying one's funds. Besides the Dutch banks there are branches of British banks in Batavia and Soerabaya.

Weltevreden is the modern half of Batavia, the capital of the Dutch East Indies. Old Batavia, the lower city or Benedenstadt, known in its prime as the "Queen of the East," or more appropriately as the "White Man's Grave," is a distinct and dissimilar city. Weltevreden is the district of European residences and government buildings, of hotels, clubs, and shops,—in short of foreign life in general. It is a garden city, a veritable "rus in urbe," with broad streets, immense breathing places or "pleins," an abundance of shade trees, imposing public buildings, and hundreds of delightful mansions and bungalows set far back from the roads and surrounded by pretty gardens and spacious lawns. Weltevreden dates from the opening of the nineteenth century, and owes its existence to the terrible ravages of

death and disease in the old town. The early Dutch arrivals in Java attempted in old Batavia to reproduce in an environment of swamp and jungle the none too healthy features of a Dutch home town of the period,—canals, narrow streets, closely huddled houses, and all,—and for this folly they paid dearly by the loss of many thousands of lives. Between 1714 and 1776 a total of 87,000 (mostly soldiers and sailors) died in the government hospitals, and over a million deaths in all are recorded in Batavia for the years between 1731 and 1752. The indefatigable Marshal Daendals, military commander during the French control of Holland and the Indies, was the first to take resolute action against the greatest of all foes, and under his orders the garrison were removed from their quarters in the old town to a new camp at some distance and on higher ground. This new camp formed the nucleus about which Weltevreden grew. Within a few years the officials followed the troops, civilians soon followed the officials, and in the end the old, unsanitary lower town was left to the natives and Chinese and to the offices of those business enterprises whose prosperity necessitated their location in the near neighbourhood of the harbour and go-downs.

Weltevreden signifies "well content," and contentment is apparent in the faces and figures of the Dutch residents, their stout wives, and their healthy-looking children. These people seem far

healthier and happier than the English residents of British India or the Straits Settlements. "Liver" seems to be exceptional, good colour and clear complexions are usual, sun-helmets and evening dress are less common than good health and good sense. The folly of attempting in equatorial Asia to live the life of Europe with all its unsuited fashions and conventions has been learned by the Dutch, perhaps from bitter experiences in the old city. To-day everything is governed by considerations of health and comfort. The roomy dwellings, each in its park or garden, give the impression of solidity and cool comfort above all. The deep verandahs, their classic colonnades and marble floors, the white walls of the houses themselves, the absence of fatiguing stairs, of heavy floor coverings and cumbrous hangings, the substitution of shutters for window-panes,—all of these and many other less conspicuous details have a share in providing for the fullest enjoyment of fresh air and a minimum of heat where these two are among the greatest desiderata of life. The cost of living is still low in the Indies. Servants work for little more than their board and lodging in many cases and rarely leave the employ of a good master, ponies and carriages may be kept on quite modest incomes, and there seems to be practically no splurging or showy vulgarity. Small wonder that these colonial Dutch are well content.

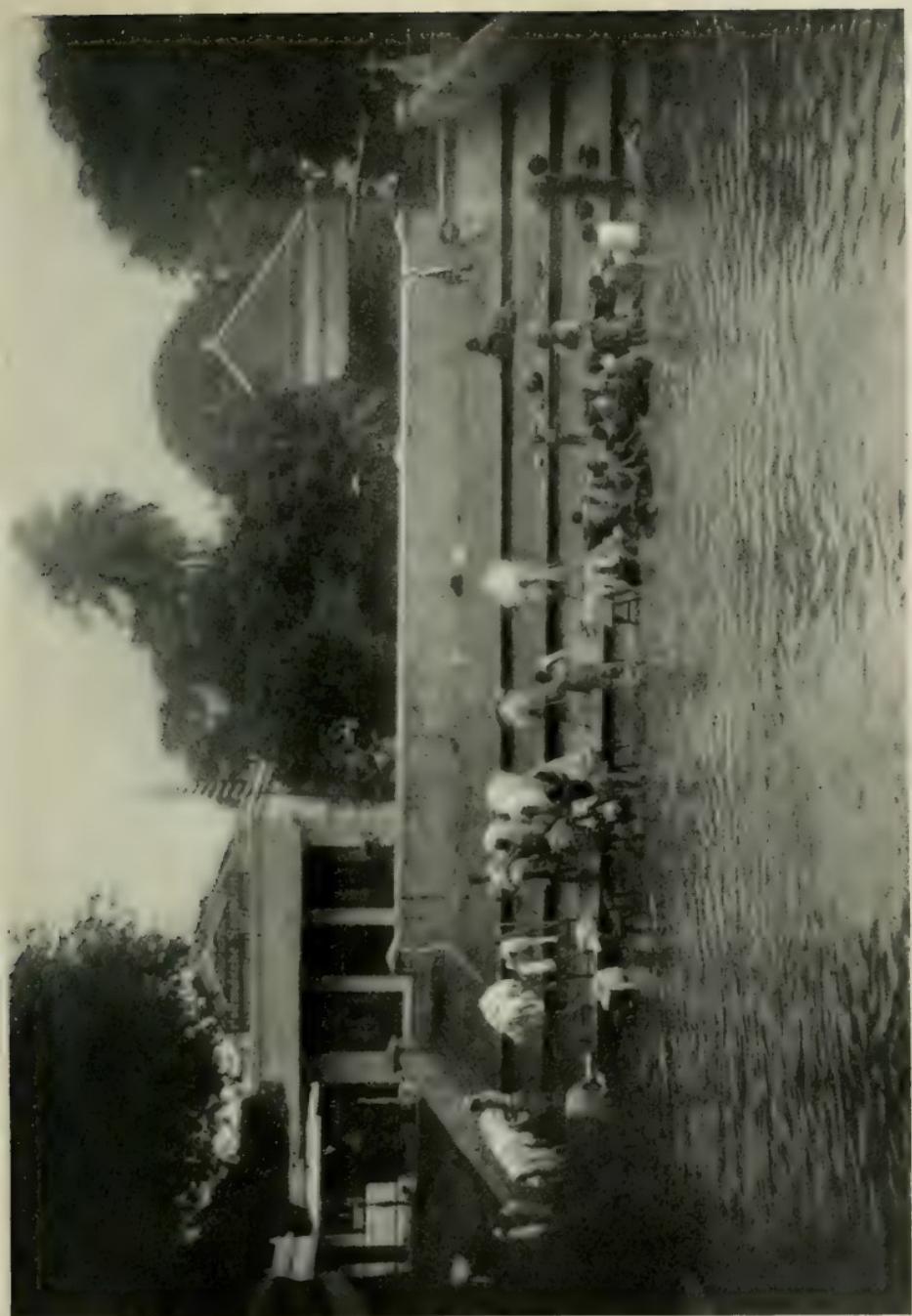
After a day or two in Weltevreden the stranger

begins to notice certain unique peculiarities of the social régime. There seem, for instance, to be few, if any, white people of the lower classes, except in the ranks of the colonial army. European gamblers and prostitutes, beach-combers, beggars, and ne'er-do-wells, common as they are in the foreign settlements of nearly every port of the Far East, are but rarely seen in the Dutch possessions. The disreputables are kept out by a rigid enforcement of the entry regulations, and the white labourers and mechanics are kept out by their inability to live on the low wage of the competing brown man. Another and unique feature of the social life is the manner of drawing the colour line. A white woman may not marry a native, but, on the contrary, a white man may do so and his half-caste children will be considered and treated as Europeans. One frequently meets half-castes of high social position, and it is even said that a recent governor-general boasted a thick strain of the brown blood. The scorned Eurasian of British India has much to envy in this recognition of his cousins of the Dutch islands.

Sightseeing in Weltevreden must be accomplished so far as possible in the early morning and late afternoon, for, despite the shade of the wide-spreading waringins and the protecting foliage of the handsome tamarind-trees, the streets are hot to scorching, and the new arrival is particularly sensitive. The "sights" of this new part

Photo by Carr M. Thomas

AN OUTDOOR LAUNDRY, WELTEVREDEN



of Batavia are few, and with a carriage and a properly instructed driver everything but the museum collections may be seen in a couple of hours. The centre of things is the immense Koningsplein. This "gambir," as the Malays call it, is an ugly, open square of trapezium shape, covering an area of about a square mile and relieved in its bare unattractiveness by a few scattered trees and an inconsiderable carpet of coarse, weedish grass. Here and there along the paths one comes unexpectedly upon thriving specimens of the curious sensitive plant, the *mimosa pudica*. The stranger is at first inclined to cavil at this great waste of space and to wonder why the ground has not been planted with trees and made into a park, but he will find that the gambir is to the residents a priceless boon and its very bareness its most precious feature. It is in fact the great breathing spot of the city. Across its broad stretches the refreshing wind blows unimpeded, and its absence of vegetation ensures a dryness of air much appreciated in a region of almost universal moisture. The popularity of the Koningsplein is well attested by the buildings that surround it, and by the representation of the wealth and fashion of Weltevreden that gather along its sides in the afternoon, on horseback and in handsome equipages.

At the north end of the plein is the stately, classic, town palace of the Governor-General, now for the most part deserted in favour of the country

palace in the famous botanical gardens at Buitenzorg, a few miles distant. On the west side is the Museum, another edifice of gleaming white and built in the classic style which has been chosen for nearly all the public buildings. Before the Museum stand two fine old cannon captured from a native ruler of Southern Borneo, the Sultan of Bandjermasin, and between them a bronze elephant presented by a former King of Siam as a memorial of his visit in 1871. The museum collections are intensely interesting and include specimens of nearly everything of value to the student of native life in the Insulinde, past or present. There are Hindu and Buddhist images and sculptures from the ruins of Central Java, chain armour captured in the late war in Bali and bearing a striking resemblance to that worn by the Saracens in the time of the Crusades, other armour and articles of personal adornment taken from defeated native sultans and rajahs, models of native buildings, products of all the native industries, tools, implements, weapons, and countless other things illustrating the civilization of the islands.

Adjoining the plein to the north-east is the pretty little Wilhelmina Park, and in its centre, with the Tjiliwong River for moat, is the arsenal, Fort Prins Hendrik, successor of the original stronghold of the garrison after its removal by Daendals from the unhealthy site in the lower

city. Still farther to the east is a monument to General Michaelis, a brave officer killed in the Bali War in 1849, and on the Waterlooplein near by is a column erected in 1828 "To the memory of that most famous day, June 20th, 1815, on which, by the resolution and activity of the Belgians and their famous general, William Frederick George Ludwig, Prince of Luxemburg, after a terrible conflict on the plains of Waterloo, when the battalions of the French had been routed and scattered on every side, the peace of the world dawned once more." Thus reads a translation of the somewhat stilted inscription. As the battle of Waterloo may, from one point of view, be said to have brought about by its result the restoration to the Dutch of the Insulinde and also the independence of the Netherlands from France, Hollanders may well afford to revere its memory even through the medium of such monuments of undeserved tribute as this. Belgium and the Netherlands of to-day were for a time one nation, and self-praise is a common failing.

Beyond the Waterlooplein stand the buildings of the government of the Indies and the high courts of justice. In the former sits the Council of the Indies, and before it stands a statue of Coen, the early governor who erected the fort at Jacatra that later took the name of Batavia and developed into the present city. Weltevreden is the formal seat of the administrative government of the

islands. Theoretically the administration is carried on by the throne of Holland, acting through a governor-general and council appointed by it and in accordance with the Dutch East India Administration Regulations, a sort of constitution for the Indies which was granted in 1854. The Dutch method of governing the natives is ingenious and sensible. The Indies are divided into: (1) Java and Madoera and (2) the Outer Possessions, each of these in turn being divided into a number of residencies and governments. In the governments a governor is the theoretical as well as the practical ruler; in the residencies, the resident, the practical ruler, is appointed to the court of the native regent or "adipati" and acts as an "elder brother" whose advice, according to the adat or customary law, must be taken. The general law of the island is this same adat, modified when necessary to serve changed conditions and the demands of modern progress. Practically all the native officials are appointed by the Dutch, but the headmen of the village communities and other minor and local office-holders are elected by their fellow-natives. The two native principalities of Solo and Djokja are still under the theoretical control of their native rulers, the Susuhunan¹ and the Sultan, but these monarchs have accepted the "advice" of the Dutch and in return for liberal annual stipends

¹ Dutch spelling is Soesoehoenan.

have farmed out to the real rulers the taxes and monopolies.

This system of colonial administration differs in many particulars from those in use by the British or French, but is perhaps even more successful. The language adopted for intercourse between natives and Dutch is Malay, and all Dutch officials are obliged to be familiar with this easy tongue before taking up their posts. Malay will undoubtedly replace within a few years the various dialects of the more remote sections of the Insulinde, for it is now taught in all the government schools. The men picked for the colonial service are given a special and thorough training before being allowed to take up even the comparatively unimportant posts, and one is bound to be impressed with the fact that they are a particularly intelligent body of men and for the most part creditable representatives of their home-country.

Next door to the Administration Building is the spacious home of the Club Concordia, the favourite club of the military and official residents. If lucky enough to have been put up as a guest one may pass a pleasant evening in the gardens amid a myriad of lights, gazing at the Parisian toilets of the *élite* of the capital, sipping refreshing drinks, and listening to the music of a fine military band. The other principal club, the

"Harmonie," is rather more the club of the civilians. It has an imposing building, quite near the hotel, on the Rijswijk, one of the main shopping streets. Other opportunities of seeing the fashionable life of the town are furnished by the restaurants scattered along the canalized Tjiliwong where it runs between the Noordwijk and Rijswijk. Here one may take afternoon tea or other refreshment *al fresco* and later adjourn to the shops or stroll back to the hotel, stopping to look at the laundering of clothes, the watering and washing of ponies, and the scrubbing of persons that form perhaps the most interesting feature of street, or better of canal, life in Weltevreden.

Not far from the Noordwijk, in the newer Chinese quarter, the "Pasar Baroe," there is a rather amusing instance of liberality of religious spirit. In the former mansion of a Dutch governor, which is said to have been disposed of as ghost-haunted, there is a Chinese temple with Hindu gods as resident deities. The peculiarity of this seems less marked when we find that the native Mahometans also worship Hindu gods and even fetishes in many instances, and allow their women to go about unveiled. The native Christians are also rather prone to a similar tendency to revert to their earlier beliefs and practices.

CHAPTER III

OLD BATAVIA

THE “old town” of Batavia—the Benedenstadt, or lower city—antedates Weltevreden by almost two centuries. It stands on a site occupied prior to the coming of the Dutch by the native town of Jacatra, the seat of the Sultan or “Pangeran” of Jacatra, a vassal of the powerful King of Bantam. When the first Dutch expedition under Houtman visited Java in 1596 Jacatra was a palisaded town of 3000 houses, less important than the town of Bantam, farther to the west, where the Portuguese had established themselves. The Dutch traders that followed in the expeditions of the next few years (and the English in turn on their arrival) seem to have preferred to content themselves with the trade opportunities at Bantam, despite the constant international bickerings which soon arose, but finally the Dutch decided to open a trading-post at Jacatra also. Their purpose was accomplished in 1610, and it is said that the necessary land was obtained from the natives by the practice of a trick

similar to that associated by tradition with the acquisition of parts of Manhattan Island (now New York City), by certain other Dutchmen. According to this story the natives were in each case loath to sell to the foreigners any parcel of land sufficiently large for the purposes of the latter, but were finally induced after much wrangling to part with so much as might be included within the limits of a hide. The not over-scrupulous Europeans at once tore the hide into thin, narrow strips, placed these end to end so as to enclose a very considerable piece of land, and then insisted on their right to this parcel under the terms of the bargain.

In 1615 or 1616, Admiral Pieter Both, the first governor-general under the East India Company, decided to make Jacatra, rather than Bantam, the chief trading-post of Java and the seat of the administrative headquarters. The English, only a few years before, the allies of the Dutch against the common foe Portugal, had now become their hated rivals, and showed their hostility in many ways, especially in stirring up the natives to a point that threatened serious results. As a defensive measure, in 1618, Coen, the successor of Both as Dutch governor-general, fortified the Jacatra post with moats and high walls with look-out towers commanding a view of the roadstead and the land approaches. The value of these protective works was put to a test within a few

Photo by the Author

A CANAL IN THE OLD CITY, BATAVIA



months, the English and natives taking advantage of a temporary absence of Governor Coen and the Dutch fleet to attack the new fort. In March, 1619, the fort or citadel was christened Batavia and the four bastions were named respectively Holland, Zeeland, West Friesland, and Gelderland at a banquet within the fortifications, given, so far as we are able to learn, for the purpose of encouraging the garrison to hold out. Two months later Coen returned and relieved the fort, levelling the native town as a reprisal for the treacherous behaviour of its inhabitants and firmly establishing Batavia as the centre of Dutch power and administration in the Indies. From these beginnings came the city of to-day with its population of 135,000.¹

Old Batavia contains very few relics of the early days, but it is quaint and delightfully picturesque, and its canals, though deleterious to its sanitary well-being, add much to its individuality and to its charm to the stranger. The highway which joins the old city to the new runs along the bank of a canal and is called the Molenvliet or "mill-stream." Towards its lower end it passes through the principal Chinese quarter and its continuation enters the heart of the business district just beyond. The ponderous, ugly trains of the steam tram line lumber laboriously past the hotel

¹ Inclusive of 9000 Europeans but taking no count of the army and navy representatives.

compound every few minutes on their way down the Molenvliet to the lower city, and every new arrival makes one trial of this means of conveyance; but carriages are cheap, and are cooler and more comfortable, and one experience of the tram is usually quite sufficient.

On our first visit to the Benedenstadt we drove down the Molenvliet, and on through the banking and foreign commercial quarter, to the oldest part of the town. Alighting at the old Town Hall, a substantial, thrifty-looking building, dating from 1710, and now used for police and other local offices, we were shown a fine old teak staircase and a number of interesting old portraits. On the bestowal of a small fee one is allowed a glimpse at the underground dungeons, which despite their bad name are no worse than many a more modern prison cell in Europe or America. A little beyond the Town Hall, on an open square known as the "Casteelplein," is the ugly Penang Arch, built in 1671 as one of the gates of the citadel. The arch is a cheap-looking imitation of a Roman triumphal arch, and is embellished, or rather made more hideous, by pseudo-classic, armoured figures of heroic size. This architectural monstrosity stands to-day quite by itself, the outlying wall having long since disappeared. Passing through the arch we came upon a few old-time warehouses, and beyond in the distance were visible the remaining towers and walls of the old-time fortifications.

To one side of the road near by, half-buried in the mud, lies a fine old cannon about fifteen feet long,—the "Si Jagoer" or "Meriam Besar" as the natives call it. Its history is unknown and it bears no date, but the butt-end is fashioned in the semblance of a closed fist and an inscription in Latin reads "Ex me ipsa renata sum" (I have been reborn from myself), doubtless a reference to a recasting. About this old piece have grown up a number of quaint superstitions. The native women believe that Si Jagoer has the power of giving children to the childless, and on earthen mounds close by they burn incense sticks and make their pitiful offerings in the hope of propitiating this strange god and obtaining their heart's desire. Another native superstition declares that the old gun will some day join its mate, (probably the similar gun now in Soerabaya), and that on that day Dutch rule in Java will come to an end. The placid Hollanders are, I imagine, not greatly worried on that score, but are none the less likely to view with disapproval any attempt to remove Si Jagoer from its present resting-place.

Retracing our steps beyond the Town Hall, and turning to the left at a street bearing the dignified and impressive name of Buitennieuwportstraat, we visited next the old Portuguese church, built in 1693. In the churchyard is the tomb of Governor Swaardecron (1718-25) and from this fact and a glance at the numerous escutcheons

with which the interior walls are graced one would imagine that this must formerly have been the place of worship of the aristocracy of Batavia. As a matter of fact, the bulk of the congregation has always been made up of Portuguese half-castes and Portuguese-speaking Asiatics, many of the latter freed slaves or their descendants. Any-one buried in the churchyard was entitled to have an escutcheon in the church, provided a sum of twenty dollars was paid for the exercise of the privilege. The number of escutcheons is under the circumstances small, and we cannot but wonder whether this is to be taken as evidence of lack of vanity or lack of funds on the part of the church members.

A few yards up Jacatra Road, to the left of the church, one's attention is drawn to a section of old wall, surmounted by a whitewashed human skull transfixated by a spear point. The ground behind is wild and uncared-for, with traces here and there of former buildings. A tablet below the skull bears an explanatory inscription in Dutch and Javanese stating that "in detested memory of the traitor Pieter Erberveld" building or planting in this place is forbidden for all time. Erberveld was a popular half-caste leader who, through the faithlessness of a native girl, was betrayed in a plot which had in view the massacre of all the Dutch in Batavia and the proclamation of Erberveld as king. His offence was a grievous

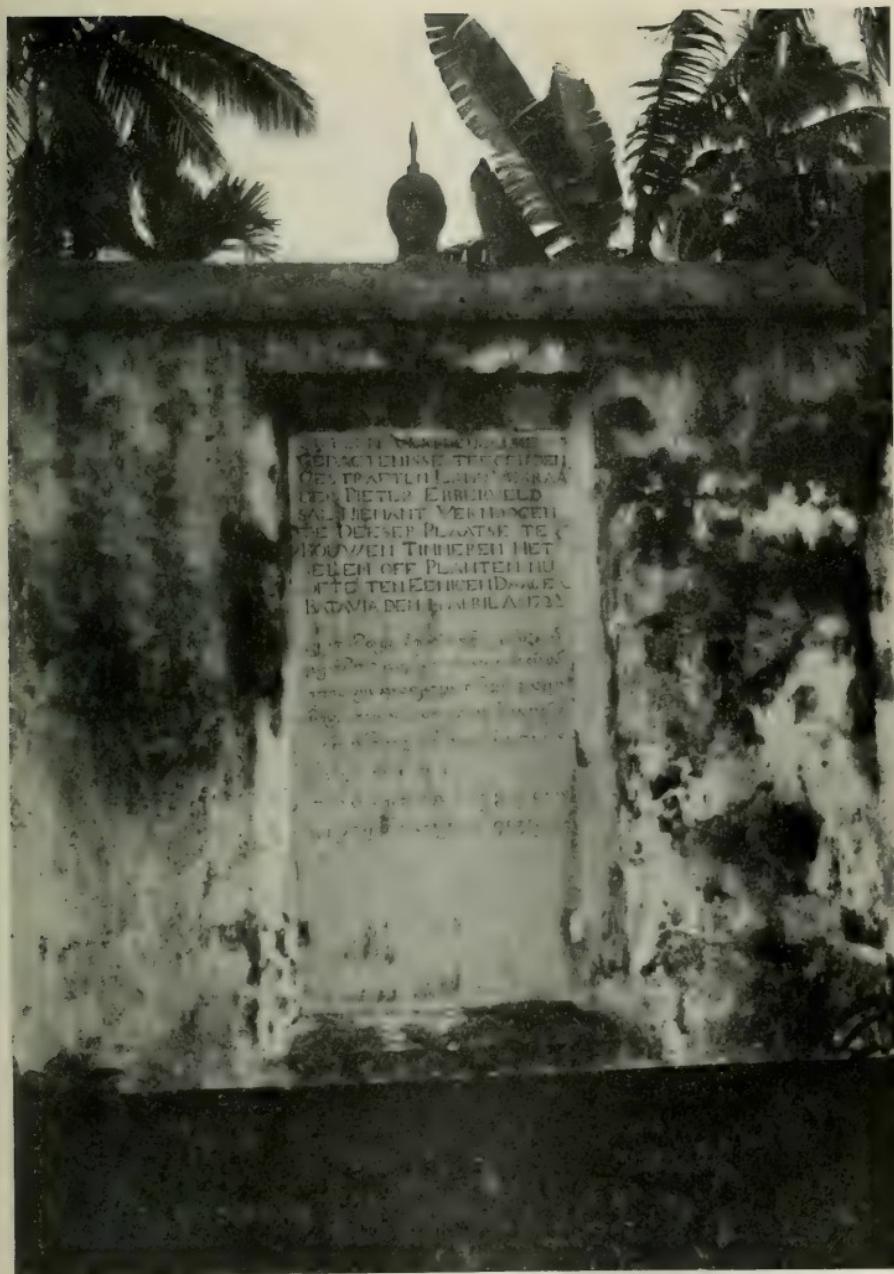


Photo by the Author

THE ERBERVELD SKULL AND INSCRIPTION

one, but its punishment seems in these more enlightened days of the twentieth century to have been unnecessarily cruel, unless we realize that the imperative need in earlier days of protecting the lives and property of the little body of white colonists against the attack of overwhelming hordes of natives could only be met by the employment, in such cases as that of Erberveld, of punitive methods calculated by their horrors to act as powerful and terrifying deterrents on a people unafraid of imprisonment or ordinary death. Erberveld was in 1722 broken on the wheel, his head and hands cut off, and his body quartered. His was the head now on the wall. Its present size is due to repeated coats of whitewash.

Besides these few public remains of the early days, the town hall, gate, cannon, church, and skull,—a meagre array for a town of such age and historic interest as this, the “Queen of the Orient,”—there are still standing a number of the old mansions, once the homes of the wealthier colonists, but to-day relegated to a less suitable service and used as banking, shipping, and other commercial offices. In many an unexpected corner are still to be found vestiges of old-time elegance and former splendour, carved balustrades and stairways, marble floors, handsome mantel shelves, fine doors and wonderful old knockers. In contradistinction to this magnificence, the coral-rock, brick, and stucco exteriors, and the

cramped quarters of these houses, huddled together as they are on the street line, with no space for lawn or garden, show a curious disregard on the part of their builders to outward pomp or display, or even to creature comfort.

On our way back we drove along a canal (one of many in the city) which took us through a sort of Dutch-Chinese Venice, a most picturesque quarter where the thrifty Chinese have possessed themselves of buildings abandoned by the Dutch on the occasion of the migration to Weltevreden. In Batavia, as in nearly every port of Eastern Asia, the Chinese have settled in great numbers, proved themselves successful men of business, and built up a prosperous colony. There are 29,000 of them in this city, many of them with native wives and large families of Chino-Malay children. In the whole island of Java the Chinese number over 295,000, and their property has been estimated at a valuation of about a hundred million dollars gold. They hold the retail trade of Java in their absolute control to-day.

The majority of these Celestials come to the Dutch dominions as day labourers and work on the plantations or in the mills till by their industry and frugality, or by gambling or defrauding the natives, they have succeeded in laying by a sum sufficient to start them in trade or business in a small way. The next step is the opening of a shop or the purchase of a stock of cheap goods to peddle

throughout the country districts, and once launched in trade they generally advance rapidly in the accumulation of money and extension of business, and in the end acquire riches and prosperity. Unfortunately, though the Chinese have a world-wide reputation with Occidentals for honesty in business dealings, many a poor, unsophisticated Malay has quite a different tale to tell. It seems to be a common experience of the latter to yield to the blandishing wiles of the Chinese and buy on credit far more than he needs or wishes; then, when he is deep in debt, to find the net drawn closer and closer about him in varied forms of relentless oppression, till he finally meets his end in practical slavery, the victim of a heartless, conscienceless master. Like many another the Chinese is, I fear, honest as a rule only in so far as his sagacious instincts tell him that honesty will in the long run prove the best policy; otherwise he would be as honest in the treatment of his inferiors in mentality and acumen as he is in dealing with those whom he admits to be his equals or superiors.

There were many Chinese in Java before the advent of the Dutch, and to them the new arrivals were extremely distasteful, as competitors and superiors. In the early days, the Chinese were constantly stirring up the natives against the Dutch, and a strong race hatred developed between the white and the yellow intruders. The former

being the stronger, the oppression of the latter followed as a matter of course, and at last, in 1740, bad feeling had reached such a point that the Dutch in Batavia (fearing, it is said, a massacre by the Chinese) went to an extreme in their methods of self-preservation and put to death over 10,000 Celestials. Since that time there has been no special reason to fear the Chinese, but exclusion decrees prohibitive of Chinese immigration remained in force as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. Java has never been without a Chinese problem and probably never will be. The recent insistence of the Japanese on equal treatment with Europeans and the prospect that the new republic of China may later be in a position to demand for its citizens equal treatment to that granted her island neighbours are apt to complicate matters still farther. It seems hardly probable that the constantly increasing body of Chinese in Java will forever submit to their present treatment as racial inferiors, and the moment that a Chinese navy of sufficient strength has been built up there will doubtless be a considerable change.

To-day the Chinese in a Javanese city live for the most part in what is called the "Chinese Camp," a quarter reserved for their use. They are under the direct control and administration of certain officials of their own race appointed by the Dutch, and these "majors," "captains," and

"lieutenants" are held responsible to the authorities for the enforcement of law and order in their communities. The Arabs, of which there are 2000 in Batavia and about 20,000 in the island of Java, are herded together and governed in a similar fashion. The system is an ingenious one and seems to meet with considerable success. The Japanese form a small but growing colony. As elsewhere, away from their own beautiful country, the sons of Nippon seem to lose their natural virtues and retain in exaggerated form all their vices. Perhaps the less said of them the better.

But what of the natives? Where do they live? There are in Batavia some 100,000 inhabitants classified officially as natives, but of these a minority are Javanese of the pure blood; the rest are Malay immigrants or descendants of immigrants from the mainland or the coasts of Sumatra, with a small representation of Soendanese (the race which forms the bulk of the population of the interior districts of the west end of the island) and a large proportion of persons of mixed blood. It is useless for the stranger to attempt to distinguish between these various ethnological subdivisions. The general type is the same, and in the cosmopolitan capital they all live together as one composite whole. One must go to the country districts to see differences and pure racial characteristics. In the city, even

language offers little help in an attempt to sort out these peoples, for not only a majority of the "natives" but most of the Chinese and even of the Dutch make use of low-Malay as a *lingua franca* in business and every-day relations. Soendanese, Javanese, and Malays proper are found in the capital indiscriminately commingled in the native kampongs or villages, which, with their inevitable palms and banana-trees, occupy all the less desirable sites of both the old and the new town and though picturesque to a degree are unclean and offensive to the sensitive nose. Whatever there is of disease in Batavia to-day generally springs from the filth of native living in these villages, for, though the jungles which formerly surrounded the city have been almost wholly cleared away and the marshlands have been drained and filled in, every attempt of the Dutch to clean up the kampongs, even in time of pestilence, meets with strong opposition on the part of the low-class native population, and after each cleansing there is a rapid reversion to former conditions.

I have purposely said nothing thus far of the dress of the natives, for the hybrid costumes of the town are in no way representative, and differ but little if any from those seen in Singapore. One sees but few high-class natives on the street, and as the religion of the people is Mahometan the women above the coolie class seldom appear in public.

CHAPTER IV

A TRIP TO BUITENZORG AND THE BOTANICAL GARDENS

TWO or three days of steady sightseeing in the moist, enervating heat of Batavia are generally enough to reduce the new arrival to a decidedly limp condition, and to keep thoroughly "fit" it is necessary to be absurdly careful not to overdo and not to over-exercise in the mid-day hours, not to eat unripe or over-ripe fruit, and not to drink water unless boiled or imported. Quinine is useful in fighting malarial tendencies, but far better than any drug is an occasional day or half-day in the fresher, purer air of the country. Only about twenty miles away, and nearly nine hundred feet higher up, is Buitenzorg, the so-called "country capital," the site of the world-famous government botanical gardens, and there is no better cure for the tired feeling which one is so apt to get in Batavia than to enjoy the exhilaration of a motor run of an hour or so through the country to this little town and wander about in the shade of the splendid trees of the gardens. Buiten-

zorg may also be reached by train, but train-travelling in the tropics is more wilting than stimulating, and one is strongly tempted to avoid it on all possible occasions.

We secured a motor-car through the hotel office, were called for tea and toast at five-thirty, and made a prompt start at six, so as to enjoy to the utmost the cool, bracing air of the early morning, by far the best hours of the tropical day. In a few minutes we were whirling through the pretty suburb of Meester Cornelis,¹ over broad roads shaded by waringins and tamarinds and bordered with luxurious European villas which, as we hurried by, left us a composite impression of white walls and columns and porcelain flower-pots. Just beyond we reached an outlying fringe of native villages or kampongs, where the road narrowed and it became necessary to proceed with extreme caution to avoid the children, the chickens, and the crowds on their way to market.

The little kampongs have the general appearance and typical features of all Malay villages and nothing absolutely distinctive of Java. The cottages are primitive and inexpensive, constructed of wood and thatch, and probably only in a few instances costing their owners more than twenty or twenty-five dollars gold. Each house, or group of houses, has its clump of banana-trees and its grove

¹ Named after a native Christian teacher of the seventeenth century.

of cocoanut-palms. There is usually one principal street, which is merely the highway along which the village has grown up. On this one finds a couple of "tokos" or general stores (as a rule kept by Chinese); a dilapidated "misigit" or mosque, where the natives, probably the most unorthodox Mahometans in the world, may repair for prayer and gossip; and long rows of tumble-down, ram-shackle, frame shanties, one or two stories high, in the front rooms of which, opening on the street, squat the occupants, engaged at their various trades or awaiting customers for their goods. The village markets are held outdoors and often under solid tiled roofs put up at government expense and sometimes the most substantial structures of the place. In each kampong there seem to be one or two of the heavy iron hoops suspended vertically on a cross-bar between uprights which are used as fire-alarms in country villages in some parts of the United States. Here they are also used for police purposes and especially to give warning when a drug-crazed native starts to run amuck, a not uncommon occurrence among the Malays of all regions. These alarms when struck give out a deep, resounding tone which carries for a considerable distance. Usually the native kampong is rather too squalid and smelly for intimate acquaintance, and one soon learns to appreciate it most when seen from a distance, where its general impression of

picturesque beauty is enhanced by its surroundings, and its defects and failings are not apparent.

The people that one sees in these village streets, along the roads, or hard at work in the "sawahs" or wet rice-fields, are small, slender, and straight of stature, varying in colour from bright brown to a yellow almost golden in the most admired shade, with dark eyes generally slightly oblique, noses somewhat pugged, thick lips, and coarse, long black hair. Their hands and feet are small and well formed, they give the impression of being delicate rather than strong, and their poverty of living is reflected in their lack of superfluous flesh. In these people of the lowest classes there is that indefinable something of manner or bearing that seems to make the peasantry of Asia so much gentler and less uncouth than the corresponding social grade in Europe or America, but on the other hand these Orientals show few signs of mental activity in their expressions and seem comparatively lacking in initiative, ambition, and alertness of comprehension. Countless years of oppression and the fatalism of a religion that teaches that "what must be will be" have given them a certain look of passive resignation and thoroughly happy faces are seldom seen.

The costume of the people is admirably suited to climatic and economic conditions, being cool and for the most part washable, as well as inexpensive and durable. Men are clothed below

A YOUNG MOTHER



A JAVANESE BRIDE AND GROOM



the waist in a body kain or skirt of thin material, generally brown or red-brown of colour and checkered or striped in design. The kain is merely an oblong piece of cloth which the wearer converts into a garment by putting it around him with the ends meeting in front, folding these ends over and over in narrow folds till they are close to the body, and then tucking the upper part into a belt or the upper margin of the kain itself. Worn thus it extends from waist to ankle. It may also be put on so as to produce almost the effect of knickerbockers, as is the usual practice in Siam. Above the waist are worn either what we know as undershirts, or (by those who can afford them) white or dark cloth jackets with standing collars. The long hair is done up in a sort of chignon on top or at the back of the head and covered by a coloured head kain or kerchief, so wound as somewhat to resemble a small turban, but with knotted corners hanging down at either side of the neck behind the ears. Occasionally this is capped by a wide-brimmed hat of bamboo straw, and in rainy weather protection from the elements is found, not in the umbrella of effete civilization, but in a huge leaf.

Women wear a "sarong" corresponding to the body kain of the men, and above this and covering the breasts, a wide belt or band of coloured cloth, often of elaborate design. The costume is completed by a short white jacket or a long flowing gar-

ment of white or light tint, which reaches to the knees, and a "slendang" or scarf gracefully draped over the shoulders or about the bust, according as it is in use as a protection from the sun or the cold, as a baby or bundle carrier, or as a mere ornament. The women's hair is always long and is drawn straight back from the forehead to a tight knot at the back. Ankles and feet are, like the men's, bare, or protected by primitive sandals. Babies and the smaller children go about rather ornamented than dressed; later they become miniature copies of the grown-ups. The dress which I have attempted to describe above is, it should be remembered, the dress of the lower classes; the aristocracy of wealth or blood are seldom seen by the transient visitor, unless at weddings, funerals, or other occasions of ceremony, when special costumes are worn. Of their ceremonial dress I shall have something to say later; their everyday dress varies from that of their social inferiors principally in the comparative richness and costliness of the fabrics employed and in the added luxury of shoes or slippers.

In the early morning hours the country roads are busy with prospective buyers and sellers on their way to market. There are dozens of pony sados packed to the utmost limit of capacity and of ox-teams pulling carts with peaked roofs and heavy loads of produce, but legs are the more frequent means of locomotion and the bamboo

shoulder-pole with baskets at each end the favourite means of transport. With a brace of chickens in one basket and eggs or vegetables in the other, a bundle of sugar-cane, or perhaps a huge jack-fruit on his back, the coolie, and even the small peasant-farmer, trudges cheerfully along, generally chewing hard at his "sirih," the mixture of areca-nut, lime paste, and tobacco, wrapped in betelnut leaf, which, though it blackens his teeth and reddens his tongue almost to disfigurement, he finds indispensable to his comfort and pleasure. Equestrians seem to be very scarce hereabouts, dogs are less numerous than in other Asiatic countries of our knowledge, and cats must find plenty to keep them busy indoors, for we did not see a single one for days after we landed at Tand-jong Priok.

We stopped at a market in one of the villages along the road to examine the fruits offered for sale in the stalls under the iron roof and laid out under the protecting shade of the huge oiled-paper parasols, and found some few that are familiar at home, others whose acquaintance we had already made in other tropical lands, and several that were quite new to us. Among the first were pineapples, lemons, bananas, and oranges. The oranges of Java are poor, and the bananas or "pisangs" are usually of the mealy, plantain consistency and of many sizes to which we are unused, ranging as they do from the gigantic

"horse" variety to the delicate little "silver" one. Of the strange fruit, the "mangosteen" and the "durian" had long been known to us by reputation. The first of these is absolutely delectable,—a luscious mouthful, suggestive at once of grapes, cream, and strawberries. It is about the size of an apple, and its thick brown-purple rind, when slit around the "equator" and pulled apart, reveals the source of delight, a number of delicious-looking, creamy-white segments of pulpy consistency. Fortunately the mangosteen is perfectly safe and one rapidly acquires the innocuous habit of eating at least a dozen a day. The number of the pulpy interior segments is not constant, but invariably agrees with that of certain excoriations on the outer rind at its top and bottom.

The durian is perhaps the queerest of all the fruits. Its outer appearance is not particularly prepossessing. It has a hard, bristly shell of brown-green and is at least four or five inches in diameter. Opening this outer rind, we find within it (if indeed we remain to investigate) a sort of yellow or cream-coloured custard, containing a few nut-like seeds. This custard is acid and not unagreeable to the taste, but the odour is simply hellish,—if I may be excused for telling the truth in the most appropriate terms. Bad eggs, sulphur water, or H_2S are almost pleasant by comparison.

Among other fruits, which make less of an impression on first or later acquaintance, there are the "rambutan," a small bright-red fruit with a spiny exterior and a juicy, nearly transparent pulp; the "duku," of a dull yellow colour and about half as large as a hen's egg, with similar pulp containing, however, bitter seeds; the unwieldy "jack-fruit," a huge, oblong affair weighing sometimes as much as fifty pounds, rough in rind and coarse in flesh, only eaten after being cooked into an edible softness; the "papaya," resembling a melon, containing pepsin, and agreeable to most tastes; the plum-like mango, too well known to need description; the disappointing "rose-apple," shaped like a pear and attractive in outward appearance, but a thin-skinned, insipid fraud; and the breadfruit, more properly classified with the vegetables and eaten like a baked potato or sliced and covered with molasses. I have not attempted to give a comprehensive list, but from those given it may be seen that Java is rich in fruits of every description. Besides fruits the village markets are marts for grain, vegetables, fabrics, and all sorts of articles of domestic and household use, usually of crude and inexpensive make.

Continuing on our way beyond the first kampongs, we ran along a road bordered on both sides by sawahs, the wet rice-fields which are the most familiar feature of the landscape in the culti-

vated districts of Java. Of over seven and a half million acres under cultivation in the entire island, five and a half are devoted to rice. The planting is generally done at the beginning of the wet monsoon, the fields having previously been carefully terraced and banked, the earth well ploughed over, and the softening water allowed to flow in. The ploughing is done with primitive wooden affairs drawn by the "carbo" or tame water-buffalo. The preliminary work over and the earth in satisfactory condition the first planting begins. In this stage of the proceedings it is usual to sow the grains by hand in the soft mud, but occasionally even entire ears are made use of. Following the sowing the sawahs are flooded by day and drained by night for a period of eight or ten days. At the end of five or six weeks, when the rice-grass is well up, bundles of two or three shoots are transplanted at intervals of an inch or so, and another period of flooding and draining ensues which continues till the time for harvesting, ordinarily about four months from the date of the original planting. At harvest time the whole population of the village turns out armed with curved knives for the lopping off of the grass, now about two and a half feet high. Later come the operations of stacking in bundles for drying, of stamping with pestles to separate the grain from the straw, and of husking. As the raising of crops is in these regions conditioned not on

season but on the supply of water, planting may take place in almost any desired month, and in districts rich in water two crops a year are in no wise remarkable. In the mountains dry planting is found to some extent, but the "tegals" or dry fields are less productive than the sawahs, and wherever practicable the wet planting is much preferred. Usually after a harvest of rice the next planting is of potatoes or artichokes. The rice-straw is used by the natives in the making of hats.

I have mentioned the water-buffalo. This beast is a first cousin to the caribao of the Philippines and China. He is of slate or of flesh colour, with long curved horns and ugly appearance, the slowest walker of all the animals of which man makes use as beasts of burden, a creature patient and docile enough in the hands of even the smallest native boy, but with a dislike for foreigners which makes it highly advisable to give him a wide berth. The carbo, when not at work, sensibly hides so far as he can, from the sun and the flies, in whatever mud is available.

As the road began the gradual incline to the foot-hills, the sawahs gave place to cacao plantations, great tracts covered with small, dusty-looking trees of little or no beauty, and at last, about an hour and a half after leaving the Hotel des Indes, we entered the settlement of Buitenzorg and drove to the Hotel Bellevue for breakfast.

The view of the valley of the Tjidani from the rear verandah of the Bellevue—to nearly every traveller his first extended view of a thoroughly typical Javanese landscape—comes as a surprise and delight. Far off in the hazy distance rises the cloud-encircled cone of Salak, with its wooded slopes a mass of purple-grey. From its base, cutting a way towards Buitenzorg through miles of waving palms—a veritable sea of foliage—is a ribbon of clear water, the Tjidani River. On the banks of this refreshing stream may be seen, through openings in the sea of palm leaves, numbers of little thatch-roofed cottages, and in the water itself may be distinguished parties of brown bathers and groups of women in gay colours washing clothes. The whole scene is delectable.

Buitenzorg is famous for its showers, and as we revelled in the beauties of the valley below, the gathering clouds grew thicker and darker and the distant cone was soon hidden in the mist. In another moment the entire view was shut off by sheets of rain. Luckily these tropical showers are of short duration and it takes but a few minutes of sunshine to dry up the mud and puddles. Hardly an afternoon passes at Buitenzorg during the “bad” monsoon without a severe shower, and it is said to rain at this place on an average of over 220 days of each 365.

Buitenzorg means “free from care,” not “careless” as some scoffers would have one believe, and

Photo by the Author

A NATIVE CART AND PONIES, BATAVIA



here, free from the crowds and formalities and petty annoyances of life in the city capital, have lived since 1746, for the greater part of each year, the various governor-generals of the Indies. Here shut off from all noise and odour and dust, surrounded by one of the most beautiful parks or gardens in the world, able at will to enjoy the richest and rarest tree and plant life, the successive governor-generals surely have little cause to complain of their environment and have probably as restful and care-free a life as is compatible with the responsibilities of their high position. In one corner of the gardens is the tomb of Lady Raffles, wife of the British governor-general who was later the founder of Singapore. Lady Raffles died in 1814. Her illustrious husband died on his way home and was buried in England. The great botanical gardens were established in 1817, almost immediately after the restoration of Java to the Dutch.

Buitenzorg is often compared to Versailles, and in its quality of agreeable artificiality, in the successful results attained by its landscape gardeners, in its palace even, one can trace perhaps some slight resemblance, but comparisons are invidious at best, and the differences are at least as marked as the similarities. Versailles owes its being to the extravagant caprice of a king, and its sole aim was the satisfaction and pleasure of an individual; Buitenzorg sprang from a wise and

prudent forethought which had in view the good of the people. As a mere pleasure palace Versailles was vastly superior, as indeed it is to-day, both as a historical museum and as a monument to that wild extravagance and neglect of public rights which in its culmination brought about the great revolution. At Buitenzorg beauty has been a mere incident in the growth of a great utilitarian idea; its collections of superb trees and pretty flowers have been planted here for something more than their mere beauty.

Entering the gardens by the principal entrance we find ourselves in a magnificent avenue of stately kanari trees, each great trunk overgrown with vines and creepers and the boughs meeting above our heads at a height of a hundred feet. Near by are other avenues of other trees—palms, warings, and banyans,—and with so much to attract it is difficult to decide in which direction to turn. This is beyond all doubt the finest collection of tropical trees and plants in existence, and the famous gardens of Colombo, Penang, Singapore, and Saigon are mediocre in the comparison. It is indeed a botanist's paradise.

Here, besides full-grown specimens of every known tree of the tropics, are culture gardens for sugar-cane, rubber, coffee, tea, ilang-ilang, and all the spice, gum, and fruit trees, bamboo, rattan, and the hardwoods, such as mahogany and teak,—in fact for every variety of tree or plant of commer-

cial or utilitarian value. There are also gardens of all the brilliantly coloured flowering growths of the island—the frangipani or sumboja, the white, waxen, gold-centred flower of the dead, the red and yellow lantanas, the poinsetta, the gorgeous bougainvillea, and a host of others. There are greenhouses to shelter the rarer and more sensitive plants,—to shelter them, not, as our greenhouses, from the cold, but on the contrary from the heat and the withering rays of the sun. In other sections are groves of curious screw-pines, of mangroves and figs with strange aerial roots, of graceful tree-ferns, and of many varieties of palm-trees—cocoanut palms, areca palms, emperor palms, Banka palms, sago palms, date palms, fan palms, feather palms, travellers' palms, and even climbing palms over a hundred feet long. Here too we find wonderful orchids and pitcher plants and the wiry lianas to which the tropical forest is largely indebted for its quality of impenetrability, the curious sausage, candle, and cotton trees, and a myriad of others of equal interest.

Fronting on all this splendour of vegetation, and facing a charming little artificial lake or pond covered with lotus blooms and *victoria regia* and an alluring little island overgrown with palms and papyrus, stands the residence of the governor-general, a classic structure with a small central dome, on the whole rather disappointing. Passing this we come upon the open greens of the deer

park and, to the extreme right, we find the river Tjiliwong, the same stream which we saw at Weltevreden between the Konings and the Waterloo pleins, here a babbling brook.

Apart from the attractions afforded by the wonderful gardens there is nothing to keep the visitor in Buitenzorg, but in the near vicinity, at Batoe Toelis or "inscribed stone," there is an archæological relic dating from the days of Hindu supremacy, a stone about seven feet high, bearing inscriptions in Kawi, the ancient written language of Java. The sentences actually relate to the doings of the founder of Padjadjaran, the capital of the old Hindu empire of like name which once included within its bounds this whole western end of Java; but the more ignorant of the local inhabitants have been taught to believe that they are sentences from the Koran and venerate them accordingly.

CHAPTER V

BY THE NORTH COAST TO SOERABAYA; SOLO, A NATIVE CAPITAL

WHETHER the traveller has planned a cruise through the eastern islands of the Archipelago, or is forced to limit his wanderings in that direction by a visit to the volcanoes and health resorts of the Tengger Mountains in Eastern Java, he will find it necessary to go first to Soerabaya. To reach Soerabaya from Batavia two routes are available: one by steamer along the north coast, a voyage of five days including stops; the other by rail, a journey of approximately eighteen hours, exclusive of one all-night stop. It is probably preferable to leave the harder, overland travelling for the return trip when one is more thoroughly acclimated, and to take it in any case by slow degrees, allowing as much time as possible to see the principal points of interest. The sea route gives the opportunity of getting a glimpse of the sea-port towns of Cheribon and Semarang, and offers a welcome relief after the exertions of sightseeing in hot Batavia.

We had a little over three months at our disposal and were anxious to see as much of the Insulinde as we could in that time. Repeated conferences with the obliging secretary of the official bureau in Weltevreden and study of all the available literature on the subject finally resulted in a decision to go by steamer to Soerabaya, then to cruise about the eastern islands for four or five weeks, and upon our return to devote about a month to Java and the remainder of our time to Sumatra. The only impediment to the full enjoyment of this scheme of travel seemed to lie in our lack of a speaking knowledge of either Dutch or Malay, and we congratulated ourselves on having overcome this obstacle by engaging through the official bureau a native travelling servant, a linguistic prodigy, whose accomplishments included the ability to understand and speak Javanese, Malay, Dutch, and English.

Our "boy" was irreproachably artistic in attire, bland and innocent in expression, mild and conciliatory in voice and manner, to all appearances a prize among native servants, but, as we shall see later, he lost little time in revealing himself as an unmitigated liar and fraud, and we were obliged to dispense with his services even at the cost of taking up the study of the Malay language, fortunately an easier task than one might imagine. From many a sad experience, which may have prejudiced me unduly, I am fain to classify all

Photo by the Author

IN A NATIVE MARKET, JAVA



Asiatic travelling servants in the same great category of grafters, liars, and petty thieves. Some few Chinese deserve a better rating, but among the other Orientals honest exceptions are *rareæ aves* indeed. I think the best travelling "boy" I ever had was one whose chief recommendation, freely and unblushingly shown, was a letter from a former employer declaring the bearer to be "willing, good-natured, inclined to be lazy, and too stupid to steal if watched." This "boy," to be sure, occasionally removed small quantities of brandy or whiskey from our flasks and replaced them with water, once purloined an old suit of clothes, and on several occasions pilfered small things of no great value, but on the whole he was honest according to his lights and far better than the average. Our present acquisition, on the contrary, started out on a career of high finance from the very start. On every purchase he took a "rake-off," on every drive he seized the opportunity to share with the driver an exorbitant "per cent." His daily renderings of accounts were a veritable object lesson in guile, his excuses and explanations highly imaginative, but far from flattering to the intelligence of his master.

When, at last, the time came to leave Batavia, we sent our baggage to Tandjong Priok in charge of our redoubtable boy and followed a little later ourselves. The steamer was one of the liners

from Europe, but her passengers had nearly all disembarked at her first Javanese port and few of the cabins were occupied. The first night out proved a perfect nightmare of uncomfortable experience. My cabin looked roomy and cool and I turned in early, prepared to enjoy a good night's rest, but hardly had the light been turned out, when in the dim light from the saloon I could see an army of huge cockroaches swarming in under the door and through cracks in the wall near the ceiling. After over an hour of hard work I actually killed over forty of the creatures, and finally, after sprinkling liberal allowances of "Keating's" over both myself and the bed, slept an uneasy sleep till daybreak. Cockroaches are the most distressing feature of steamer travel in the tropics. To be even partially rid of them, a ship that plies in these waters and ties up to wharves for protracted periods must have a thorough cleansing and disinfecting every five or six months. In the old-style liners with heavy interior woodwork and fittings it is hard to see how any really lasting results can ever be obtained. The best that a traveller can do is to use, if possible, vessels that have recently gone through the cleansing process and always to carry with him plenty of "Keating's."

It was a steam of about twelve hours to Cheribon, the first stop, and another twelve to Semarang, and nearly all the way there was a hazy view

of the coast and the sea was without a ripple. Cheribon, or Tjiribon (river of cray-fish), is a town of 23,000 and the capital of Cheribon Residency. It is situated at the mouth of the river from which it takes its name. Mahometan pilgrims journey thither in numbers to worship at the tomb of the founder of the town, who was a devout follower of the prophet and did much to extend the faith in these regions. Back of Cheribon is a volcano, Tjerimai by name, and there are other volcanoes slightly farther inland. By reason of the surrounding coral reefs, ships anchor at a considerable distance from the land. There is nothing to be seen in the town to compensate for the hot boat ride to the shore.

Semarang, like Cheribon, is the capital of a residency of the same name as itself and lies at the mouth of a river also of the same name. There is nothing in its appearance from the sea to give one any idea that he is approaching a city of over 97,000 inhabitants and the third city of Java in commercial importance. The steamer, as at Cheribon, anchors a long way out, and from the anchorage the city, built up on a flat, unhealthy site, is unimpressive. The violet-grey mountains in the distance are far more worthy of notice, as are several far-off volcanoes, one of them sufficiently active to send up a slender column of smoke or vapour. As the steamer always stops at Semarang for some time to discharge cargo there

is ample opportunity to inspect the town quite as thoroughly as it deserves and even to take the train inland for a fleeting visit to Soerakarta or Solo, the capital of one of the native principalities.

Going ashore in the company launch, we found the same general conditions which seem to be the characteristic features of all the Javanese ports. In each case there is a town or settlement set down on the low banks of a small river, originally at its mouth, but by the constant deposits of the river slowly but steadily removed farther and farther from the sea. In each case there is no really good natural harbour, and cargoes have to be lightered from the ships at an exposed anchorage and taken some distance up a canal before they can be landed at what was doubtless in early days the sea front of the settlement. In each case the original town has proved too unhealthy for residential use and always for the same reasons,—bad site, huddling together of buildings, lack of breathing places, superabundance of canals, and want of proper sanitary precautions, especially in matters of drainage. In each case a newer town has grown up, farther back from the sea, on higher ground, laid out on more modern, more sensible lines, and replacing the older one as the European residential quarter.

One can see in a car ride and a drive all that is worth seeing in Semarang. We took the trolley car for Tjondi from a point quite

near the comfortable Hotel du Pavillion and ran out of town on the Oenarang Road through the Chinese quarter, past pretentious villas and fantastic gardens filled with a never-ending bloom of blue and white porcelain flower-pots. Tjondi is the favourite residential suburb and is a couple of miles to the south of the town proper, having the advantage of an elevation of three hundred feet. Many of the 5200 European residents of Semarang live in Tjondi and enjoy its fresher air and fine views.

Towards dusk we drove in a mylord along the great tamarind-bordered Bodjong Road to the mansion of the Resident, turning westward on the way back to see old Fort Prins van Oranje, half buried in the mud of its surroundings. There are two large "flood" canals in Semarang, one of them not far from the fort. In the early days, during the wet monsoon, all that part of the town near the fort consisting, then as now, mainly of native villages and the Arab Camp, used to be partially submerged by water for days at a time, and the place acquired an undesirable reputation for the prevalence of low, malarial fevers. The flood canals, constructed as recently as 1880, have drained this section to some extent, but Semarang is still far from ideal in health conditions. The old city was relieved of its walls and moats nearly a century ago, and its historic buildings have long since passed away, though

many of the old residences and commercial houses still remain. Here in Semarang there is a greater proportion of pure Javanese than in Batavia. In the native costumes one notices a preponderance of blue sarongs and kains.

The railway to Solo is the principal cause of the growth and prosperity of Semarang, for by it the port is bound to the rich Vorstenlanden or native principalities and has thus become the main depot and export centre for the products of this richly productive country of Central Java. The line is one of the oldest on the island and one of the few not owned and run by the government. The concession for its construction dates as far back as 1863, but the road was not completed and opened to traffic till nine years later. It took us about two hours to reach Solo by this railway,—a dull ride, for the scenery is made up largely of rice-fields and kampongs, which quickly grow monotonous.

The "Slier" is perhaps the best hotel of Solo and one of its best points is its situation on the main street, for from its front verandahs one may enjoy a first sight of typical Javanese in truly Javanese dress. I do not know that I should care to recommend the Hotel Slier as a place of abode during the height of the rainy season, for the Solo river has a bad habit of occasionally overflowing its banks and flooding this part of the city, and the hotel is on low ground, and the rooms are raised hardly at all above the street level. It is said that

Photo by the Author

A JAVANESE MARKET SCENE



a few years ago the river rose to such a height during the visit of the democratic and popular brother of the Emperor of Germany, Prince Henry, that His Imperial Highness was obliged to make use of a small "prouw" or native row-boat in getting from his bedroom to the dining-room or bath-room. I prefer not to vouch for the truth of this story, but it is probably unexaggerated.

Solo, or more formally Soerakarta (city built by heroes), is one of the two cities of Java where the old-time costumes and customs of the early days of native supremacy still survive in all their pristine picturesqueness, and the pomp and circumstance of a native court are still preserved. Here, for the first time, as we sat outside our doors, under the shade of the deep porticoes, amused by the never-ending procession of grotesque costumes and comic opera figures that passed before us, we realized that we were really in Java, the Java of the Javanese. But surely these people were not real. They were too comical for the commonplaces of prosaic everyday life, and we felt that they must be acting parts on a great open-air stage. Solemn, stately dignitaries stalked past in high, brimless foolscaps, their bodies bare to the waist or encased in brass-buttoned coats, their loins wrapped in bright body kains, their legs bare, their feet protected by sandals held on by huge, broad-topped pegs which protruded from between the big and the other toes, the handles of their knife-

like weapons (for each official bears at least one "kris") projecting from their heavy belts. No less self-important were the followers of these great men, the ragged rabble of servitors that bore the ubiquitous sirih box, the necessary portable cuspidor, the awe-inspiring "payang," or official umbrella, and other usual accessories and accompaniments of rank and position.

I have briefly mentioned one variety of head-gear, and there are many others to be seen in Solo, each more extraordinary than the last. The police wear what appears to be a section of black, iron pipe such as we see on chimneys at home; another class of officials affect similar affairs, but white in colour; soldiers are decorated with a sort of helmet which has very little top or back and is nearly all vizor; drivers are almost concealed beneath great varnished or inverted dinner-plates; white leather fezzes are also worn, as well as curious sugarloaf creations, and others that look for all the world like flower-pots bottom up.

Besides the pedestrian life of the street and the beggars, acrobats, and itinerant merchants that pester us at short range, there are many passing vehicles to attract our attention. Pretentious landaus rumble by, their proud occupants, often half-naked, shielded from the sun by payang-bearers who stand on platforms behind, cattle-drawn carts from the country, pony-drawn sados, and alas, even, motor-cars are sometimes seen in

the constantly changing panorama. Surely for local colour and novelty of street life Solo is not far behind the leaders of the Orient.

In every other regard save that of the street life, however, Solo is inferior to Djokjakarta, the other native capital, for Solo has no edifice worthy the name of palace, no buildings of historic interest, no monuments or tombs of artistic value, and even its shops are inferior to those of its rival. The "kraton" or palace of the puppet ruler, the Susuhunan, although said to shelter a community of over 10,000 souls, is neither prepossessing nor imposing in outward appearance; the "dalem" or residence of the prince next highest in rank is better, but too European in many details to satisfy a longing for purely Javanese splendour. The menagerie or "zoo" is rather the most interesting individual sight of Solo. This is the best collection in the Insulinde of the animals indigenous to the islands and contains some fine specimens of the black and the spotted leopard, a fair representation of the other larger animals, and a great number of monkeys, snakes, and brilliantly plumaged birds. The feeding hour is an unpleasant one for a visit, as the carnivorous animals are provided with their fresh meat in the form of live dogs, which are often torn to pieces in sickening style before they cease to breathe.

The kraton is hidden behind high white-washed walls, and unless one has a permit to visit it he

will see nothing but the front entrance on the "aloun-aloun" or main square. The bareness of this great square is relieved only by two lone trees. On one side is a misigit or mosque with a moving-picture show as its next neighbour; at the kraton end are a couple of small cannon guarding a line of white wall, with a break in the middle occupied by a sort of exaggerated pergola, or what looks like one. This, on the occasion of our visit, was the scene of a tremendous gathering of native officials, who were being received in audience by the heir apparent. The squat attitudes and the lack of superfluous clothing gave the function quite the air of a North American Indian pow-wow. After waiting about for some time we were rewarded by seeing the prince, preceded and followed by attendants and lance bearers and covered by his royal umbrella, walk pompously across the square and drive away in his state equipage drawn by four horses. It was disappointing to find that even the members of the royal house evidently take no pride in the outward appearance of their retainers.

Within easy reach of the entrance of the kraton is the home of the power behind the throne, the Dutch Resident, and in close juxtaposition to the Residency is the symbol of the power behind the Resident, the seat of the Dutch garrison, Fort Vastenburg. All said and done, the great Susuhunan, the "Spike of the Universe," is to-day

nothing more than the pampered prisoner of his "elder brother," the Resident. He receives a liberal annual allowance of over three hundred thousand dollars gold, is permitted to eke out a lazy existence amid the unstimulating surrounding of a large harem, half a hundred children, and thousands of sycophant hangers-on and more useful attendants, and is encouraged to keep in being his grotesque little opera-bouffe army and in other ways to blind the eyes of the natives to his absolute loss of power.

Lest by any chance a sudden access of ambition or fanatic fervour should lead him to rebel, and in order to render his success in such a case next to impossible, there has been set down at his side in Solo an independent vassal (if I may use that term), the Pangeran Adipati Ario Mankoe Negoro. This prince represents the more progressive element, looks like a Japanese of the highest class, has a toy army of a few hundred men, and is sufficiently powerful and popular to prove of great help to the Dutch in case of trouble with the Susuhunan. Both the Susuhunan and the Pangeran Adipati know full well that a first sign of disloyalty to the Dutch on the part of the former would mean his fall from grace and perhaps the raising of the "independent vassal" to his place. As a further precaution a certain number of Dutch soldiers are always on guard at the palace, and the Susuhunan is not permitted to wander beyond the

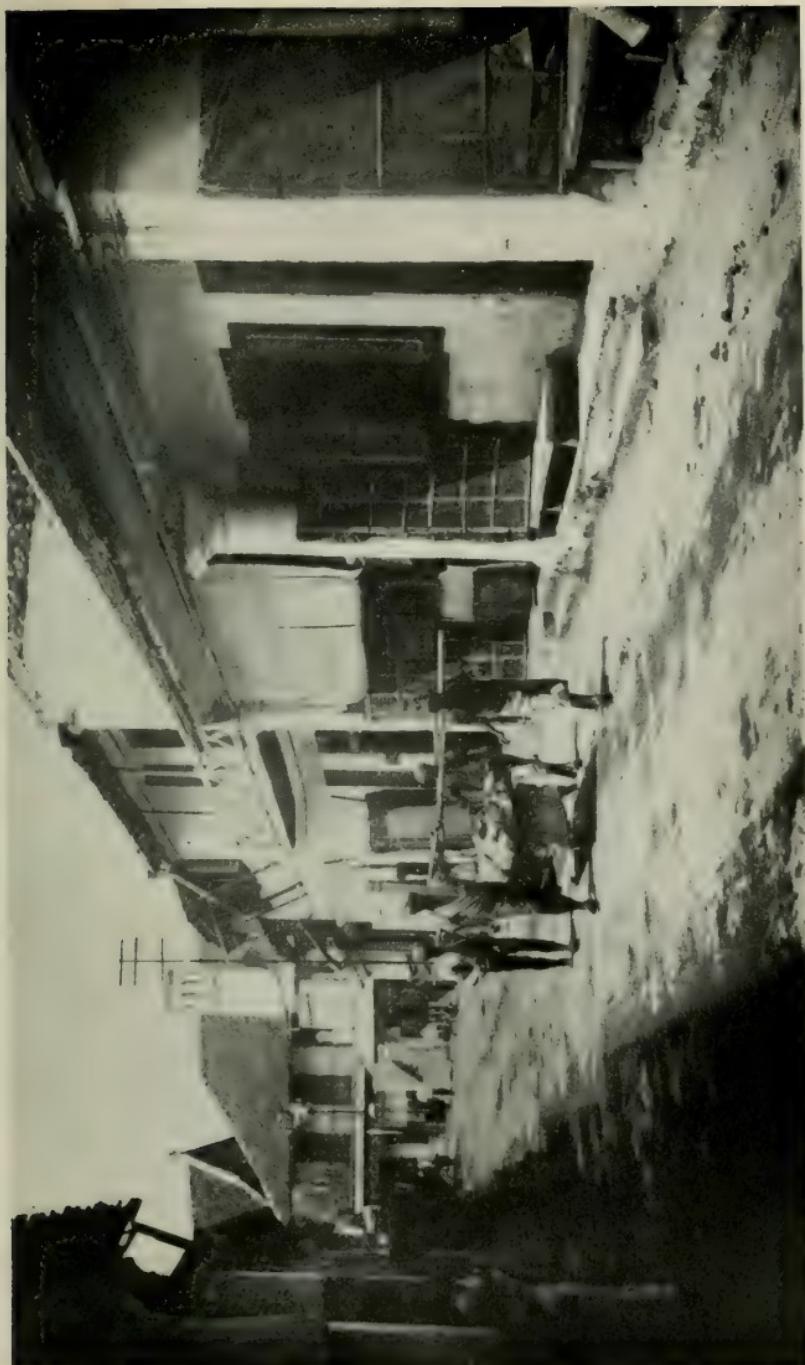
confines of the kraton without an escort of European troops.

The history of the successive steps by which the Dutch gradually acquired their present status in the two principalities is perhaps the most interesting chapter in the history of Dutch colonial relations. Partly by reason of the purer strain of blood which flows in the veins of the inhabitants of these regions of Central Java and the pride and conservatism which follow as a natural consequence of this, partly because of the relative inaccessibility of these lands to military operations, the territories included in the ancient empire of Mataram and its later successor, the empire of Solo, have always been the last in all Java to respond to the necessity for change, the last to submit to the will of the conqueror or invader. This great central state held fast to its earlier gods and faiths long after the other Hindu kingdoms, Madjapahit to the east and Padjadjaran to the west, had surrendered to the doctrines of the Koran; later, it held out with equal obstinacy against the extension of the Dutch dominion.

As early as 1628, and again in 1660, we find the ruler of Mataram engaged in desperate efforts to drive the Dutch from their stronghold at Batavia. The failure of these attempts seems to have duly impressed the native princes with the fighting ability of the Dutch, for within a score of years the aid of the latter was sought by the incumbent of

Photo by the Author

AN ARAB STREET AND MOSQUE, SOERABAYA



the Mataram throne in warding off a threatened invasion by another native ruler, the Sultan of Macassar. This request for aid was readily acceded to, and when the war clouds had cleared away, the Dutch, as reward for their services, obtained their first foothold in the empire, the right to establish a trading-post on the coast and to install therein a small garrison.

For the next half-century or more, native wars, rebellions, and revolts weakened the empire, and the Dutch were able by the middle of the eighteenth century to make themselves so necessary to the sovereigns of Mataram that, when the founder of Soerakarta died, the Dutch East India Company was in possession of the entire coast of the empire and practically the testamentary trustee for the "hinterlands," for the company was left to decide who should succeed to the throne,—the son and heir of the deceased monarch, or the latter's brother, then in active rebellion. It is said that this rebellion was in fact due to the Machiavellian instigations of the Dutch, who were quite willing to see the strongest of the native kingdoms reduced to a state of helplessness. Be that as it may, the foreigners were not slow in reaping the advantages of the situation, and in their decision the wise maxim, *Divide ut imperes*—"Divide that thou mayest rule,"—was put to practical application, the heir receiving two-thirds of the country, and the pretender being established as a vassal

under the title of Sultan of Djokjakarta and adjudged the remaining western third.

It was not long before another move brought about the freeing of the Sultan from his fealty to the Susuhunan. The Sultan was easily led to resent the annual rendering of homage as an act beneath his dignity, and a way of escape was suggested in the wearing of a Dutch uniform at the meeting with the Susuhunan; for, under an understanding of many years with the natives, the foreigner and those wearing the insignia of military rank under him were not required to kneel or perform the grovelling "dodok" before even the highest native ruler. The suggestion was accepted and acted upon, and with the desired result of offending the Susuhunan and making the two rulers inimical from that time forth. The later and final step in the weakening of these princes we have already touched upon,—the placing at the court of each of another prince of sufficient rank and backing to act as a warning restraint upon the reigning sovereign.

The success of this well-conceived policy from a Dutch point of view may best be judged by the fact that since it has been carried out in its entirety there has been but one serious uprising against the Dutch authority in Central Java, and that one nearly a century ago,—the so-called Mataram War, an unsuccessful rebellion led by an illegitimate son of a Sultan of Djokjakarta,

which was put down after a struggle of five years.

Our return trip from Solo to Semarang was uneventful, and the remaining hours of the voyage to Soerabaya were made disagreeable by a succession of rain squalls that ruffled up the muddy water and shut off all views of the shore till we had turned south and passed into the narrow straits which separate Java from its smaller neighbour, Madoera. If one is fortunate enough to arrive as we did, in the evening, there is a world of fascination in the twinkling lights on the two shores, and one cannot fail to be reminded of those other far away straits between Italy and Sicily, the Straits of Messina.

Soerabaya is no exception to other Javanese ports in the matter of landing facilities, distances, and general configuration. From the anchorage to the customs landing is a good half-hour's sail and row against the outgoing current of the canalized river, the Kali Mas, and it is best to count on being obliged to make the voyage in one of the native "tambangans," or row-boats with three-cornered sails. Kali Mas means literally "river of gold," a delightfully poetic name for what might be called more prosaically and graphically a river of yellow mud. What splendid advertizing agents these Orientals would make with a little American training, to be sure. This muddy canal is interesting none the less, for it is

crowded with Madoera prouws, highly coloured at bow and stern and filled with natives quite piratical in appearance. From the landing-place at the Kleine Boom it is a half-hour's drive in a mylord to the district of residences and of our hotel, the Simpang.

Soerabaya, the one-time capital of the Insulinde, and to-day the leading city in population, wealth, and commercial activity, gives a very different impression from that produced by slow, sleepy Batavia. Here there are bustle and activity everywhere, and all of the 150,000 or more inhabitants, even including the 8000 Europeans, seem infected with the commercial or money-getting bacillus. At the business centre of the town near the end of the "Djambatan Merah," or red bridge, one gets the best idea of the busy daily life of the place, and here one must be careful in crossing the street lest he be caught unawares by one of the many passing vehicles. Traffic regulation is conspicuous by its absence, and amid the conglomeration of fast motor-cars, hurrying sados and "kosongs" (two-pony cabs), bullock carts with wheels five or six feet in diameter, and coolie-drawn hand-trucks, one may easily come to grief ere he comes to a due appreciation of the occidental haste of this oriental city. Soerabaya is essentially a cosmopolitan city, with a Chinese settlement of 15,000 and an Arab Camp of 2500, besides a representation in its "native" population of probably every race of the

Photo by Nijland



THE RED BRIDGE, SOERABAYA

entire Archipelago. Its growth and prosperity are due to its railway connections, which have made it the shipping port of the plantations of the eastern end of Java, and to its strategic situation, which has enabled it to control a large proportion of the trade of Dutch Borneo, Celebes, and the more easterly islands. Health conditions are even worse than in the other ports, owing to a lack of good water and the absence of purifying sea breezes, these latter being quite shut off by the island of Madoera. New harbour works are under way.

The Simpang hotel, while less luxurious than our Batavian hostelry, is one of the best in the Indies: the rooms are comfortable, the food very fair, and the service excellent. We found the same main building and the same galleries of bedrooms with which we were becoming so familiar, but here we were nearer the street, and peddlers and beggars became annoyingly attentive during the afternoon tea hour. The hotel is in the centre of a district of broad avenues shaded by tamarinds and waringins and lined with handsome villas. The residency, military hospital, and a club are all within a few steps. To the business part of the town it is quite a long drive, but carriages are inexpensive, there are many interesting sights along the roadside, and on the way back one may stop half-way at the restaurant of Grimm, the Sherry or Delmonico of Soerabaya, and refresh

himself with ice-cream or a cooling drink. Coffee and cigars are a good deal of a gamble in the Indies: occasionally they are very good, generally they are not. At our hotel a particularly pleasing feature was the low cost of laundry work, four cents gold a piece; but, alas, our pleasure vanished with the return of the remnants later on, and we realized that we had been the victims of premature exhilaration. The most irritating features of life at Soerabaya are the regular afternoon arrival of hordes of mosquitoes and the peculiarly inquisitive character of the indigenous red ant.

About half-way from the hotel to the customs landing is the old fort of Prins Hendrik, still in use and inaccessible to the average visitor. It is the only important historical building in Soerabaya, but we were told that it contained nothing of interest. The sightseer soon realizes that this city is merely a great collection of native villages with a narrow, central strip of European commercial structures and habitations and a few military and naval works, arsenals, barracks, and dock-yards,—a town wholly lacking in individual or peculiarly interesting features of any kind. Soerabaya is a splendid place from which to start for other more interesting spots, a good place to do the shopping which is always necessary before a cruise or a journey inland, but in other respects there is little to detain one, and we were glad to

leave its miasmic air and its pestilential mosquitoes at the earliest opportunity.

I promised to say something more of our "boy." His career so far as we were concerned ended at Soerabaya. Despite his manifold sins and transgressions we forgave him all in view of our need of an interpreter and even bought tickets for him for the long cruise through the islands. The afternoon before the morning of sailing I was surprised to be called up on the telephone and told that he had been run over by a sado and his arm broken. Upon careful investigation, however, this story turned out to be highly imaginative. Our worthy "boy" had not enjoyed his sea trip along the north coast and had also probably discovered that his opportunities for graft with us would be small; at all events, although an examination showed him to be uninjured save for a slight bruise, he declined point-blank to leave Java, and was left behind. It is but fair to say that the Official Bureau at Weltevreden, on our return later, did everything possible to make up for the inconvenience that we experienced through his sudden defection, and, I doubt not, gave him the lesson he deserved.

CHAPTER VI

A CRUISE TO CELEBES

FROM Soerabaya it is possible to reach practically every island of the Insulinde by means of the steamers of the Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij, the company which holds nearly a monopoly of the inter-island passenger traffic. Directly to the north lies the enormous island of Borneo, larger than France and over seven times the size of Java. In a voyage of a day one may cross the smooth Java Sea and land at Bandjermasin, the capital of the residency of South and East Borneo, a town of perhaps 20,000, on the banks of a river, two or three hours from the south coast. Bandjermasin is a picturesque place, partly built on piles and rafts by reason of the "sludgy, squudgy" nature of its site. Its reputation for health is very bad, and even the attraction of good crocodile-hunting in the near vicinity and the novelty of an excursion far into the interior on a light-draft river steamer are not likely to allure the traveller into this lurking place of the pestilential mosquito and the deadly fever germ.

Another service of the packet company, which crosses to Bandjermasin and then continues to the various ports of the east coast, gives a better idea of the resources of the island and at a less risk, but Borneo in its present state is far better suited to the explorer or collector than to the usual traveller, for the higher, healthier lands of the interior are hardly accessible, and the coasts are unhealthy and of no particular interest.

Borneo was for many years a cause of dispute between England and Holland, and it was only in 1892 that the island was divided amicably between them, England's suzerainty over the north-western third being recognized by her rival claimant. The population of this great island must necessarily be somewhat a matter of speculation, but it has been estimated at 1,700,000, of which number over two-thirds are under the protection of the Dutch. The bulk of the inhabitants are Dyaks, members of a race division closely affiliated with the Malays. The Dyaks are generally of sturdy build and splendid physique, but ugly of face and thorough savages in mental and moral characteristics.

Other lines of the packet company run to the islands due east of Java, touching at points on Flores and Timor and the Wetter, Kissier, and Dammer groups and others of less importance. One may even go on as far as the Aroe group and the trading settlements on the west coast of New

Guinea, the largest island in the world after Greenland.¹ All these trips would doubtless prove interesting, but they require an abundance of time and offer fewer attractions than the six weeks' cruise which takes one to the south and north of Celebes, across the Molucca Passage to the most northerly of the Moluccas, then by another ship to the various spice islands to the south, finally bringing one back to the starting point by way of the Bandas and Macassar. It is on this last cruise that we started from Soerabaya early in December.

Our little vessel, the "Mossel," with an English-speaking captain, electric lights, fans in the dining saloon, plenty of Apollinaris water, and a first-class bath-room, steamed out of the Soerabaya roadstead at noon, with a full complement of cabin passengers, mostly Dutch officials and commercial travellers bound for Macassar, the second stop. Twenty-four hours later she came to anchor off Boelelang, the port of Singaradja, chief town of the island of Bali.

Bali is separated from Java by a narrow strait, but presents wide differences in the matter of the prosperity of the natives, their religion, and their acceptance of the Dutch rule. The Balinese alone of all the peoples of the Insulinde have retained to this day the religion of the early Hindu

¹ Australia is usually listed as a continent and not as an island.

Photo by the Author



A NATIVE BOAT, N. CELEBES

settlers. They call themselves "men of Madjapahit," and indeed many of them are descendants of subjects of the great Hindu kingdom of Eastern Java of that name who fled across the straits before the incursion of the Mahometans several centuries ago. The same spirit which has kept these people from the adoption of a strange faith has also made them obstinate in combating the efforts of the Dutch to subject them to foreign rule, and, as late as 1908, expeditionary forces of the colonial army have had bloody encounters with the Balinese in which self-defence necessitated the killing of native women as well as men. The suzerain rights over Bali were surrendered to the Dutch in 1743, by the then ruler of Solo, but even to-day the footing of the Dutch in this island is not firm, beyond the limits of a fringe of coast line.

There are a number of fine Hindu temple ruins a couple of hours by sado from Boelelang, but steamers rarely stop for a sufficient time to permit of a visit. In the port itself the home and gardens of the resident, the market, and a few squalid streets prove of slight interest. The native kampongs are enclosed by walls, the shops are run by Chinese. On a short drive we noticed many native women of superb figure, quite uncovered to the waist-line.

Macassar, the greatest port in the Insulinde east of Soerabaya, is a delightful voyage of somewhat over twenty-four hours from Boelelang. Its

appearance from the sea was uninviting, as we looked upon its iron go-downs and whitewashed houses facing the green waters of the bay. We knew that there were high mountains to the east, but the dense haze limited our view to the flat, featureless foreground. The town itself seemed to be asleep, which indeed it is sure to be if the hour of one's arrival is also that of the afternoon siesta. This lazy-looking town is the capital of the island of Celebes and one of the oldest and most important centres of foreign trade and colonization in the Indies.

Celebes itself is the fourth in size of the various islands partly or wholly Dutch, surpassed in this respect by New Guinea, Borneo, and Sumatra alone. Its length is roughly about five hundred miles, and its width is so varying that, while at the middle it is a scant twenty miles, at the north end it is over a hundred. Its coast line is remarkable for irregularity and is so deeply indented by the great bays or gulfs of Tomini, Tolo, and Boni that it is small wonder that the first European arrivals took it for a group of islands and gave it the name of plural form which still perpetuates the very natural mistake. The actual derivation of the name is in doubt. It may have come from the Malay words "si labih" signifying the "land up there," in which case the mistake was made of taking this purely descriptive term to be the native name.¹

¹ Another suggested derivation is "seli-besi" or "iron kris."

Through the centre of the island from north to south runs a chain of volcanic mountains, some of the peaks rising to a height of 10,000 feet or more. There are no rivers of commercial value. The coast line is singularly free from marsh and swamp lands and is accordingly healthier than that of Java. The vegetation is almost identical with that of the islands to the south, but the animal life seems to be less rich in its variety of the larger quadrupeds. The climate is unusually variable for a region crossed by the equator, and the nights are cool, even after the hottest days. Of the central, interior districts little is known, except that they are inhabited by savages of a low form of intelligence and of head-hunting proclivities. There are no railways in Celebes as yet, and inland communications have been established only within narrow limits. The population is estimated at a million and a quarter.

It is said by one writer that Celebes was discovered by de Barros, a Portuguese, in 1525, by another that there were Portuguese at Macassar as early as 1512. The natives were unfriendly at the first, and there seems to have been no permanent Portuguese settlement at Macassar till a century later. Early in the seventeenth century the English and Dutch appeared on the scene. In 1660–66, the Dutch, after decisive victories on land and sea, succeeded in driving the Latins from Celebes and establishing themselves

in their stead. English attempts to supplant the Dutch soon followed, but proved unsuccessful, and the Dutch control has been continuous for over two centuries and a half with the exception of the one short period of British occupation in the early nineteenth century. Dutch progress in Celebes has been surprisingly slow. Even to-day, despite the presence for years of missionaries, traders, and troops, the natives of the interior are as hostile as they dare to be, and only the Minahasa District in the north, a small area in the neighbourhood of Macassar, and a few scattered settlements in near proximity to the coasts bear witness to the advent of European civilization and rule. In Central Celebes the head-hunting Toradjas remain practically untamed, and it is quite possible that a war will have to be waged against these savages before the fertile lands where they dwell can be opened to cultivation.

But let us return to Macassar, for the hour of sleep is over and the wharves are swarming with coolies and the usual crowd of hotel-runners, money-changers, curio dealers, and loafers. The people of this southern end of Celebes are nearly all either Macassarese or Bugis. They resemble the Javanese in face and figure, but are more sturdily built and are decidedly less polite and pleasing in bearing and manners. The Bugis are the seamen of the Archipelago, the greatest navigators and the most enterprising traders to-day, and in

times gone by the greatest pirates as well. These "orang kalasi" have as a rule repulsively cruel features and look quite capable of sticking a kris in one's back on the slightest provocation. They have an unenviable reputation for dishonesty, quick temper, and cruelty, and whatever tolerance they show towards foreigners is due to fear alone. All the people of the coast districts of Southern Celebes are in religious proclivities Mahometan-Animists—Mahometans in their profession of faith, Animists and fetish-worshippers in their practices. Traces of the ancient cult of phallic worship are still to be found, supernatural powers are attributed to certain animals and natural objects, and even to the insignia of the chiefs, yet at the same time fervent prayers are raised to Allah.

A few steps back of the wharves and go-downs a long street leads off to the left, with European offices at its near end and Chinese and native shops beyond. Directly before us, on a broad avenue, sheltered by shade-trees, from the boughs of which are suspended the street lamps, are the little hotel and its more pretentious neighbour, the official residence of the Governor of Celebes, a structure of the usual classic type, pillared, porticoed, and whitewashed, and fronting on a great open plein.

At the farther end of the plein is the new museum, a building constructed after the native style of architecture and housing an already valuable

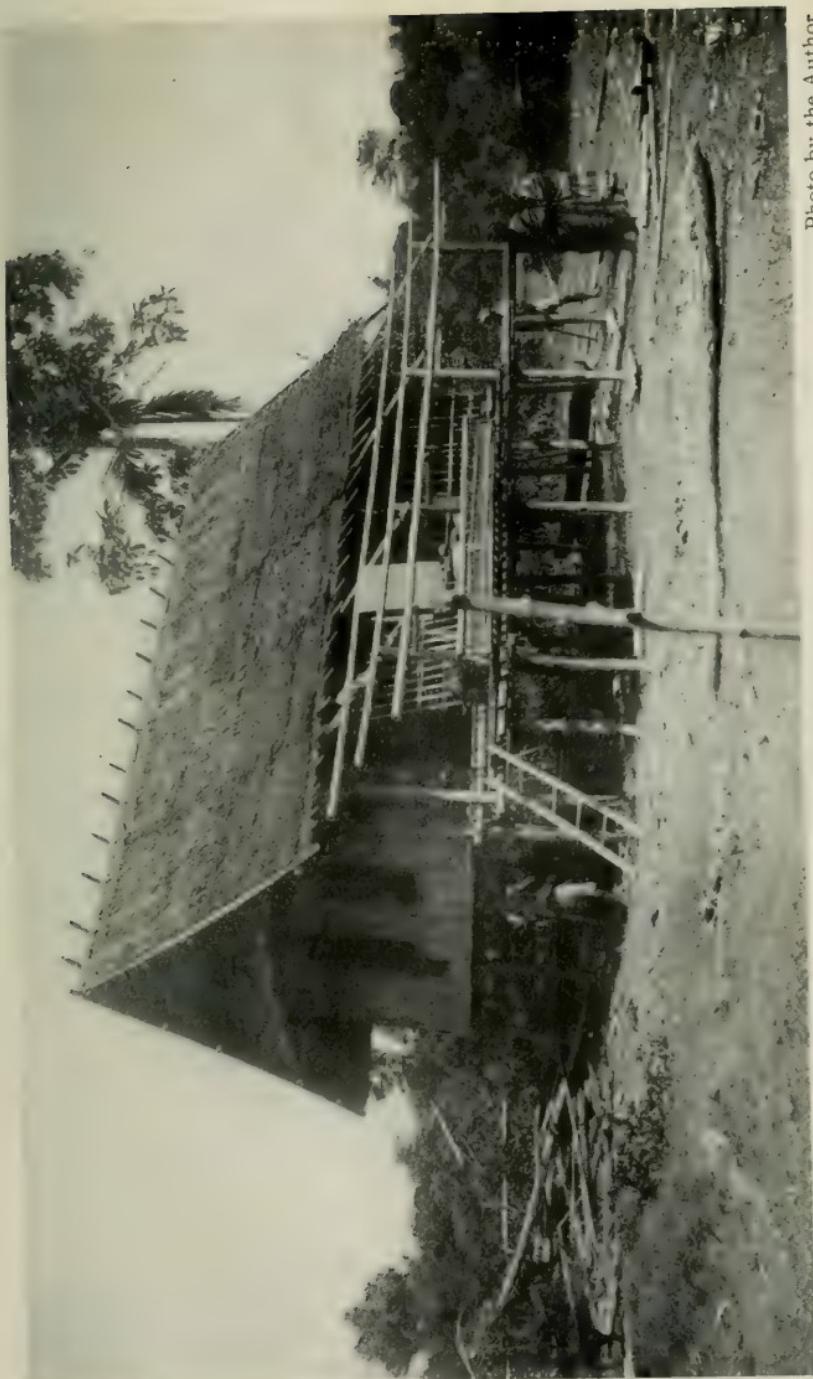
collection of objects illustrative of the native arts and industries,—models of dwellings, boats, and vehicles, implements of trade, arms and armour, jewelry, choice fabrics, and costumes. Nearer, and to our right, is old Fort Rotterdam, its high stone walls facing the water. It is still formidable in aspect, though its moats are now dry and the days of its glory long since faded away.

Fort Rotterdam is a relic of the time of Portuguese supremacy and its capture by the Dutch signalized the passing under their influence of the whole southern end of Celebes. Above its rampart rise the tiled roofs and steep gables of the thoroughly Dutch yellow buildings, which serve as barracks for the garrison or more accurately as temporary homes for the native soldiery and their families. Near by are two monuments,—one an ugly shaft to a recent governor, the other a new and quite imposing memorial to the soldiers of the colonial army, killed in the Boni war of a few years ago, a war which was waged in the near vicinity of Macassar and ended in the complete rout of the Sultan of Boni and his ally the King of Goa and the extension of Dutch rule over a considerable area of country to the east.

The colonial army of Netherlands India deserves more than a mere passing mention. It is a well-organized body of about 35,000 men, one-third Dutch and two-thirds native. Its officers are nearly all Dutch, as are all the artillery gunners, a

Photo by the Author

A NATIVE HOUSE, GOA, S. CELEBES



wise precaution in the possible event of native mutiny. It is a volunteer force in the sense that its ranks are not filled by conscription, and its pay is small, natives receiving but eight to sixteen cents gold a day and Europeans thirteen to eighteen. Not only uniforms are furnished free, but also food and lodgings for the soldiers and their entire families. Even the high private in the rear rank has his wife and babies with him in the barracks, and at times of active operations these latter are taken along almost to the firing line. Native prisoners are used as carriers of baggage and ammunition. This force has probably seen more active service than any other army of equal size the world over, for in the extension of Dutch dominion throughout the Insulinde the cases of native rulers who have voluntarily surrendered their authority are very few, and in some instances, as for example in Atjeh,¹ complete reduction and pacification have been accomplished only after years of bitter struggle.

Aside from the military forces quartered in Fort Rotterdam, Macassar has a population of about 27,000, including a thousand odd Europeans and some five thousand Chinese, but so many of the inhabitants live in the outlying kampongs to the north and south of the city proper, that it is hard to realize that the figures have not been greatly exaggerated. The houses of the kampongs vary

¹ Sumatra.

in many details from those to which we have become accustomed in Java. They are generally raised several feet above the ground on poles, and have gabled roofs, shuttered windows, and considerable ornamentation in the way of carved woodwork. The walls are of matting or of neatly plaited bamboo, the roofs of "nipa" or palm-leaf thatch.

A good idea of the native life may be had by hiring a sado and taking the half-hour's drive to the Tello River ferry. The ferry itself is a novelty. The crossing is accomplished by means of large flat boats drawn by chain cables and capable of carrying a sado and ponies or a country cart and its bullock team. The spot is said to be a favourite haunt of crocodiles. We wonder if the fear of these beasts and the feeling need of "Dutch courage" to overcome the fear are responsible for the number of native drinking houses close by. On the way back, on the outskirts of the town, one stops to see the ruins of what must have been in former days imposing tombs, said to be those of the one-time sovereigns, the Mahometan princes. They are rapidly disintegrating, and in a few years will probably be quite hidden by the verdure of the tropical jungle, which in these regions so quickly reclaims its lost ground on the slightest opportunity. Already the stones of the tombs are being forced apart and the walls thrown down by this exuberant growth of vegetation.

Before leaving Macassar, we took, with an interpreter sent by the courtesy of the governor, the hot, dull drive to Goa. There is but little shade on the level road that leads eastward between the sawahs to the so-called palace occupied by the family of the late king, but the natives and their pink-white carbos were all hard at work preparing the soggy soil for the coming crops in utter disregard of heat and mud, and we felt ashamed to complain, though the sun almost dazed us as we sat in our roomy mylord.

At the dingy, dilapidated dwelling of Goanese royalty we ascended a steep flight of steps to a large upstairs balcony, where we were presented to the princess, a comely, dignified woman, who welcomed us politely and had us served with refreshments, then sent for her children, had us shown the audience or reception hall, offered us cigars, and asked many questions. The interpreter unfortunately knew practically no English, so, although every question was answered, I dread to think of what may have been said or left unsaid. With a good interpreter we might have got a great deal of interesting information, but as it was we learned nothing of anything and felt decidedly disgruntled thereby. One of the small boys brought up to see us wore a large gold coin on his chest, suspended by a gold chain of exquisite workmanship, the four ends of which were joined behind his shoulders like the cross-

belts of the West Point cadets. As the other children wore simply body kains, bracelets, and anklets, there was probably some reason for this distinctive adornment, but we could not find it out. One thing, however, we could understand and appreciate, and that, the chief decoration of the balcony or verandah,—a gaily coloured, framed chromo of a group of American girls and men enjoying an *al fresco* lunch beside a motor-car. The accompanying letter-press bore the words, in English, “What more can you want? A picnic, a car, and the greatest of luxuries, a Young American cigar.” It certainly is astonishing to find to what remote corners of the earth Yankee enterprise has gone in its search for new markets and in the exploitation of its goods.

At some distance beyond the “palace” we called on the Dutch resident official in his little government bungalow beside the most important of the neighbouring villages. From him we learned that the authorities were just about to grant the young prince the privilege of assuming his hereditary position at the head of the native chiefs of Celebes; also that the inland limits of the kingdom of Goa are at a distance of a two or three days’ journey. Whatever the area of this domain, its revenues must be small or diverted by the authorities from their natural trend, else the ruling family would surely live amid less commonplace surroundings. As it is, the differences between the “palace” and



Photo by the Author

NATIVE TYPES, GOA, S. CELEBES

the houses of the well-to-do peasants are so slight that the most easily perceptible are found in the size, the presence or absence of a reception hall, and the solid wooden floors which replace the usual, uncertain underfooting of bamboo stalks covered with thatch.

The steamer as it passes out of the harbour of Macassar takes a course nearly due west, leaving to starboard the dangerous Spermunde Archipelago, a group of coral reefs and small, bouquet-like islands which stretches along the coast for thirty or forty miles to the north, and renders navigation extremely difficult. In something over twelve hours we sighted the great island of Borneo, and in twelve more we had left the dolphins and flying-fish and the pleasant breezes of the Macassar Straits behind and were tied up to a wharf at the far end of the fine harbour of Balikpappan, the principal petroleum port of the country. There were but a handful of first-cabin passengers left, and we were enabled to enjoy the luxury of eating our meals on deck, an impossibility when there is a full cabin list.

The bay of Balikpappan by starlight is a scene of great beauty, the surrounding hills shimmering like a veritable fairyland with the lights of the oil-works and the houses of the employees, but the port of Balikpappan by day is disillusioning to a degree that irritates. One could hardly imagine a place less suggestive in even the most remote way

of the Borneo of one's fancy, the land of the wild Dyak, the orang-utan, and the great constrictor snakes, the land of vast impenetrable jungle and mosquito-infested swamps. We saw before us here a collection of ugly oil-tanks and office buildings, a few dozen ramshackle native shacks, wharves, go-downs, several European bungalows on the hillside above,—and that is all. The whole scene was unpleasantly reminiscent of Bayonne, New Jersey, mosquitoes and all. There were not even any native craft on the waters of the bay,—only tank steamers and a few launches. The oil-works are not only not native but they are not Dutch, except in ownership, being leased by a British corporation for a long term of years.

Our steamer took a short time to discharge cargo at the petroleum port and then steamed slowly back towards Celebes,—slowly because, if she hurried, she would arrive at the next stopping-place at night, and the coral reefs must be approached or threaded in broad daylight if one would avoid almost certain disaster. As Borneo was left behind, a few wading birds with great length of leg came aboard and several were caught by the native sailors. As we neared the coast of Celebes, a range of lofty mountains became visible and many indentations of the shore line, evidently great bays. After running along the coast for many hours, we turned in and came to anchor a half-mile from a beach of gleaming white sand,

Photo by Carr M. Thomas

GOING ASIORE, PALELIH, N. CELEBES



opposite a fringe of palms and a row of fishermen's cottages which formed a most delectable landscape. This is the once piratical village of Paleleh, now a trading and fishing settlement of about 3000 people.

The method of landing here is rather primitive, for the reef prevents even the smaller ship's boats from landing on the dry beach beyond. One must take a native craft for the first part of the trip and trust to a native back for the remainder of the way. Our first conveyance was a catamaran dugout, a somewhat unsteady hollowed-out log, supported on either side at a distance of two or three yards by bamboo outriggers and propelled by the exertions of two small natives seated in bow and stern.

Once safely ashore we found little to see that was as enjoyable as the first view from the water. The village and its setting of beach and palms reminded us of Samoa and there were the same balmy, listless air, the same quiet restfulness which give the islands of the South Pacific their alluring charm. At first it is hard to see why this place is considered sufficiently important for a stopping-place, but the reason lies in the presence of valuable gold-mines in the back-country, which employ over three thousand coolies. Paleleh is the nearest point at which to land supplies, human and other.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE MINAHASA DISTRICT, NORTH CELEBES

MENADO, the most northerly port of Celebes and the capital of the residency of Menado, is about four hundred miles north and three hundred east from Macassar, if we follow the coast line, but the voyage is very much lengthened by the zigzag course by way of Borneo, and takes, with stops, about four days and a half. Menado is a town of over 10,000 inhabitants, but from our anchorage in the bay nothing was visible of the foreign and Chinese settlements, save a few thatched roofs and walls peeping through the trees and bushes behind the palm-sheltered, glistening beach. Across a stream to the left, on which several native sail-boats were lazily drifting, we could see a native village perched high above the water on stilt-like piles, and in the background rolling hills and, rising above them, the upper slopes of the volcano, Klabat, 6700 feet in elevation. In a diametrically opposite position, behind us towards the sea to the north-west, was another volcano, a regular and shapely pyramid, Tua Menado.

Photo by the Author

THE TOWN OF MENADO, N. CELEBES



Aside from scenic advantages, the Menado anchorage leaves much to be desired, for, during the west or bad monsoon, the bay is exposed to the full force of the strong winds, and heavy seas prevail, with towering waves that break against the frail-looking iron pier and threaten to demolish it at any minute. At such times even triply anchored ships have been known to be carried ashore or on the reef. Another danger arises from the sudden dropping off of the bottom, there being within a few cable lengths a difference in soundings from a hundred and fifty fathoms to but two or three. The buoys to which the ships are moored lie in nearly forty fathoms, yet less than a hundred yards nearer the beach even row-boats run aground. In addition to these floating buoys there are others, high on the beach, by which during the south-east monsoon ships are also secured. During the prevalence of the bad monsoon ships are often obliged to go for anchorage and the discharge of cargo to Kema, a point some twenty miles distant by bullock-cart on the east coast. We were fortunate enough to be able to land at Menado, but the sea was too high to permit use of the pier and we landed on the beach, coming in through the surf in the ship's boats. From the beach we proceeded to the hotel on foot, following a bullock-cart loaded with our baggage.

Our primitive little hotel was presided over by an accommodating vrouw who did her best to

make her guests comfortable under almost prohibitory conditions. The general scheme of arrangement included, as in Java, a central building for dining-room, kitchen, and office, with a deep verandah. This was supplemented by side galleries of bedrooms, with covered spaces in front, fitted with tables and "long-sleeved" chairs. Our rooms were dark, the whitewash and plaster dilapidated and soiled, the floors bare, and in the thatched ceilings there were unpleasant holes through which it was hard not to imagine spiders or centipedes dropping at any moment. There were no closets and there was no running water. A visit to the washstand or the mosquito-curtained clothes-rack meant exposure to dozens of bites from a foe that did not fight fairly as at home but attacked noiselessly and with a venom far more disquieting. The beds were covered with netting, but required considerable treatment with adhesive plaster before they proved satisfactorily mosquito-proof. It was necessary for comfort to dress and undress within the netting, and the only relief from the pests was obtainable by smearing oneself with an oil of eucalyptus, the strong odour of which is at first extremely disagreeable. Besides the mosquitoes and ourselves, our rooms were inhabited by numbers of unobjectionable gekkos, a few poisonous-looking spiders, and colonies of red ants. The sanitary arrangements were enough to give one a cold chill, and a visit to one of the



Photo by the Author

A HOUSE IN THE EUROPEAN QUARTER, MENADO

"private apartments" with its row of water bottles, its lone towel, and its countless beetles, spiders, and cockroaches, was a nightmare. Room slops were emptied with a minimum of formality, being simply dumped out of the nearest door or window. The native "boys" were good-natured, but stupid and lazy, always shirking work if there was any chance to do so. The food was better than one might expect after a taste of the other delights of hotel life in Menado.

The hotel, however, proved by far the least agreeable feature of the town, and a walk through the charming avenues of kanaris and tamarinds, past gay hedges and gardens bright with flowers, and a visit to the market in the Chinese Camp quite reconciled us to the discomforts which greeted us within doors. The town is indeed a garden town, the very embodiment of quiet content and lazy living. Nature has been so profuse with her gifts in this beauty land of the Minahasa that the struggle for existence cuts a relatively small figure in the life and cares of the native. Excess of wealth is of little benefit here and fashion is non-existent. There is no occasion for hurry or worry and everyone has the time and the inclination to be polite. Prosperity seems the rule and all the well-to-do residents have their own carts and ponies, with the result that there is no occasion for a livery stable, and the visitor is sometimes put to some trouble to obtain a vehicle for a drive.

The one historic building of Menado is Fort Amsterdam, a structure of no possible protective value to-day. It is said to date back to Portuguese days of the sixteenth century, but it was rebuilt by the Dutch about two hundred years ago. It stands facing the sea at a short distance from the beach and practically divides the commercial Chinese part of the town from the European residential section. At close range it looks more like a piece of stage setting than a real thing, but it has doubtless served its purpose against pirates and head-hunting natives, and even now it has a certain utility in enclosing the quarters of the colonial garrison. The quarters of the white officers, the hospital, and the various departmental headquarters are at some distance, in the centre of the European settlement.

The troops are very much in evidence in Menado, and we were continually meeting detachments of them "hiking" about under Dutch officers. They are rather slovenly in set-up and of poor physique, their blue uniforms are rarely in good condition, and their feet are sometimes bare. On their heads they wear brown, polished straw hats of the type known to us as "Fedora," with the brims turned up in "Rough Rider" style.

Back of the fort are the tokos or shops of the Chinese, who, here as elsewhere in the Indies, control the retail trade, and in addition have built up large interests in the wholesale export and



Photo by the Author

THE FRONT WALL OF FORT, MENADO



Photo by the Author

THE SIDE VIEW OF FORT, MENADO

import trade of the region. There are nearly three thousand Chinese in Menado town, and the majority have married native women and have large numbers of children.

We soon noticed two great differences from what we had seen before in Java and in Southern Celebes. Here the dwellings of the Europeans are of wood, instead of stone, the roofs are thatched instead of tiled, and the houses of the natives have front steps and covered piazzas and are adorned with hanging lamps like the Europeans'. The native costume, too, especially in the case of the men, closely approximates that of the Dutch, for hats, coats, and trousers are very generally worn, while the Dutch vrouws affect, for all but out-door or formal use, the comfortable and picturesque sarong and jacket.

There are a remarkably large number of half-castes in Menado, and it is not surprising, for the Minahasa women are good-looking, sweet in disposition, and make, according to general report, excellent wives and mothers. Practically all the natives are Christians, and their amiability, docility, and comparative freedom from every form of vice speak volumes for the early missionaries who converted them. I saw not a single native drunk during our ten days' stay in the district, and not one native in any way disorderly.

Of many attractive walks in Menado, the favourite with residents and visitors alike is that

which leads past the side of the club and climbs the hillside in its rear. The broad, level top of the hill is laid out as a park, with flower beds, summer-houses, and even swings for the amusement of the children; but its chief attractions lie in the beautiful view it affords of the blue harbour and the town half-hidden by waving palms and the thick foliage of splendid shade-trees, and in the fresh, pure air of its higher elevation. When less aspiring we enjoyed strolling, early in the morning or at sunset, along the beach, watching the breakers and the hundreds of curious, single-clawed crabs, scurrying about in comical fashion on their long, stilt-like legs.

The interior of the Minahasa is even more delightful to the eye than the coast and far more healthy. It is a drive of four hours to Tondano, the capital of the inland district, and a drive which gives one a thorough idea of the natural beauty of this delectable paradise of the tropics. Our conveyances were light, open, two-wheeled carts, hardly more than seats on wheels, and our steeds diminutive, half-broken ponies, one of which trotted, or was supposed to trot, between the shafts, the other running alongside after the Russian fashion. Unfortunately the harness was a wretched, primitive affair, half rope and half rotten leather, and the drivers of the Minahasa are probably the worst drivers in the world, a combination that boded evil from the start, and

lent a flavour of excitement and danger to the drive which would destroy much of the pleasure for a timid or nervous passenger. My "outfit" was, I think, no worse than the average, yet twice I escaped an overturn by the narrowest margin, and we finally arrived at the end of the twenty-two miles with the dashboard kicked to fragments, the traces broken, and the outside pony led behind the cart in disgrace by a neck rope, the remains of his harness reposing on the bottom of the vehicle.

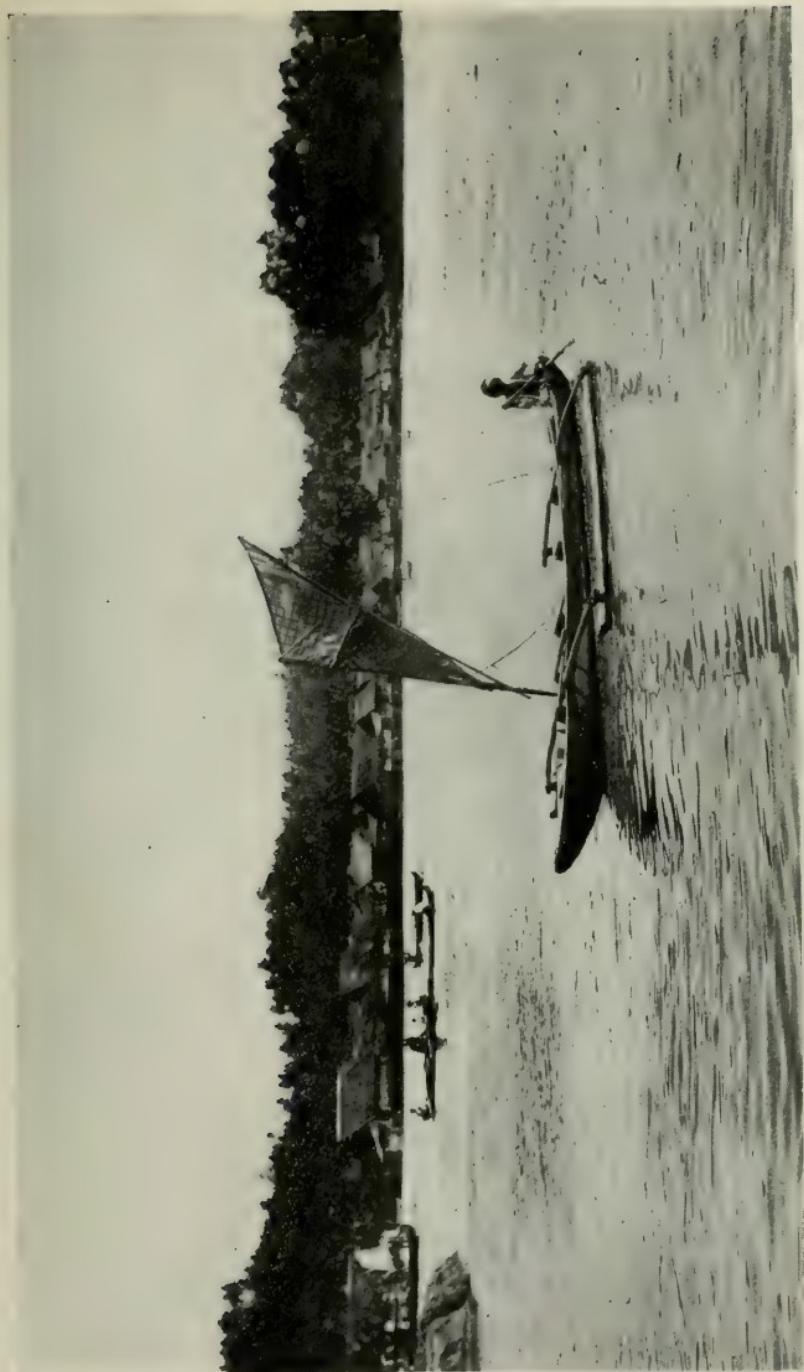
The road is a constant series of delightful viewpoints. It leads up-hill for perhaps half of the way, rising gradually along the shoulder of an inactive volcano, Lokon (5000 feet high). From time to time there are charming vistas towards the sea behind, and, close by, hedges ablaze with scarlet hibiscus and the wild climbing rose, and gardens bright with hollyhocks, wonderful crottons, pink ixoras, and a profusion of other gorgeous flowers of the tropics. Now and again one passes one of the civilized little native villages, where the descendants of head-hunting savages belie their ancestry and live peaceable, orderly lives, in neat little two-storied, gabled cottages with raised verandahs, surrounded by gardens and orchards, going to church and school as if they had done so from time immemorial. Unfortunately they have occasionally gone almost too far in their adoption of western ways, for the outer walls of some

houses are decorated with the coloured supplements of the European weeklies, and hideous hanging lamps disfigure the front verandahs, while in many cases the picturesque thatched roofs have been discarded for the uglier but more practical ones of corrugated iron. It is said that some of the "older families" still preserve heirlooms in the form of small collections of skulls, proofs of ancestral prowess, but if so they keep them well out of sight and show no desire to exhibit them to visitors. These villages are under the charge of native "majors" or "captains," successors of former chiefs, who are responsible to the Dutch officials for the order, health, and general well-being of their communities.

The politeness of the natives of the Minahasa comes to the traveller as a pleasurable surprise. Every man we met along the road removed his hat and bowed as we passed, often wishing us good-day. Farm waggons, with their teams of bullocks and rounded or high, arched tops of thatch, were hurriedly drawn to the side of the road as our driver signalled our approach by shrill blasts on a toy whistle, and their peasant occupants alighted and stood hat in hand as we passed, and all this was done with no apparent feeling of resentment or annoyance.

In view of this present civilization and civility it is interesting to read what Wallace, the great naturalist, has to say of the former life of the

Photo by the Author



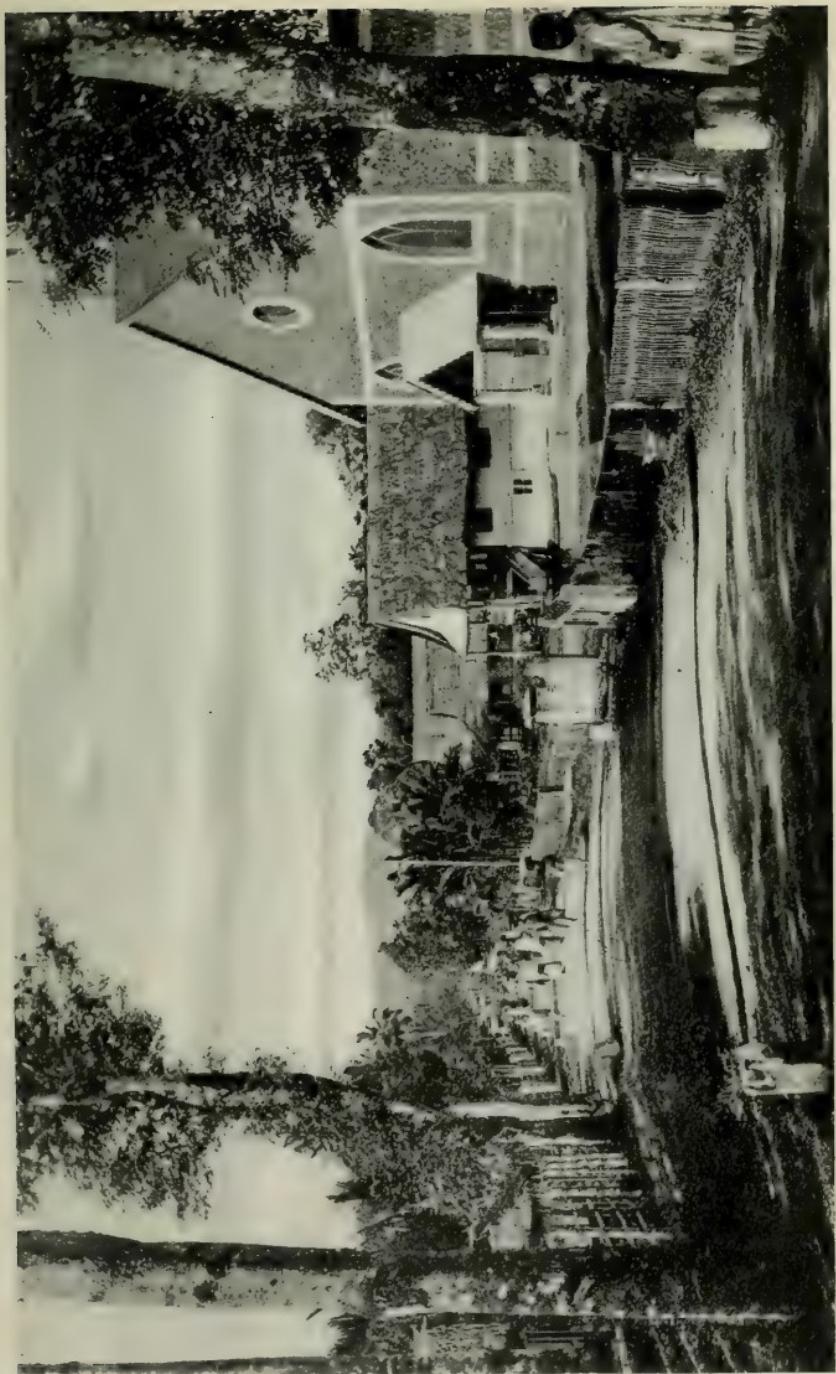
A NATIVE SAIL-BOAT, N. CELEBES

natives: "Up to a very recent period these people were thorough savages. The inhabitants of the several villages were distinct tribes, each under its own chief, speaking languages unintelligible to each other, and almost always at war. They built their houses elevated upon lofty posts to defend themselves from the attacks of their enemies. They were head hunters like the Dyaks of Borneo, and were said to be sometimes cannibals. When a chief died, his tomb was adorned with two fresh human heads; and if those of enemies could not be obtained, slaves were killed for the occasion. Human skulls were the great ornaments of the chiefs' houses. Strips of bark were their only dress. The country was a pathless wilderness, with small cultivated patches of rice and vegetables, or clumps of fruit-trees, diversifying the otherwise unbroken forest. Their religion was that naturally engendered in the undeveloped human mind by the contemplation of grand natural phenomena and the luxuriance of tropical nature. The burning mountain, the torrent, and the lake, were the abodes of their deities; and certain trees and birds were supposed to have especial influence over men's actions and destiny. They held wild and exciting festivals to propitiate these deities or demons; and believed that men could be changed by them into animals either during life or after death. Such was their condition down to the year 1822."

As we approached the higher country the sawahs began to become less common, and coffee, cocoa, and nutmeg plantations were the features of the cultivated tracts. We passed for several miles through wild, hilly lands, rich in graceful tree-ferns, and huge fronds, magnificent shade-trees and creepers, climbers, and orchids, ravines, hot springs, mountain brooks, and waterfalls. The natural beauty of this region is almost bewildering in its variety and intensity. There is almost too much to be admired, and one carries away a realization that he has seen a number of the most beautiful spots on earth, but lacks distinct remembrance of the details of any one of them.

At Tomohon, 2500 feet above sea-level, we drew up by the roadside to rest our undeserving ponies under the sheltering branches of a wide-spreading shade-tree. The village is a marvel of cleanliness, and prides itself on a stone church, a hospital, and several other substantial buildings. Passing on, we noticed acres of swamp land covered with sagueir palms, the trees from the sap of which the natives make a sort of wine; later we came again into a region of coffee plantations, and finally dashed in a mad whirl into the town or village of Tondano, our destination.

Tondano is a settlement of about 10,000, near the north end of a mountain lake some eight miles long. Its altitude of 2300 feet and its consequent freedom from fevers have made it a favourite holi-



THE MAIN STREET, TOMOHON, N. CELEBES

day resort for the European residents of Menado, of whom there are some six hundred. It is a clean, prosperous-looking place, set in a lovely country, but the accommodations for visitors are limited to a few rooms in a hotel or rest-house run by a service-expired Dutch soldier. Mosquitoes are few here, and there is a life in the air which, with the cool nights, gives one an unaccustomed energy and appetite and an ability to sleep soundly.

I had a rather peculiar experience on going to bed the night of our arrival. When I put my head on the pillow, there followed a sensation of sound and movement which caused me to get up in a hurry and shake out the pillow-case. To my utter surprise and our mutual discomfiture, out dropped an extremely nervous lizard, a foot long, grey in colour, with large pinkish spots, and gifted with a very large head. These animals are absolutely harmless, but one hardly cares to share one's bed with one.

Tondano is in the centre of a region of woods and coffee plantations. It has a reputation among the natives of the whole eastern half of the Insulinde as the site of a school for the sons and heirs of the native chiefs of the Outer Possessions. It has also a reputation with lovers of scenic beauty by reason of its famous waterfall, Tonsea Lama. It is a walk of perhaps half a mile to the picturesque spot in the woods where the best view

is to be had of the boisterous stream as it drops from gorge to gorge over a wall of rock a hundred feet high. The fall and its surroundings remind one of the celebrated Kegon-no-taki, near Chiu-zenji, in the mountainous district of Nikko, Japan, but the scene here is much wilder, the rocks are covered with heavy moss, and the vegetation is that of the tropical jungle. The stream to which we are indebted for this, the finest known waterfall in Celebes, is the same that we had already seen at Menado, and its source is the Lake of Tondano, a sheet of water beautiful at its far end, where it is shut in on the west by wooded hills, but less attractive at the end nearest the village, where the shores are flat and given over to rice-fields.

Long after the first appearance of Portuguese priests at Menado in 1563, and even after the arrival of the Dutch in 1655, in fact as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, the natives of Tondano lived, for protection, in houses built on piles over the waters of the lake. The name Tondano is a corruption of "toudano," a compound formed from "tou," men, and "dano," water. In former days the social system was probably matriarchal, as in the central highlands of Sumatra to this day, for the local word for "family" means in its most literal interpretation "suckled with the same milk." Many of the old customs are still found in the country about the

lake. The mother-in-law taboo would delight the professional jokers of our home papers. It is "posan" or taboo for a man even to look at his mother-in-law as he passes her, and should he be obliged for any reason to mention her he spends the following minutes in careful expectoration. This mother-in-law prejudice and the practice of elopement seem to be in all countries the last surviving relics of a former state of savagery, relics too much a part of human nature to be got rid of.

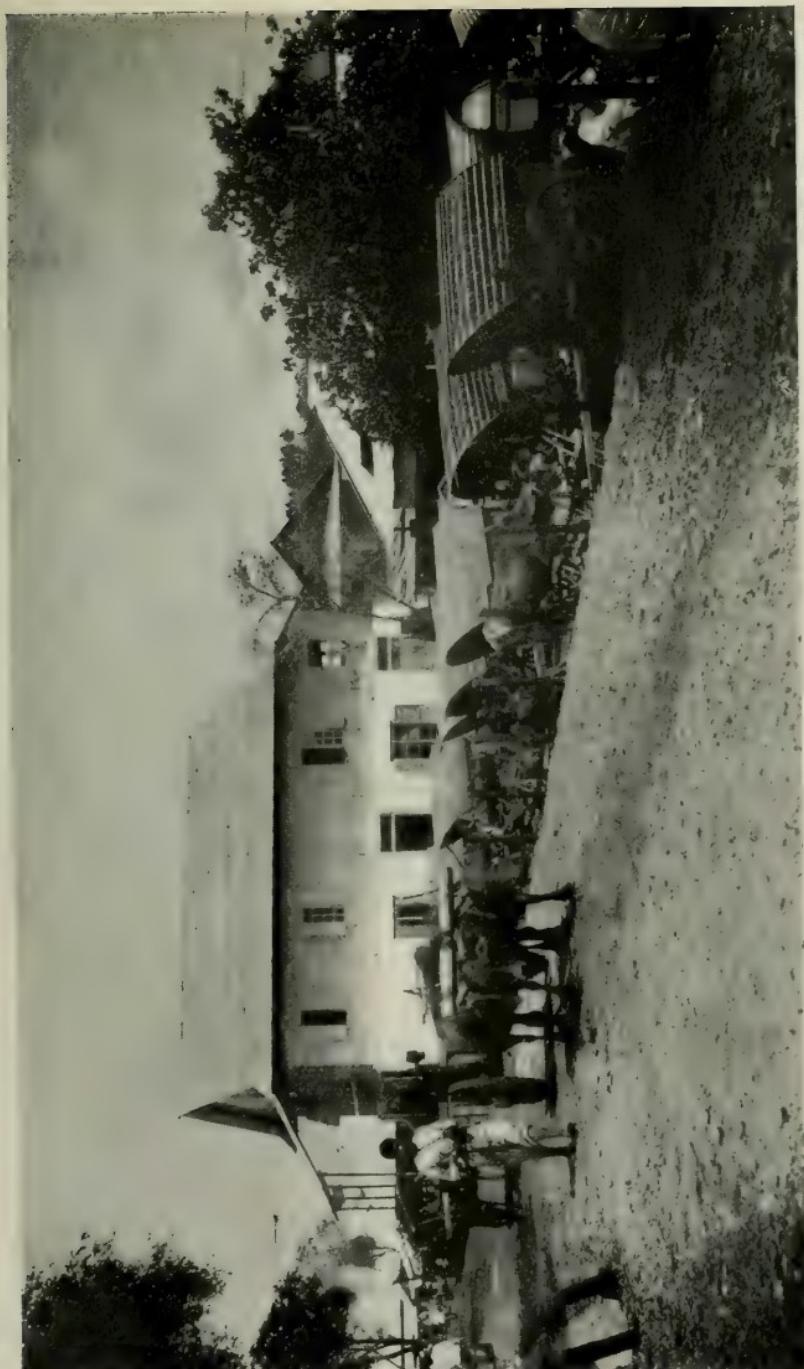
As we have learned from Wallace, the inhabitants of the Minahasa were members in former days of many individual tribes of different dialects. This condition has been changed by the teaching of Malay in the government schools, and in a few years it seems likely that most, if not all, of the dialects will have entirely disappeared. The name Minahasa means a bonding or binding together (from "ni," the sign of the substantive, and "mahasa," to bind, joined and then transposed for euphony): the binding together of the tribes into one civilized, peaceful people is the task which the Dutch are accomplishing slowly but surely to-day.

In Tondano itself there is nothing of sufficient interest to detain the visitor but the schools. The former government coffee go-down, however, now used as a jail, recalls the fact that this was a few years ago one of the most important of the many districts where "forced cultivation" and govern-

ment monopoly of coffee sales brought riches to the Dutch and poverty to the natives. In 1822, an ordinance was put in force under which every native not actually engaged in trade was obliged to plant at least twenty-five coffee-trees a year on land reserved for the purpose by the authorities, to gather the berries, and to sell them to the government at a nominal price fixed by it, often hardly a fourth of the market price in the port. Not only was a large part, generally a fifth, of the native land thus set aside for the profit of the Dutch, but a considerable part of the natives' time had to be given up. In return, there were no taxes to be paid, to be sure, but in land, time, crops, and labour the native was forced to give up far more than could ever have been wrung out of him in money or in produce alone. Perhaps the most unfair feature of this system was that the enormous profits of the government were sent to the home country instead of being used for the benefit of the country whence they sprang. The system was applied in all parts of the Insulinde, and the government monopolized practically all the valuable products, spices, sugar, tea, teak, and many other things. To-day the "forced culture" system still survives in Sumatra and elsewhere to some extent, but it is gradually drawing in its fangs, and in a great part of the Insulinde it has already vanished. In the Minahasa it has been replaced by a poll, or head, tax of six and a half

Photo by the Author

COUNTRY CARTS AT THE MARKET, MENADO



guilders (two dollars and sixty cents gold) a year on all males above the age of sixteen.

Our return trip to Menado we varied agreeably by taking a detour which led through the hot-springs village of Ayer Madidi (hot water). For several miles the road followed the river valley and stretched along the hillside far above the turbulent stream, looking down upon a scene lovely beyond description. It is curious how one is constantly reminded, in this Minahasa country, of the mountain districts of Japan. This road, for example, notwithstanding its absolute dissimilarity in vegetation, recalls time and time again the famous road from Yumoto to Miyanoshita. The whole region is certainly one of the most beautiful in any part of the known world, and we felt inclined to apply to it a distortion of the Japanese saying about Nikko, and to say, "He who has not seen the Minahasa cannot properly use the word 'beautiful.'"

The natural wealth of this fertile land of North Celebes is prodigious, and, when we add the value of the results of human labour, the figures are tremendous for a country of a population so comparatively small. From Menado the yearly export of copra, for instance, amounts in value to over a million dollars gold. In the same period of time over a hundred and fifty tons of coffee berries, over seven hundred and fifty tons of nutmeg, over a hundred tons of mace, and

smaller but valuable amounts of cocoa, vanilla, rattan, hardwoods, and horses are shipped. The total value of the annual exports of Menado is considerably in excess of two million dollars gold.

The animal life of Celebes is remarkable for several curious and unfamiliar varieties, among others, the "sapi-utan," a sort of wild ox-antelope; the "babi-rusa," a pig-deer, as its name implies; the "tarsier," a lemur of rat size with woolly fur, long bushy, pointed tail, and disproportionately large eyes; the "maleo," a sort of brush turkey, which lays its huge eggs (over half as large as those of the ostrich) deep in the sand for the sun to hatch; and the "cuscus" or phalanger. There are also gaily plumaged, shrill-voiced lories and lorikeets, gorgeous butterflies, and fish of brilliant colouring, besides the usual domestic animals and a plenty of wild deer and hogs.

During our absence from Menado the strong wind piled up the seas to such an extent that on our return there was not a ship or boat to be seen in the bay, and we fully expected to be obliged to take the tedious trip by bullock-cart to Kema to board the steamer, but luckily the weather moderated at the last moment, and the "Mossel" was able to anchor at Menado on her return from her voyage to the island groups farther north. We found Menado, none the less, a difficult place to leave. For hours we tried in vain to hire a cart to take our baggage to the beach, and having finally over-

come this difficulty and safely conducted a candle-light parade to the point of embarkation, we found another struggle necessary before we could find anyone to row us to the steamer for any sum within reason. In the end we were obliged to turn over our baggage to the tender mercies of a thoroughly disreputable-looking lot of natives and to see it vanish in the dark in the wrong direction, while we were rowed to the ship ourselves in a small boat sent for the convenience of a Dutch army officer, who was to be a fellow-passenger to the Moluccas. I shall never forget the intense feeling of satisfaction with which I witnessed the safe arrival of that baggage just as we had given it up for lost.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VOLCANIC ISLAND OF TERNATE, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL SPICE ISLANDS

THE voyage across the Molucca Passage to Ternate is one of roughly a hundred miles, and the steamers generally take their departure from Menado in the afternoon and arrive at their destination early the next morning. The "Mossel" followed this schedule, and we enjoyed our last views of the beautiful Minahasa amid all the glories of a wonderful tropical sunset. After rounding the north end of Celebes the steamer threads the narrow straits which separate the Bangka group of islands from their greater neighbour, before taking her final leave of land and pointing due east for the Moluccas. The views that we had as we steamed slowly through the straits:—to starboard, Klabat and other great mountains of the Minahasa rising above the banks of fleecy clouds that nestled in the deep valleys near the sea,—to port, a succession of charming little islands, masses of green overgrown to the very water's edge after the true fashion of the

Photo by the Author

NATIVE HOUSES, PALELEH, N. CELEBES



jungle. This scene, viewed in the ever-changing vivid colouring of the afterglow of an equatorial sunset is, I think, the finest that I have ever seen from a steamer deck.

As we approached Ternate in the pink glow of sunrise, another unusual sight greeted us,—an imposing line of volcanic cones, towering above the sea like so many sentinels or outposts guarding the great island of Halmahera, whose mountain spine could be seen stretching like a long, blue-grey ribbon along the dim horizon. There is something peculiarly grim and awe-inspiring in the sight of so many volcanoes at one time, and one is apt to experience a strong sense of littleness and weakness, that feeling which has been described by one sensitive traveller as the “wormy” feeling. As we continued towards Ternate one after another of the stately pyramids was left behind, and at last we passed, through a narrow opening between the two largest, into the harbour of Ternate, and tied up to a landing pier almost in the shadow of the great irregular mass of Mt. Ternate.

The bay is very lovely, with water deep blue and clear as crystal, and beaches of coral sand as white as snow. The encircling hills are green to their very tops, and above rise the two volcanoes,—the tapering cone of Tidore and the great, shapeless mass of Mt. Ternate (a regular and perfect pyramid when seen from another point of view), their summits over 5500 feet above the sea. The

picturesque charms of Ternate have been sung to fame by the Portuguese poet Camoens, and they are richly deserving of the praise accorded them.

The town of Ternate is situated at the foot of the mountain and on the south-eastern shore of the island. It is one of the oldest trading ports of the Archipelago, and the chief town of the residency of Ternate.¹ The island is purely volcanic, consisting of the great crater mountain, a small area of surrounding level, composed mainly of lava and other products of past eruptions, and more or less extensive accretions due to coral formations. Ages of fertilizing rains and the life-giving sunshine of the tropics softened these constituent elements into a rich, productive soil long before the era of European discovery, and by the time of the advent of the Portuguese in 1511 the island was covered with forests and plantations, and was the richest of the Spice Islands, the home, in particular of the clove-tree. As we have already seen in the Introductory Chapter, the reports of the great wealth of the Spice Islands spread early throughout Europe, and the desire to secure direct trade in their valuable products was the stimulus which prompted the early European navigators in their adventurous voyages on unknown seas. In those

¹ Ternate residency includes the islands of Halmahera and Batjan, the Obi and Soela groups, together with Western New Guinea and the smaller islands adjacent to the latter.

days the term Spice Islands or Moluccas was applied only to Ternate, Tidore, and the islands directly south of these, as far as and including Batjan.

Before the coming of the Europeans the Sultans of the Moluccas had amassed enormous fortunes by monopolizing the trade to their own individual profit. In place of taxes, their subjects were obliged to give part of their land and labour to the cultivation of clove-trees, the product going to the rulers and being sold by them at a huge profit to Arab or Chinese traders. Nutmeg and mace were in like manner cultivated for the benefit of the native rulers in other islands to the south and east. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the principal rulers of the Spice Islands were the Sultans of Ternate, Tidore, Halmahera, and Batjan.

On reading Francis Drake's description of the regal appearance of the most powerful and wealthy of these monarchs, the Sultan of Ternate, we can well understand the appeal of the Moluccas to the cupidity and avarice of the early adventurers. Drake says: "From his waste downe to the ground was all cloth of Gold and the same very rich; his legges were bare, but on his feet were a payre of shoes made of Cordovant skinne. In the attyre of his head were finely wreathed hooped Rings of Gold, and about his necke hee had a chayne of perfect Gold, the

links whereof were great and one-fold double. On his fingers hee had six very faire Jewels; and setting in his Chaire of Estate, at his right hand stood a Page with a Fanne in his hand, breathing and gathering the Ayre to the King. The Fanne was in length two foot and in bredth one foot, set with eight Saphres, richly embroydered, and knit to a Staffe three foot in length.”¹

The first Europeans to arrive in the Spice Islands were the Portuguese under Antonio de Abreu, part of an expedition sent east from Malacca by the then Viceroy of India, Alfonso de Albuquerque, to explore the Archipelago and to inquire into the possibilities of entering into direct trade relations with the natives. These first-comers made a thorough investigation of conditions, filled their ships with valuable cargoes, and sailed away to Portuguese India with glowing reports of their discoveries. Other expeditions quickly followed, and within a decade a trade of considerable importance had been built up and several “factories” had been established, among others one at Ternate. For the protection of this last against possible attack by piratical natives or commercial rivals a small fort was erected and garrisoned by the Portuguese Captain de Britto, in 1521. The very next year arrived the two remaining ships of the expedition under Magellan, which had sailed westward two years before in the

¹ Purchas, edition of 1905, vol. ii, p. 144.

Photo by the Author

TERNATE ROOFS AND THE TIDORE VOLCANO



hope of reaching these islands, and the Spanish at once claimed the right to trade.

During the next few years there were constant collisions between the two rivals, and the native sultans were dragged into the disagreements and forced to take sides with the disputants. The wrangling and petty struggles which ensued lasted for many years, but the principal dispute was settled in 1529¹ by a treaty, under the terms of which Portugal was left undisturbed in her political and commercial supremacy throughout the Insulinde. At first the Portuguese were content with the legitimate profits of this lucrative trade, but as the years went by they became more grasping, and their high-handed methods aroused a hatred on the part of the natives, which eventually culminated in revolt and bitter warfare, in some cases so serious as to compel the temporary withdrawal of the Portuguese from their posts.

When the Dutch appeared on the scene in 1605, the Portuguese star was on the wane. Spain had annexed Portugal and her possessions and taken over many of her forts and trading-posts in the Archipelago, while others were in the possession of the natives. Her sea power had rapidly diminished, and it was not long before the coalition of the English and Dutch drove the Latins from the Moluccas. The Dutch, taking advantage of the greater interest of the English in the Asiatic

¹ See Introductory Chapter.

mainland, established themselves firmly in the islands, and availed themselves of the strong hatred of the natives for the Portuguese to enter into treaty relations with the sultans, agreeing, in consideration of being given a practical monopoly of the spice trade, to protect the native rulers against their former foes and oppressors.

Within a few years, owing to a variety of causes, a much more drastic policy was adopted. The fear of a Spanish attack from the near-by Philippines, English attempts to treat and trade with the natives, and the willingness of the latter to enter into intrigues with the English, the difficulty of protecting possessions at so great a distance from their headquarters at Batavia, and the impossibility of effectively controlling the spice trade while the area of cultivation remained so widely distributed throughout the islands, combined to force upon the Dutch measures looking to the centralization of spice cultivation within a limited area and one better adapted for protection and supervision. Fresh treaties were made with the Moluccan sultans, providing that the latter were to be upheld in their sovereignty by the military and naval force at the command of the "Oest Indische Campagnie" and to be granted certain annual pensions by the Dutch. In return all spice-trees, except in certain islands expressly designated by the Dutch, were to be destroyed, and no others to be planted or raised except by order.

Under this arrangement the native rulers were assured of a certain annual income, and of protection, and the Dutch accomplished their end, and were left in a position to control the production and sale of cloves and nutmegs. The people of the islands suffered little, if at all, under these treaties, for they were no longer forced to give so much time and labour to the cultivation of crops which in no wise accrued to their own personal benefit, and as a consequence were able to devote more attention to the raising of food crops and to their individual industries.

As a result of these agreements spice-trees almost wholly disappeared from the original Spice Islands, the Dutch selecting the island of Amboina (farther to the south) for their clove plantations and the Banda Islands for the cultivation of the nutmeg. Thus in one fell blow the commercial importance of the more northerly islands was killed, and, since that time, foreign shipping has rarely visited their ports, and their towns have gradually dwindled in population and wealth, the more progressive inhabitants preferring to seek fields of activity with greater possibilities of advance. It is only recently that the increased demand for rubber and copra has instilled fresh hope in the future of these regions and made it possible that some day there may be a renewal of the prosperity for which they were for so many centuries famous.

There is little left in the Ternate of the present to recall the wealth and splendour of the past. The Sultan is a pensioner of the Dutch, bereft of power and shorn of riches, living in a stone "palace" on a hillside just beyond the foreign settlement, surrounded by his followers, a ghost of the bygone ages. The town itself is rather depressing. Countless earthquakes have from time to time shaken down those of its ancient structures that have not fallen from sheer old age, and hardly a street is free from ominous signs of decay and disaster. In striking contrast to Menado, despite the greater solidity of its original construction, Ternate gives the impression of poverty, lack of enterprise, and coming dissolution. Its trade is almost purely local and in the hands of the Chinese, who make up about a fifth of the population, and of the Arabs, descendants of immigrants from Macassar. Of the four hundred so-called Europeans in Ternate, a bare handful are of full white blood, the rest being half- and quarter-castes, with maternal ancestors of the native Malay race. The whole population is hardly over 3500, even including the inhabitants of the outlying kampongs, and these figures are likely to dwindle still further if, as is quite probable, the administrative offices of the government are removed to a more thriving centre.

There is no regular hotel at Ternate, and the handbook of the steamship company advises one

to sleep aboard ship if possible, but our connecting steamer was not due for over a week, and we were forced to avail ourselves of the accommodations afforded by the government rest-house,—in this case the residence of a Dutch lady rejoicing in the euphonious family name of van Renesse van Duivenboden. The chief disadvantage of these quarters lay in the extreme exclusiveness of the landlady of the high-sounding name, who, after a polite but brief greeting, turned us over to the tender mercies of a native mandoer or head servant and disappeared from sight for the remainder of our stay. Never was work better repaid than that which I had put into the study of Malay on the voyage from Soerabaya, and I dread to think what might have happened had I not acquired some slight knowledge of that fortunately easy tongue.

Our rooms were large and comfortable, opening on a front verandah and facing the great volcano, lazily smoking its pipe of peace. Pots of jasmines, roses, and other flowers, porcelain basins containing wonderful orchids and graceful ferns, and vases filled with strange plants with red and white spotted, heart-shaped leaves adorned the verandah and formed a special attraction for humming-birds and brilliantly coloured butterflies. In the evening the lamps attracted a less agreeable assemblage of mosquitoes, ants, pincer beetles, huge moths, and even bats and hawks.

Meals were served on a sort of back verandah, covered and slightly raised above the level of the garden or orchard which it overlooked. We could very nearly pick the fruit from the trees without leaving our seats. Close by were cages of parroquets and of crested New Guinea pigeons, dove-cotes, chicken and duck yards, and a thatched roof serving as a stable for the pony. Pigs and small deer wandered about this enclosure, and on either side were the servants' quarters, where there were generally one or two native babies being bathed or fed. All this display of live-stock was at first entertaining, but one day I arrived late at the table and found a rooster wading in my soup and enthusiasm ebbed rapidly.

Nights at Ternate were at first very restless, for the variety of peculiar and unnatural noises seemed endless. In addition to the more familiar sounds of bells striking the hours, and of cats and dogs yowling and yelping, we had to become accustomed to the discordant music of tom-toms, drums, and cornets, the shrieking of parroquets, the hooting of owls, the rumbling of sado wheels over the hollow-resounding roads, the voice of the mandoer crooning his baby to sleep with the sweet, rather melodious native lullabies, and lastly,—least pleasant of all,—the rustling and squeaking of the rats nearer at hand.

One walk through the main thoroughfare of the town in the direction of the Sultan's palace and

the Macassar Camp introduced us to nearly all that is worth seeing within a radius of a couple of miles from the rest-house. Leaving behind us the thatch-roofed church, the post-office, and the Chinese tokos, and continuing through the Chinese Camp, we soon came out on the shore, with the waters of the bay to the right, and to the left the walls of Fort Oranje, the principal fortification even to-day of the whole group of Northern Moluccas. Fort Oranje is the direct descendant of Fort Malayu or Malaja and was built by the Dutch in 1607, on the site of an earlier fortification erected by the Portuguese. It was rebuilt about a century later in the form in which it now is to be seen. In 1796, it successfully withstood an attack by the English, and its fall in 1799 was wholly due to treachery. As late as 1824 it had the reputation of being the strongest fort in the entire Insulinde east of Batavia, but the last century, with its introduction of armoured ships and high power ordnance, has wrought sweeping changes in the nature of fortifications, and Fort Oranje, like many another old-time stronghold, has outlived its usefulness and become merely a picturesque memorial to the historic past, a possible defence in case of native uprising or piratical attack, but nothing more. Its moat, long since dried up, its time-stained walls, and mediæval gateway could tell many a story of adventure and desperate struggle could they but

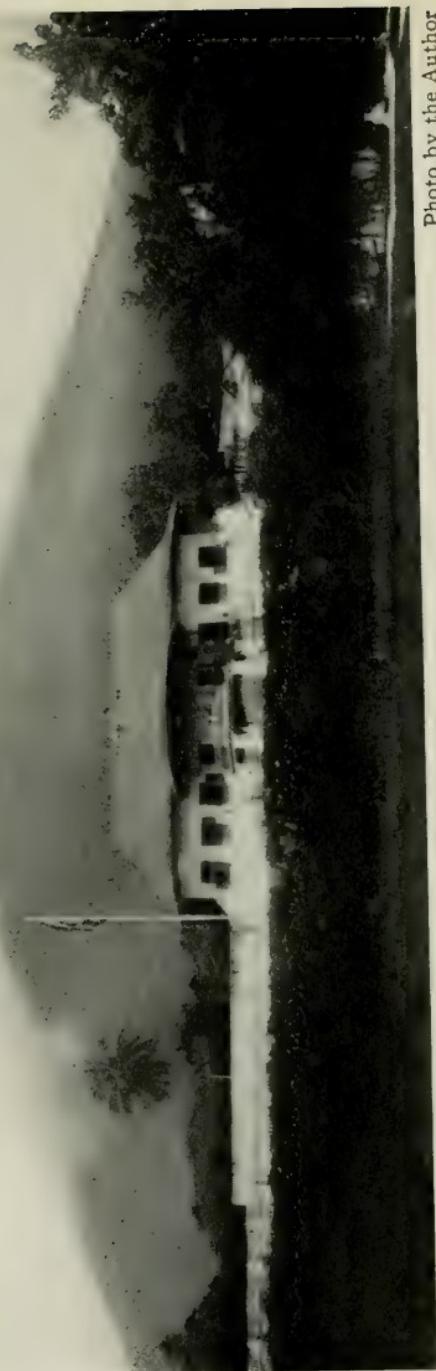
speak; and the very sight of them calls up a world of memories of those days of long ago when the wealth of the Moluccas was so assiduously sought and so greedily guarded.

Beyond Fort Oranje lies the Arab or Macassar Camp, remarkable chiefly for a couple of curious misigits or mosques. These misigits stand in compounds walled from the street, and are quite different from one's usual idea of mosques. They are square structures of stucco and brick, surrounded by galleries, and covered by several successively smaller, superimposed roofs of thatch, the uppermost pyramidal in form. The gateways in the outer walls are sheltered by similar roofs. Within are white-robed and turbaned muezzins or priests, and numbers of small native boys, for here, as elsewhere in the Mahometan Orient, the mosques are the schoolhouses and the priests the teachers.

A few yards farther, the scene changes abruptly, the main street ends, and its place is taken by irregular trails, which wend their way up hill and down dale through a rolling country of half-cleared jungle and fruit orchards, and pass through an occasional pretty but unclean village. The houses of these villages are little more than huts, with walls made of "gaba-gaba," the mid-rib or leaf-stock of the sago palm. Naked children, women bare to the waist, chickens, pigs, and mongrel curs abound in these kampongs, and

Photo by the Author

THE PALACE AND THE VOLCANO, TERNATE



there are many black goats with long, stiff legs. The male population is evidently at work in the fields, for there is hardly a man to be seen. At a considerable distance farther and quite near the water's edge are the remains of a Portuguese fort or blockhouse, said to have been built in 1550. The ancient walls are still standing, and a coat-of-arms cut in the masonry near the entrance is in a good state of preservation.

On the way back we passed the palace of the Sultan of Ternate, a large white building, with walled gardens and a flag-staff flaunting to the breeze the ensign of Holland. In the open plein below, the younger generation of Malays and Arabs were engaged in a game of "soccer" football, to the great delight of a few elderly retainers of native royalty arrayed in blue swallow-tailed coats, with gold military buttons, and their shaven or bald pates wound in gay head-kains. Near by stands the guard-house of the Sultan, and loitering about it were barefooted native soldiers in blue uniforms and top-heavy shakos reminding us of the headgear of the West Point cadets or the Seventh Regiment of New York. The rifles or muskets stacked up against the outer wall were thoroughly antiquated, with tremendous bayonets and of impossible weight. On the beach a few yards below was drawn up a quaint prouw, the state row-boat of the Sultan, a craft over sixty feet long, with places for six oarsmen, and

a couple of canopied seats amidships, its ends decorated with large coloured plumes on poles.

The market of Ternate affords the best opportunity to see the natives in their typical costumes. Gaudy colours are the rule, and the women wear "kabayas" or waists, of green, blue, or other bright colour, in combination with sarongs of red and black checks; in other respects the costumes vary slightly, if at all, from those of Southern Celebes or Java. In the stalls there is the usual miscellaneous assortment of goods, from foodstuffs and other produce to fabrics and household furnishings and utensils. Beads and shell-work seem particularly popular. By far the most interesting day at the market is that on which the special bird market is held. On such an occasion there appear from every quarter men, women, and children absolutely laden down with parrots, parroquets, macaws, cockatoos, and smaller birds. Some part of this live merchandise is in cages, some on perches, some simply roosting on the owner's arm or shoulder. I noticed one energetic woman somewhat handicapped by a baby astride her right hip and a large market basket on her head, yet still able to carry a rooster under her left arm and a perch-load of parrots in either hand. A peculiar burden-carrier, which I saw only in the market, is the Ternate wheelbarrow. Its handles are eight or ten feet long, the lower ends being fastened to the axle of an absurdly small wheel.

To the south of the market extends the Bund or shore road, shaded by magnificent trees, and affording a fine view of the harbour and the cone of Mt. Tidore. On this road are situated the unimposing residency building, the dilapidated palace of a former sultan, the club, and a few offices and private dwellings. Beyond the landing jetty or pier is a sandy beach where one sometimes runs upon wonderful shells below the high-water line, and where, opposite a native kampong, a fleet of outriggers or catamarans lies drawn up.

Our easiest and pleasantest excursion from Ternate was one by sado and on foot to the Laguna Castello or Castle Lake. We drove out of town to the south-west on a back road. There are several fine estates on this road, but the many ruins are depressing, and the little gaba-gaba earthquake refuges in the front yards of the compounds still occupied testify to the ever-present danger, which has had so much to do with the decadence of the town. Alighting about half an hour out of the settlement we walked on for another half hour along a hilly, muddy trail, through thick woods, and uncultivated fields covered with long, coarse grass. In the woods the great buttressed trees so common in the islands are numerous, vines, creepers, lichens, and orchids abound, but wild flowers are rare and the absence of colour is general. Perhaps half-way on our walk we came upon the remains of the old outpost fort,

Gamoelame, but only an ancient overgrown wall marks the site, and it is easily passed by unnoticed. We finally reached a high point which overlooked at some distance a dark, miasmic pond, half surrounded by hills and jungle, and separated from the water of the bay by an artificial barrier. This tarn is the Laguna Castello and close by are the ruins of the Portuguese fortification from which it takes its name. The near-by village is given up to a community of lepers. The lake has a certain beauty, due principally to the wonderful sombre shades of green assumed by the foliage in the deeper, shadowed portions of this gloomy mountain gap, the inky blackness of the water, and the dark, wooded side of Mt. Ternate in the background. There is nothing bright or enlivening here; all is heavy and oppressive, and the whole scene inspires awe rather than admiration.

Very few visitors make the ascent of the volcano. It is an arduous climb of some ten hours, the trail is heavy, and the last and most difficult part of the task must be accomplished with no trees to shade one from the scorching sun and no means of escape from the ill-smelling vapour of the crater. In the rainy season the mud makes matters incredibly worse. The view from the summit is none the less magnificent. The last serious eruption of Mt. Ternate took place in the autumn of 1907, and, according to a Dutch friend who was in Ternate at the time, the noise

and flames were very terrifying, even though the danger was remote, the lava flow having always avoided the town by a wide margin. A little over a century ago, at Takome, a point on the north-west coast, an earthquake, concomitant with an eruption of the volcano, quite changed the lay of the land, swallowing up a large village and replacing it with a crater lake.

We were at Ternate on Christmas Day, but nothing but invitations to subscribe to the local charities reminded us in any way of the mid-winter holiday of home. A couple of days later we heard one morning the sound of a steamer's whistle and on hurrying to the Bund we found that our ship for the south had arrived and was expected to leave in a few hours. After considerable trouble in finding a means of getting our baggage to the jetty, we had the usual wrangle with the native boatmen, which was ended by the appearance of the courteous captain of the "van Riemsdijk," who put the ship's launch at our disposal and towed us to his steamer. We felt little regret at leaving Ternate, for our stay had not been over-comfortable and the constant rains had thoroughly dampened our enthusiasm.

CHAPTER IX

CRUISING AMONG THE MOLUCCAS

AS we steamed out of Ternate roadstead on the little ship which was to be our home for the next two weeks, the water was alive with flying-fish and the sky was bright with the lurid lights of a gaudy sunset, the sombre old volcano was puffing out volumes of dense smoke with a much intensified vigour, and everyone on shore was expecting an eruption. As we found out later, earthquake shocks were experienced on the land at the very time that we were passing out. In regions of such unrest on *terra firma* one has a comfortable sense of security aboard ship, despite the frequency of the reefs and the scarcity of light-houses.

Below Tidore, whose cone was quickly left behind as we pointed southward, extends the line of sentinels which attracted our attention as we arrived at Ternate, the volcanic islands of March, Motir, and Makkian. Motir is said to have been active in 1778, but shows no signs of life to-day. Makkian, after a period of pass-

ivity extending over more than two hundred years, literally burst into fame in 1862 in an eruption which came without warning and was of great severity, resulting in the loss of over four thousand lives and practically all the property on the island. The enormous loss of life was due largely to the panic which seized the inhabitants. In their frantic attempts to escape the fatal lava stream, hundreds, if not thousands, rushed headlong into the sea and were drowned. This group of "M" islands and the Kaioa group immediately to its south we passed during the night, and when we came on deck the next morning we had entered the roadstead of Batjan by the so-called "ocean" channel and were anchoring off Laboeka (Labouka), the chief town of this, the most southerly of the original Moluccas.

Laboeka claims a population of over 7000, but conveys the idea of an overgrown fishing village and nothing more, despite its sultan's palace and its fine old fort. Towering up behind it is a 7000-foot volcano, Lebua, and surrounding it on the land side are cacao and coffee plantations and sago swamps. The bay is wide and deep, but the presence of dangerous reefs is indicated by the gaunt wreck of an iron ship of some 1500 tons burden, hard and fast near the shore. As a matter of fact, her beaching on this particular reef was intentional and done with the purpose of enabling the salving of the cargo, the ship

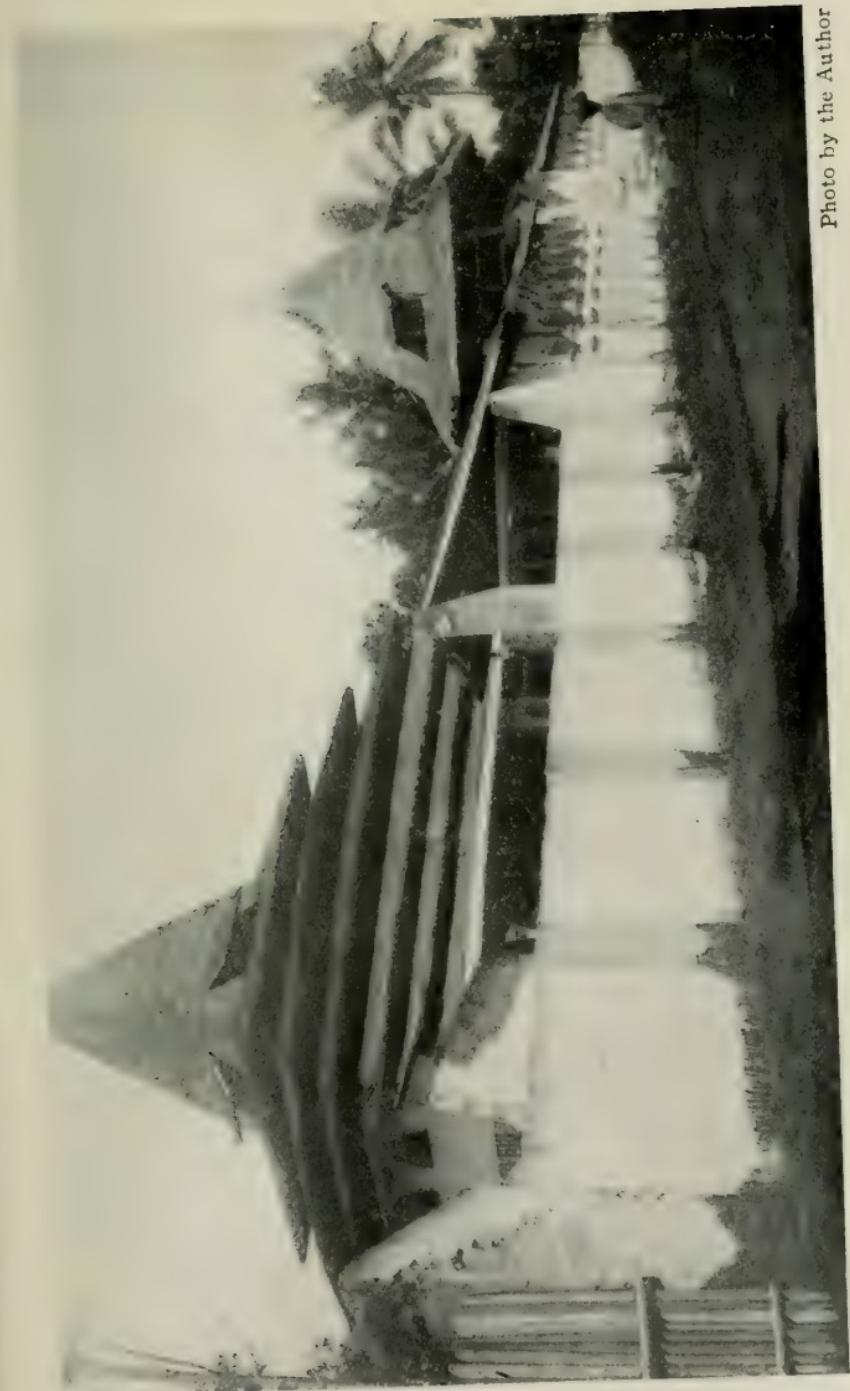
having already been reduced to a state of unseaworthiness by striking on another reef farther out to sea.

A walk of about ten minutes straight inland over an easy path leads to a finely preserved and interesting old fort, now in use as a native dwelling. Doubtless some parts of the Portuguese fort captured by the Dutch in 1600 were incorporated in Fort Barneveld, which, if we may judge from the date on the wall near the entrance, was built in 1613. Unfortunately a fire burned out the inside of the fort in 1883, but the exterior is still in good condition and affords a splendid idea of the fortifications of its time. It has a moat, salient angles, parapets, and all the features of a larger work. Over the entrance is carved a large coat-of-arms,—that of Zealand,—a lion rampant, holding a sword and money-bag, with a small ship in the lower corner. A few steps from the fort is a small enclosure containing tomb-slabs of the first Dutch commissioner to Batjan, who died here in the middle of the last century, and of one Samuel Scurff, boatswain of the English yacht "Marchesa," who died at sea and was buried here in 1883.

Flowing into the bay near the northern end of the village we found a shallow, muddy stream, said to be frequented a few miles above by crocodiles. Over it a plank bridge, ingeniously constructed of the split trunks of the areca palm,

Photo by the Author

AN ARAB MOSQUE, TERNATE, N. MOLUCCAS



leads to sago swamps and the plantations beyond. Sago cakes are a chief article of diet in these islands and are made by the natives from a starch produced by crushing the pith of the tree, mixing it with water, and straining. Nature has also blessed the inhabitants with a bountiful supply of fruits, and the waters of the bay are alive with fish. In the forests, towards the interior, troops of wild cattle, descended from tame ones introduced by the early European arrivals, roam about in considerable numbers, and wild boar and deer are also common. Deer-hunts are great events in the lives of the natives, contests of individual speed and endurance, in which the winners are rewarded by great popularity and prestige. These hunts are conducted on foot and spears are used as weapons. Black baboons are also a feature of the animal life of Batjan, and are tamed and kept as household pets by many of the natives. One can hardly pass through a street of Laboeka without seeing one or two, generally decked out in far more clothing than any of the children. Wallace, the great naturalist, states that Batjan is especially interesting to lovers of natural history as the home of the only birds of paradise found outside New Guinea and the islands closely adjacent thereto.

Our steamer took aboard at Laboeka a varied assortment of products, including deer-horns (used by the Chinese in the preparation of medicine),

copra, dammar gum, live turtles, rattan, coffee, cocoa, hardwoods, and spices. Pearl-fishing is one of the industries of the island, and we were told that one pearl worth over four thousand dollars gold had been found within a few miles of the town a week or two before our arrival. As elsewhere, the Chinese buy up large quantities of pearl oysters on speculation and occasionally make a large haul. Dammar gum, a resin, is found in huge masses, weighing sometimes as much as twenty pounds, attached to the roots or trunk of a certain tree. The natives use it in torches, pounding it into long sticks and wrapping with leaves.

After leaving the island of Batjan we spent nearly a week in cruising about the Soela and Obi groups and the island of Boeroe (Bourou) before reaching the next stopping-place of importance, the town of Ambon on the island of Ambon. The natural features and vegetation of these islands vary but little and the chief towns are mere fishing and trading villages. The only buildings of interest are the old forts, and after visiting these we generally wandered along the beaches searching for the delicately marked and exquisitely coloured shells, or followed trails into the forests in search of rare orchids and curious trees.

We made stops at several points in the Soela (Xulla or Sula) group, which includes three islands

of considerable size and a number of smaller ones, and in the Obi (Ombi) group, similarly made up. The interior of practically all of these islands remains still unexplored and the few settlements on the shores are inhabited by native colonists from the larger islands to the north. White residents are limited to a mere handful of officials and traders. The surrounding waters are rich in fish and in turtles, and the densely wooded hills and swampy lowlands abound in hardwood and gum-trees, rattan, sago, and fruit-trees. Flying foxes, phalangers, chameleons, and other lizards, birds, butterflies, and snakes are plentiful, and in Boeroe, deer, wart-hogs, and babirusas as well.

Occasionally we saw a bit of scenery so lovely that it still stands out in the memory, even in the midst of the almost bewildering impressions of incomparable tropical beauties with which we were repeatedly in danger of being surfeited. The charming little bay of Bara is one such bit of perfect nature. From the deck we looked across its blue waters to a country of wild ravines and rough crags, overgrown with forests and under-growth, here and there a huge perpendicular slab of bare or moss-covered rock showing through the green verdure. In the background a ridge of lofty mountains completed the wonderful setting for a pretty waterfall which, as we looked, was arched by a rainbow. To our astonishment not only rainbow but waterfall melted away before our

eyes, and we realized that we must await the down-fall of another heavy shower to enjoy this fairy-land scene again. In these isles of an earthly paradise, where in the rainy season streams and waterfalls are born and die thus suddenly, one may see many such marvels to delight and surprise.

At Kajeli, chief town of Boeroe, the "van Riemsdijk" took on a large consignment of cajuput oil, by far the most important export of the island, and valuable, it is said, as a cure or relief for rheumatism. The oil is also used for other purposes, for instance as a disinfectant in epidemics of cholera. It is put up for the market in gaba-gaba boxes, each containing forty-eight bottles. Kajeli is an unhealthy looking settlement of seventy or eighty houses, surrounded by swamps and fields of long, rank grass, and noticeable principally for its paucity of trees and its background of sorry, brown-topped hills—the least tropical and the least attractive spot that we had yet seen in the islands. Its flies and mosquitoes were persistent in their annoyance, its air was lifeless and depressing.

The voyage from Kajeli to Amboin, one of only a few hours, brought us quickly back to regions of delight. The long, narrow bay of Amboin lies between even rows of grass-grown hills stretching for miles on its north and south. The town is on the south shore, some distance from the entrance to the bay. Beyond it the water is shallow, and there are sea gardens excelling in beauty and



Photo by the Author

A FISHING VILLAGE, N. CELEBES

interest those of Bermuda or Southern California. As we glided over the clear blue water to the pier we passed through school after school of brilliantly coloured fish and what seemed to be quantities of bits of sparkling blue tinsel.

Ambon is famous for its fish and we were told that there are over seven hundred varieties represented in the waters of the bay. Scattered over the surface are the netted enclosures of the fishermen, and above these on high piles are the covered shelters in which the fish-herds sit and frighten off marauding birds. In the early morning and at dusk one sees, too, dozens of large fishing canoes, each paddled by eight or ten men, who propel their craft to the accompaniment of the beating of a drum or tom-tom. In the darker hours of evening these boats carry lights and at such times the bay, illumined by the twinkling of a myriad of sparkling dots, reminds one of night views of the Riviera coast from the deck of a passing steamer. Besides the fishing boats there are a few quaint and primitive trade luggers, manned by naked Malays and Papuans. These boats are remarkable for their twin or double rudders, which extend back of the oars on either side and may be hoisted aboard, singly or together, when not needed. These luggers, as they pass in and out through the early mists from which the bay and island take their name,¹ signal their

¹ Ambon is a corruption of the Malay word "ambun" (mist).

approach by repeated blasts, given by an outlook man in the bow, on an enormous triton shell or "Neptune's trumpet."

The town of Ambon is the capital of the residency of Amboina¹ and the most important port of the Insulinde east of Macassar. It serves as a clearing-house for the trade of the islands to the east and bears every sign of prosperity and progress, despite its small population of between eight and nine thousand. Ambon, like Ternate, has been the victim of many disastrous eruptions and earthquakes, but the Amboina volcano has been quiescent for over a century and it is nearly as long since the last fatal trembling of the earth. In Ambon there is a vitality or power of recuperation which has concealed its ruins and hidden the signs of the lurking danger. As at Menado, a large part of the population is Christian and at least a tenth is European. Perhaps this leaven of occidental optimism may be in part responsible for the absence or restriction of that oriental fatalism and pessimism which are so generally content to accept misfortune as sent by God and to make no struggle to escape or to improve conditions. However that may be, Ambon has bravely risen above her disasters, and to-day enjoys a

¹ The residency of Amboina includes the island called Amboina by the Portuguese (and known to the Dutch as Ambon), Boeroe (Bourou), Ceram, the Bandas, the Arus, and the many smaller islands of the Banda Sea east of Timor.

greater reputation for health and happiness than the other island ports.

The island of Ambon is of rather eccentric shape, consisting of two long, narrow strips of hilly land bound together near their middle points by an isthmus hardly a mile wide. This neck is at times completely covered by the sea and quite large prouws are hauled across it on rollers by the fishermen.

The Portuguese came to Ambon in the first years of the sixteenth century and were followed nearly a hundred years later by the Dutch. In 1623 the Dutch fort was the scene of the famous "Amboina massacre," which aroused the bitterest sort of bad feeling between the Dutch and English. Through the confession of a Japanese in the Dutch service a plot was discovered which planned the seizure of the fort by certain Englishmen and Japanese. The "water cure" was made use of in the examination of the English witnesses, as were, also, lighted candles held under the armpits. Some ten Englishmen were finally found guilty and decapitated. This happened only three years after the Dutch and English had signed a treaty of defence, under which England was to have one-third of the trade in the Moluccas, Ambon, and the Bandas, on consideration of furnishing a certain number of defence ships against the Latin kingdoms, the common enemy. England had already proved derelict in the perform-

ance of her part of the agreement and claimed with some show of justice that her allies were equally remiss. Such conditions and episodes were only too usual in the period of Dutch-English rivalry in the far eastern trade and they had but little influence on the final outcome, except as they served to increase the mutual distrust and dislike of the two peoples.

Landing at the long jetty or pier of Ambon we found the usual features of the "Outer Possession" ports—a street of shops and offices running parallel to the shore a few yards back, Chinese and Arab Camps, a fort, a *plein*, a quarter of European residences, and here and there a little group of native houses with its grove of palms and bananas betokening the presence of a kampong. The fort, "Nieuw Victoria," bears over its rear entrance the date 1775, and, in comparison with the fortifications that we had seen since leaving Java, it looked modern indeed, despite the ruined remains, on the side towards the bay, of earlier works, and the sites of former batteries which still bear on their walls the old names, "Utrecht," "Peter Alfredus," etc. Ambon is the seat of the military headquarters of the Moluccas, this division including practically all the islands east of Celebes. One notices at once the great number of soldiers in the streets. Some of the best fighters in the colonial army come from this place. The foreign houses that we saw on a walk to the

residency were of the white, stuccoed, Dutch type to which we had become so accustomed, but set in smaller grounds and remarkable for enormous verandahs, in some instances used as carriage sheds. There were evidently horses concealed somewhere, but during our stay we saw not a single one.

Conspicuous on the streets by reason of their excessively quiet costumes of black are the "orang serani," descendants of Portuguese and natives. These half-castes are, curiously enough, darker as a rule than the natives of full blood. They scorn the native costume and go about in black clothes of quasi-European cut. On festival occasions they blossom out in swallow-tails or frock-coats and high hats of ancient vintage. These people are Christians and Protestants, and they seem to have the usual vices of native Christians—drunkenness in particular. They are also lazy, bumptious, and inquisitive, like most natives who have been taught that all men are equal and brothers. The Mahometans impressed us as a far more worthy and less hypocritical lot, and more satisfactory to deal with.

Perhaps a mile directly in from the shore over the red laterite roads is the delightful park of the residency, with swimming pool, large conservatory, flower-gardens, and a comfortable, dignified mansion—one of the most thoroughly satisfactory country places that I have seen in the entire Far

East. Adjoining the residency enclosure is an extensive botanical garden, containing among many interesting features a remarkable collection of fig-trees with aerial roots and fine specimens of the "tjiemara" or Chinese ghost-tree. Fording the stream behind these gardens and mounting the steep hill on the far side, a trail or foot-path leads through long grass and over open, hilly country to a native kampong where guides and torches may be obtained for a visit to the famous limestone grottoes of Batoe Lobang, the great sight of the island. The walk is a hot one of nearly two hours, but it affords a chance to get a good idea of the country, and to enjoy a novel experience. In the house of the headman of the village we were provided with torches of yellow bamboo, filled with oil-soaked rags, and thence, accompanied by a rabble of young men and boys armed with clubs, proceeded to the cave entrance.

The grottoes of Batoe Lobang are of moderate interest in comparison with the vast caverns of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky or the matchless formations of the Jenolan Caves of Australia, but a visit to them is accompanied by a certain amount of excitement none the less, and one feels repaid in the end for the long tramp and the slippery climb. It took us a good half hour of sliding through slime and clambering over wet rocks to reach the main chamber. Unfortunately the beauty of the intermediate passages has been long

since ruined by destructive visitors and the soot from the torches; stalactites and stalagmites alike have been broken off, names are scratched all over the walls, and the whole general impression is one of dingy dilapidation. Even in the principal chamber there seemed to be little to see, but suddenly we were tucked off in a corner by the guide, and our band of native followers began shouting and throwing their clubs in the air. In a moment the air was thick with whirring wings and an unpleasant odour became very apparent. The bat population had been dislodged and was being ruthlessly slaughtered to provide a feast for the killers. We preferred to leave this scene as quickly as possible, but were obliged to wait a few minutes in order to make our exit without being hit by the poor dazed creatures flying aimlessly about in their vain efforts to escape. Returning to the house of the headman we were invited to remain and partake of the coming meal, but the *pièces de resistance* and their crude preparation seemed extremely unappetizing, and our regrets were speedily presented and we hastened away. Bats are much appreciated by the natives as food, but it is doubtful if they will ever come into favour in a European cuisine.

During a short stay at Ambon one sees little or nothing of the wonderful butterflies and shells, of the gorgeously coloured fish, of the great constrictor snakes, of the lorries or the kingfishers.

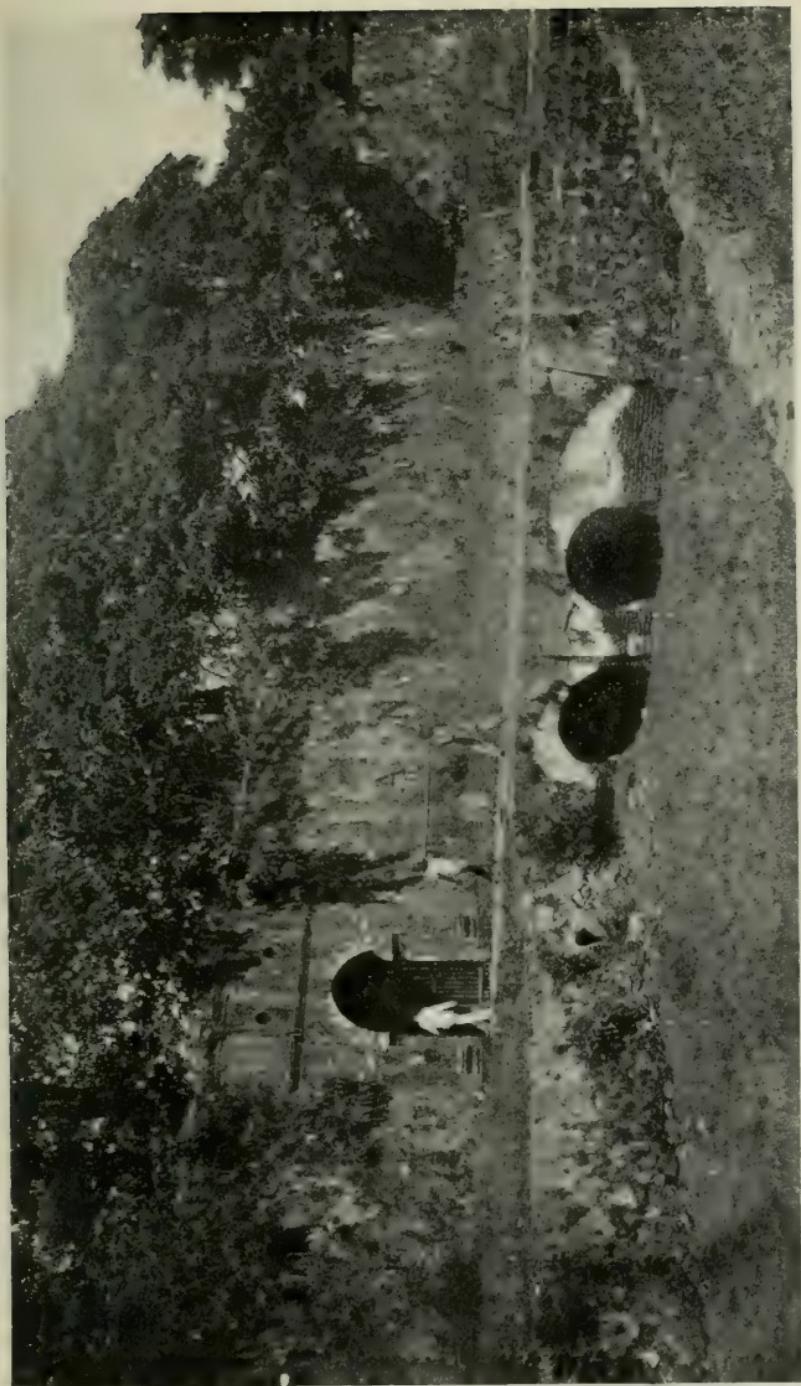
One of these last Wallace describes as having a coral-red bill, a breast of white, back and wings of purple, head and shoulders of azure blue, and tail consisting of two long feathers, white at the ends and blue elsewhere. The shells and butterflies of Ambon were first brought before the notice of the outer world through their classification by the famous naturalist Rumphius, whose tomb may be visited just outside the town.

At certain seasons of the year when the prevailing winds favour the coming of the trading schooners from New Guinea, this is the best place for the purchase of the plumage of the beautiful but unfortunate birds of paradise that are being slowly but surely exterminated to satisfy the cruel demands of the women of the Occident. Fine specimens may be had for ten dollars gold and thereabouts. We were surprised to see on sale none of the little ships of cloves which in earlier days all sailors used to bring back as souvenirs from this island of cloves, and in fact we saw little of cloves themselves. To-day, copra, the fleshy fibre of the cocoanut, is rapidly supplanting the clove as the export of greatest value, or better, of greatest profit.

From Ambon in a night's steaming over safer, deeper waters than those in which we had been cruising for some time, we reached the group of islands known as the Bandas. In the early morning the great island of Ceram could be seen far

Photo by the Author

THE WALL AND MOAT OF OLD FORT, BANDA NEIRA



off to port, and about three hours before we arrived the pyramidal cone of Gunong Api (fire mountain), the Banda volcano, could be distinguished dead ahead, a faint spiral of vapour rising from a rent near its summit. A couple of hours later the steamer passed at a distance the small plantation islands of Run and Ay. These islands were the scene of many a wrangle between the English and Dutch and in 1617 they were occupied and fortified by the English. Just before we turned into the winding channel which leads to the town on Banda Neira a curious island was passed which bears a remarkable resemblance to the wreck of a large ship. This is Batoe Kapal or Ship Rock, a bare mass three hundred feet long.

The Zonnegat or Sun Gate, the narrow passage through which the steamer passes between the volcano island to the right and its larger neighbour to the left, gives even the most seasoned traveller a thrill of delight as he navigates its deep blue waters. There is something almost unreal about the beauty of this scene. The blue of the water is so blue, the green of the densely verdured hills that rise abruptly from the water to the left is so brilliant, the proportions of the volcano are so regular, that the very perfection of nature's workmanship produces a certain curious impression of artificiality. It is actually a relief to gaze for a minute at the bare upper slopes of the volcano,—to note its streaks of brown and red, its water

lines of black, and its blotches of yellow-white sulphur deposits,—to find something irregular in the great chasm near the top, the vent for the internal fires. The lower slopes of the mountain are clothed in rich green like the shores to the left, but piled up at the foot along the water's edge a confused mass of overgrown, volcanic rock bears witness to past activities of the powers within.

A little farther on, the passage broadens out and a fringe of white beach replaces the wilder coast line. Fishing boats may be seen drawn up on the shore and in the glossy green of the hillside plantations the walls of tiny, white houses may be picked out. To the left, the scene is even more than ever like a stage setting. There is a whitewashed town at the water's edge and behind it on a steep hill is a series of mediæval fortifications, very picturesque but in these modern days very toy-like in appearance. The currents through the Zonnegat are very strong and it is a matter of considerable time and interminable warpings before the steamer is made fast to the wharf. A nearer view of the town destroys many of the first illusions. The forts and hill are hidden, and instead of the picturesque features there are only an unattractive lot of sheet-iron roofs, dilapidated shanties, and white stucco houses to look upon.

This little group of islands, the Bandas, has a total area of less than twenty square miles. There are three principal islands: Banda Lontar, a

crescent-shaped island, six miles long by a half broad, named after the palmyra palm; Banda Neira, two miles by one in dimensions and the site of the town; and Gunong Api, the island of the volcano. There can be little doubt that in past ages Banda Lontar formed part of the crater wall of an immense volcano which, in a final, great eruption, literally blew itself up and subsided beneath the surrounding waters. Banda Neira is thought to be the wall of a later cone, which in turn disappeared in a great upheaval and was replaced by the present cone of Gunong Api. The whole conformation seems to approximate that of the Tengger volcanoes, which we shall see later in Java. Like other purely volcanic districts, the Bandas are prone to earthquake disturbances, but of late years there has been no serious disaster. The last eruption took place in 1820 and the last destructive earthquake was in 1852. Slight quakes are still frequent.

When the Portuguese took forcible possession of these islands in the early sixteenth century they found them peopled by a race closely resembling, if indeed not part of, the Papuans of New Guinea. These aborigines, driven from their homes by the fierceness and cruelty of the Europeans, fled to the Ké islands, farther to the east, and the present native population is made up of a mongrel mixture of every possible blend of Malay, Indo-Polynesian, Arab, and European, descendants of colonists

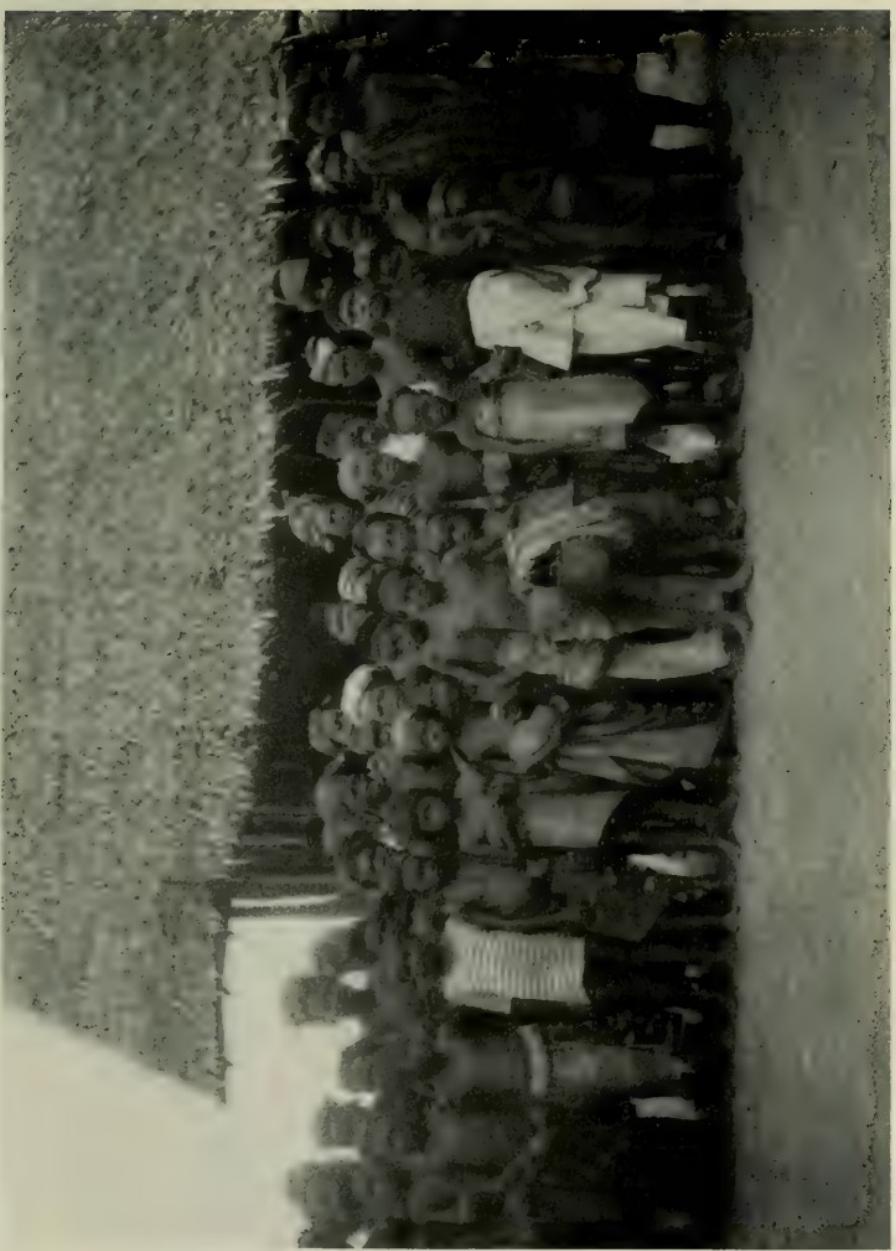
and of plantation labourers imported from other parts of the Insulinde.

The Dutch had their first dealings with the Bandas as early as 1599, and the islands were already famous at that time as the home of the nutmeg. Later, when the wranglings between the English and the Dutch were over, and the Dutch decided upon their policy of limiting and concentrating the cultivation of spices, the Bandas were chosen for the growth of the nutmeg, as Ambon was chosen for the growth of the clove, in an effort to secure the government in its lucrative monopoly, an effort that proved eminently successful and excessively remunerative.

For over a hundred years the profits to the Dutch of the spice trade of these Southern Moluccas, as they are called to-day, were in the neighbourhood of 300 per cent. The system of forced cultivation was unquestionably carried to an unjustifiable extreme in these islands in the greed for money, and the weak were despoiled for the benefit of the strong, but unfortunately it cannot be said that other nations with the power in their hands have abstained from similar attempts at exploitation. In any case the nutmeg crops brought prosperity to the cultivators, governmental or private, and when renewed planting of nutmegs outside the islands pulled down the market value of nutmeg and mace the prosperity of the planters dwindled rapidly. During the

Photo by Carr M. Thomas

A GROUP OF BOYS, BOETON ISLAND



last few years nutmegs have dropped from about thirty-six dollars gold a picul to three, and the resultant hard times have driven nearly all the European planters from the Bandas.

Not many years ago Banda Neira is said to have had a population in all of 7000; to-day it has little over 3000, of which quite one-tenth are Arabs and a much smaller percentage Dutch. Fine foreign residences may be leased to-day for as little as ten gold dollars a month, some even for the upkeep and repairs. Real estate values have so depreciated that not long ago a house built a few years since at a cost of 8000 dollars gold (a very high cost in this part of the world) sold for 400 dollars after vainly awaiting a purchaser for a number of months. Despite all these and other signs of bad times an annual export of 600,000 pounds of nutmeg and 140,000 pounds of mace is not unusual.

Landing and walking through the principal street of the commercial quarter one is at once struck by the fact that here for the first time an Asiatic people other than the Chinese seems to be in control of the local trade. Arab shops, Arab offices, and Arab residences quite overshadow all others. At the famous firm of Baodela Brothers one can buy in large or small amounts any of the products of the islands to the east or of New Guinea. Gums, spices, hardwoods, pearls, birds of paradise, and every variety of fabric and foodstuff are on hand or procurable on order.

Beyond the business district is a large, open square or *plein*, on the far side of which rise the moss-covered walls of the imposing old fort, Nassau. A moat, now nearly dry, surrounds the walls, and on the latter is plainly decipherable the date 1617. This fortification must in the old days have been an almost impregnable stronghold, for its walls are, at least on the side towards the sea, 500 feet long, 20 feet high, and over 15 feet in thickness. To-day its interior is occupied by peaceful dwellings, gardens, and tennis courts, and the rear walls have disappeared, while trees and undergrowth have taken the place of cannon on its ramparts. Ascending a steep path on the hillside to the rear we finally reached the fort that we saw from the steamer, Fort Belgica, an ancient structure of pentagonal form with high exterior walls that hide all of interest within from our curious eyes. Like Fort Nassau, Belgica is no longer in use for purposes of defence, but it does a great deal to add to the picturesqueness of the scene. On a hill-top near by, seven hundred feet above the water, there is a signal station, and a fine view of the town and harbour below well repays one for the rather hot climb.

Continuing our walk along the shore, past the rear of Fort Nassau, we came upon the centre of the once fashionable residential section, a large square crossed by fine avenues of kanari- and tjiemara-trees, and containing a pedestalled bust

commemorative of the visit of a German prince. Beside this square are the club, the fine residence of the Dutch "Controller," and a number of splendid mansions with marble columns and floors, surrounded by lawns and gardens, noticeable for their fine trees and even summer-houses; beyond, are the barracks and the native kampongs; towards the sea, is a narrow stretch of water, the Oostergat or Gat van Lisan, across which rise the gently sloping shores of Banda Lontar, covered with thousands of nutmeg-trees and their protecting shade-trees.

It is worth while, if one has the time, to take one of the odd native "orembais" or ferry row-boats and cross to Banda Lontar for a look at the nutmeg plantations. The sheltering kanari-trees are magnificent and the nutmeg-trees themselves are very pleasing in appearance, with their smooth, deep-green leaves and their yellow fruit. Opening the outer yellow rind, we find within it a dark brown or black kernel, the nutmeg of commerce, covered with a thin network of scarlet mace. In preparing the product for market the rind is removed, then the mace, which dries to a dull yellow, and lastly the thin shell of the nut. The kernels are then smoked, and packed in lime to guard against their destruction by insects.

The ascent of Gunong Api is another excursion that will recommend itself to the energetic traveller. It is a climb of something over an hour, but

the reward at the summit is ample for the labour expended. The view comprises the entire group of islands and is quite unique of its kind as well as extremely beautiful. The fissure from which is emitted the vapour that we see from below is a couple of hundred feet from the top, and there is also a considerable stretch of level ground, hot, and somewhat dangerous to visit without a guide.

Banda Neira, like Ternate, despite great natural beauty, gives one a rather depressing impression. There is little life on its streets, everything seems stagnant, and the remnants of a former prosperity are fast going to rack and ruin. We found a further deterrent from complete enjoyment of the marvellous scenery in the over-abundance of mosquitoes and the deadness of the air, and were quite ready to start on again after a stop of but a single day.

Forty-eight hours after leaving the Bandas the "van Riemsdijk" anchored in the roadstead of the chief town of the island of Boeton (Bouton), and landing in the ship's boat we found on shore a most unattractive native village and a few foreign houses in its rear. The principal features of interest in the former were the market and a number of spider-like houses built on long crooked piles; in the latter, a cemetery with many recent graves, and rare orchids growing on trees along the roadside were the sole attractions. The women of Boeton wear a peculiar headgear which has the appearance

Photo by Carr M. Thomas

A NATIVE HOUSE, BOETON ISLAND



of a hat tufted with black hair, though possibly the effect is produced by the owner's hair protruding through holes. On the river we noticed several Ceram prouws with strange tripod masts.

Boeton is about a hundred miles long and thirty-five miles broad. Its Sultan resides in a fortified kraton on a hill at some distance from the town or village. The principal exports are timber and cajuput oil. The population of the entire island is estimated at about 10,000.

From Boeton the "van Riemsdijk" steamed to Macassar by way of the Saleier Straits in less than twenty-four hours, and then, after some delay in taking on a large consignment of Borneo petroleum, returned by Boelelang to Soerabaya, her final destination. We felt really sorry to part company with the trig little ship, and with our friend Captain Scheutema, who had done so much to make our voyage agreeable, but there was a certain underlying relief in the feeling that we were back in Java, where, even in the meagre news items of the local Dutch papers, we might occasionally glean some information of happenings in the outer world, and where, in the hotels and banks, we might meet fellow-countrymen. Since leaving Soerabaya six weeks before, we had not run across a single American or Englishman and had not seen a newspaper or a letter from home. It was a positive pleasure to unpack for a few days at the Simpang Hotel and enjoy once more some of the comforts of a large city.

CHAPTER X

TOSARI AND THE TENGGER VOLCANOES

If the air of Batavia is hot and oppressive, that of Soerabaya is even more so, and the mosquitoes of Soerabaya are far more irritating than their sisters of Batavia. The Batavian in search of recuperation escapes to Buitenzorg or Soekaboemi; the Soerabayan, similarly bent, goes to Tosari, in the Tengger Mountains, a short day's journey to the south. Tosari, besides offering the most invigorating air to be had in all Java and the comforts of a good up-country hotel, is within easy distance of some of the most extraordinary scenery in the whole Insulinde,—the scenery of the Tengger crater, the Sand Sea, and the volcanoes. To travellers it is probably the most delightful spot in the whole island for rest and enjoyment.

Having already seen the sights of Soerabaya, we decided to spend in the more healthful air of the mountains the few days that remained before we must leave for Central Java. Accordingly, as soon as laundry, shopping, and correspondence permitted, we packed our hand-bags with thicker



Photo by Carr M. Thomas

NATIVE BOATS, BOETON ISLAND

clothing, and, leaving our trunks to await our return, took train for Pasoeroean, the last station of the railway in the direction of Tosari.

This first stage of the trip to the Tenggers is a ride of about an hour and a half through a low, almost level stretch of fertile country, given up to the cultivation of rice and sugar. The sugar industry is one of the most important in Java, and among the sugar-producing countries of the world Java is surpassed by India alone. Over 200,000 acres are planted in cane, and the annual yield is approximately 3,100,000,000 pounds, as compared with 92,000,000 pounds of tobacco, over 35,500,000 of coffee, and 28,000,000 of tea.

Sugar-cane was grown in Java many years before the advent of the Europeans, but from 1830 to 1880, government monopolization of the industry and the system of forced cultivation barred the participation of private enterprise. In recent years, with private ownership, has come the introduction of modern machinery in the mills, and greater amounts of the product are now obtained from the same bulk of cane, permitting a sufficient lowering of the price to make competition possible with the beet-sugar product of Europe.

The sugar-cane is usually planted in July, in the form of shoots, the fields having been well tilled, fertilized, and watered in advance. After about a year or a year and a half the cane reaches maturity and the harvesting takes place. At

this time labour is in great demand, and the fields and mills are the scene of tremendous activity, for delays impair the value of the crop, and the cutting and crushing of the cane, the filtering, purifying, and boiling of the sap, and the drying and whitening of the sugar must all be accomplished with the greatest speed possible. Each factory stands in the middle of its acres of cane and from it a network of narrow-gauge track radiates in every direction, enabling the cane to be brought in with the least possible delay. The low factory buildings with their high chimneys, and the fields of cane form, with the familiar rice fields, the only noticeable features of the landscape in this particular section of the island.

Pasoeroean (Pasuruan), where we left the railway, is a town of but 28,000 inhabitants to-day, but, before the days of railroad connections between Soerabaya and south-eastern Java, it was a town of greater population than its neighbour, and fifty years ago it was one of the four principal commercial cities of Java. Vestiges of former prosperity and prestige still remain in the form of fine avenues and handsome mansions, but many of the latter are now occupied by Chinese, and the town bears every appearance of having seen its best days. At the station we were met by a runner from the hotel at Tosari, the mountain health resort for which we were bound, and were quickly transferred to single-pony sados for a drive through

a region of sugar-cane and factories, over a level and nearly straight road bordered by tamarinds and "djatis." A few native kampongs were passed along the way, and bullock carts rumbled by almost hidden in their loads of cane, but for the most part the road was empty and the sights were few. At Pasrepan, at a branch of the Tosari hotel, a quick change was made to two-pony sados, and we started at a mad rush up a steep mountain road to the little settlement of Poespo, 2000 feet above the sea, in the foot-hills. This pony-posting, prior to the opening of the railways in 1870, was the usual method of travel in Java for those who could afford it, and to one unmindful of time and the luxury of travel, it is to-day by far the most satisfactory way of seeing the country.

After lunch at Poespo we started on the final stage of our journey, a nine-mile ride on pony-back. This section of the road was for a time open to motor cars, but proved dangerous to both visitors and natives, and, as the steep rise is practically prohibitive to sados, saddle ponies and sedan-chairs are to-day the approved means of passenger conveyance. Baggage and hotel supplies are still taken up in the slow, lumbering bullock carts. When the rain comes down in sheets, as it did on the occasion of our visit, and one is forced to ride wrapped in raincoat and sheltered by an umbrella, the experience is not altogether

delightful. For the greater part of the way the steepness prevents a faster gait than a slow walk, and the thick atmosphere hides all distant views. Luckily the palms, tjiemaras, and tree-ferns along the road were exceptionally beautiful, and for part of the way we had the company of a number of black gibbon monkeys, that followed us through the trees with wonderful acrobatic agility, and proved sufficiently amusing to more than compensate for the loss of scenery.

Shortly before reaching Tosari we had our first experience in stair-climbing on horseback, for a last short-cut leads up a particularly sharp ascent, over a corduroy road as steep as one's doorsteps. On a wet day this bit is slippery and slimy and we hardly expected to reach the top without an upset, but the little mountain ponies proved as strong and sure-footed as goats and scrambled up the dangerous incline as readily as they had negotiated the more level stretches. At about four o'clock we finally arrived at the village and hotel-sanitarium of Tosari, stiff and hungry, and rejoiced at the prospect of hot water, hot tea, and dry clothing.

Tosari is situated at an elevation of approximately 6000 feet, on the very outskirts of the Tengger range. It is absolutely exempt from fevers and cholera and is beyond a doubt the most healthful of the three most famous health resorts of Java.¹

¹ Garoet and Sindanglaya are the other two.



From Photo by Kurkdjian, Soerabaya
THE ROAD TO THE BROMO CRATER

It is particularly fortunate in its pure, invigorating air and in its flora, the latter combining the rich vegetation of the tropics with the plant life of the temperate zones. Potatoes, onions, cabbages, and other familiar home vegetables are grown in the neighbouring fields, and the hillsides are gay with well-known wild-flowers—dandelions, violets, forget-me-nots, rhododendrons, mignonette, and sorrel; even peaches and grapes are said to grow here in a wild state. It is hard to realize that this is tropical, far-away Java; it seems far more like Switzerland, and the cool nights, the rushing streams, and the frame hotel add to the delusion. The temperature of Tosari is equable the year round, varying from 62° Fahrenheit to 79°.

The hotel or sanitarium accommodates nearly a hundred, and was the first that we had seen in which the true "pavilion" system was in use. The pavilions are trim little wooden cottages of two rooms, with verandahs, private toilets, and other conveniences. There are actually glass windows instead of shutters, and real blankets are on the beds. The occupants of these doll-houses take their meals in a main building, which contains several public rooms, including a library and a billiard-room. Near by there is a bowling alley, and a croquet ground and tennis courts form additional attractions. From a balcony of the main building one may enjoy in clear weather

one of the finest distant views in all Java,—the waters of Madoera Bay and the island of Madoera far off beyond the waving trees and gleaming sawahs of the foothills and level plains below.

Clinging to the slopes of the hills about Tosari are the houses of the Tenggri mountaineers, some few of them standing quite alone, but the great majority huddled together in villages of long, one-storied wooden structures, with thatched roofs and no windows, and with but a single door, which invariably faces the volcanic crater of Bro-mo, the scene of the annual Tenggri celebration in honour of their chief god, Dewa Soelan Iloe. These sturdy mountaineers are practically the only inhabitants of Java that have withstood successfully the forcefully proselyting influences of Mahometanism and retained their earlier religion, a form of animistic Hinduism which encourages alike the worship of the Hindu gods and the cult of the spirits that dwell in every form of nature. There are about 5000 Tenggris in all, and they are seldom seen beyond the confines of their mountains. In visage they often remind one strongly of the North American Indian. Their virtues and vices are those of a country people far removed from the influences of an urban civilization. They are brave, cheerful, honest, and industrious, but, on the other hand, unclean, rough and brusque of manner, stupid, and independent to the point of impudence. Their square plots of cultivated

land stretch far up the steepest hillsides, covering them with a patchwork of many shades of green.

The Tengger landscape has often been compared with the Swiss, but, at least in the populated districts, there is a greater resemblance to similar parts of the Pyrenees. In any case the scenery is sufficiently beautiful and sufficiently individual to be admired for itself alone. The noticeable absence of ricefields in the vicinity of Tosari is due, we found, not to any difficulty in obtaining water for irrigation nor to the fact that dry planting produces poor results, but to an old-time tradition of the Tenggris which has prohibited the cultivation of this grain since the days when the Mahometans first overran the lowlands of Eastern Java and drove its people to these mountains. In the place of rice-fields the natives have covered their lands with vegetable gardens, and this accounts, no doubt, to a large extent, for the resemblances to European scenes which force themselves upon us in this region.

If at Tosari one feels near home, an easy way to overcome such feeling is to make the excursion to the Bromo crater and the Moenggal Pass. In a short two hours on pony-back we were transported to scenes such as we had up to this time associated with other planets or other ages. The trail to the Moenggal leads through the village just beyond the hotel, then over ridges and hills, through dense forests and the clouds of higher

levels. There is a chill in the damp air of the woods, and despite the beauty of the trees and ferns one is glad to emerge from the soggy gloom of the forest trail and dismount in the sunshine at the cabin on the Moenggal Pass.

From this point, about 7800 feet above sea-level, is seen one of the most extraordinary panoramas in the world, one absolutely novel in its every characteristic, and awe-inspiring in its strange grandeur to a degree unapproached by any other landscape that I, at least, have ever seen. Hundreds of feet below is a valley carpeted with grey-black sand; a grey-green hill, in form a perfect truncated cone, rises abruptly from the middle of this valley floor; behind, and a little to the left of this hill, is a bare, grey, smoking crater, with steep, serrated walls, and in rear of this, to the right, ridge after ridge of sharply indented hills or crater rims of greyish purple. Far off to the right, towering above all else, and pouring a column of vapour into the air from a height of over 12,000 feet, rises, in stately grandeur, a magnificent, grey pyramid of faultless lines, the highest and grandest of all the giant volcanoes of Java.

The great sand sea below is the "Dessar,"¹ the remaining portion of the floor of a huge crater of former ages, now so broken up as to be hardly recognizable, but the north walls of which were once formed by the Moenggal, where we stand, and

¹ The native name.

Photo by Kurkdjian, Soerabaya

THE TENGGER VOLCANOES, EAST JAVA



the south walls by the Ider-Ider, opposite, across the sand sea. The overgrown cone with sides deeply ribbed with water lines is the extinct volcano Batok, and the active, half-hidden crater behind Batok is Bromo, the object of Tenggri veneration and at one time, it is said, of human sacrifice. The great mountain in the far distance, whose steady smoke seems truly the smoke of a sacrificial fire rising on a stately altar in perpetual reverence and worship of the great creator of this impressive scene, is Smeroe, ruthless destroyer of human life and habitations.

The grim grandeur and uncanny beauty of this strange landscape are bewildering. There is probably no more extraordinary panorama of volcanic scenery anywhere, unless perhaps in Iceland, where it seems hardly possible to believe that the colouring can be as remarkable as here in the light of the tropical sun. There is such a fantastic conformation, such weird colouring, such an absence of the familiar and accustomed, such constant reminder on every side of the mysterious workings of a tremendous hidden force, that it is difficult to realize that one is still on earth. One thinks instinctively of Dante's Inferno, of the lunar mountains, of those far distant days when the pterodactyl and the ichthyosaurus inhabited our planet, or of those when our coal-fields were still forests. To see this scene gradually unfold itself from a veil of fog or mist is to see a vision,

a dream, an unreality. We had read that the bones of wild horses had been found in the sand sea, but felt sure that this could not be. Dragons or the giant monsters of the prehistoric ages might have dwelt in this region,—that seemed quite possible; but animals more familiar—never. Small wonder it is that volumes of myth and folklore have grown up about these unearthly scenes which so inspire the imaginations of the most prosaic.

Let me give briefly, as an example of these tales, the native legend of the origin of Batok. "Once upon a time, in the far-away days of old, the mountain Bromo was the habitation of a stern giant and his lovely daughter. With the girl another powerful giant of the region fell desperately in love, but the father of the fair maid was inclined to doubt the sincerity and lasting qualities of her lover's affection, and decided to put it to the proof by refusing his consent to the marriage of his daughter with her admirer unless the latter first performed a certain task,—the digging out in a single night of the ugly sea of sand which surrounded the paternal residence. The infatuated lover agreed at once and that very night set about his task, making use of the half of a giant cocoanut shell as a scoop or shovel. For a time the work progressed rapidly and the accomplishment of the condition seemed probable, but towards morning the giant's limbs began to stiffen and it

became evident that the appointed time was insufficient. Weary with work and angered at the certain prospect of failure, the lover with an oath threw down his scoop, before the door of his task-master and strode away to other regions, never to be heard of again." From that day to this no one has been found of sufficient strength to remove the scoop, and in the course of time it has been overgrown with verdure and become a seemingly natural feature of the scene of its owner's discomfiture.

From the cabin on the pass to the floor of the sand sea, a thousand feet below, there is a zigzag path. Down this the ponies are led, to be remounted at the foot for the hot ride around the base of Batok and up the rough trail over lava, ash, and sand deposits to the wall of Bromo's crater. The sand sea is flat and soft, and destitute of all vegetation, save heather, cypress grass, and weeds. On a sunny day the reflection of the sun from the sand is scorching, and veils are necessary for women, and not altogether to be scorned by men, if they wish to avoid uncomfortable burns. Part way up the side of the crater the ponies have to be left behind, and for the remainder of the ascent one clammers up a nearly vertical path, at one point making use of a necessary ladder.

Seven hundred feet above the sand sea, we reached the narrow rim of the crater and experienced a strange sense of instability, for a strong

wind blew against us in puffs, and, now and again caught up smoke and sulphurous vapour from below and launched them in our faces, while at the same time the noises from below were disquieting in their irregularity and strength. Our eyes began to smart and our throats to feel raw. From the bottom of the pit before us rose a thick volume of smoke, hiding from view the opposite walls and all within. The sounds below varied from a dull roar as of thunder to an occasional sharp clatter as of breaking china. At times the noise became louder and more threatening, and it seemed as if something was on the point of being hurled from the cauldron within, and that the frail wall on which we stood would be rent asunder by the terrific convulsions which racked its very foundations.

After a time the wind veered, and, freed from the choking smoke, we were able to see the irregular hole at the very bottom of the pit, six hundred feet below, a pit over half a mile in circumference at the rim. The opposite walls, too, became visible, steep faces of red-brown and grey, seamed with rain gullies, gaunt and grim, mere shells of volcanic rock heaved up by the internal convulsions of bygone ages. To-day Bromo is tame and well-behaved, a mere chimney or vent hole for the escape of the hot gases and other by-products of the combustion in the furnace underneath, but in its jagged cone, its surrounding

Photos by the Author

2.

IN THE BROMO CRATER

I. UPPER INTERIOR WALLS

2. THE BOTTOM OF THE CRATER PIT



accumulations of ash, and the huge blocks of hardened lava which lie strewn about in its vicinity we have convincing evidence that it was once actively, overwhelmingly destructive. It is easy to understand the promptings that lead the Tenggri mountaineers to flock to this spot each year (in May) to offer sacrifice, in the hope of appeasing the evil spirits whose manifestations are thus real and terrifying.

On the way back to Tosari we noticed, wherever the mountain side had been dug out in the process of road construction, the lines of the successive layers of deposits that must indicate to a geologist with great clearness the history of the gradual formation of this volcanic area. A comparison of the Tengger and the Banda crater districts would probably show many points of similarity and solve many moot questions. I have purposely said nothing of the forests through which we passed on the trail to the Moenggal Pass. They are beautiful, but not so beautiful as others that we saw later on.

There are other splendid excursions from Tosari, but none, I think, that equal the one to the Moenggal and the sand sea. Walks are plenty, and the air of the mountains and the beautiful scenery give all the needed incentive to pedestrianism, but during the rainy season the trails are many of them under water and some of the prettiest bits quite inaccessible, unless one is

willing to wade,—and wet feet are apt to bring on chills.

On leaving Tosari we retraced our steps to Soerabaya and spent a couple of busy days making final preparations for the next three weeks. Perhaps a few general facts about Java, which we read at this time, may not be amiss to the reader. We found them interesting for reference.

Java is about the size of New York State, a third larger than Ireland, and four times as large as Holland. Its length from east to west is some six hundred and sixty odd miles and its breadth from north to south varies from just under fifty to about a hundred and twenty-five. Its coasts are swampy, but in the interior there are healthful plateaus and high mountains. Over forty volcanoes,¹ fifteen or more of them still active, add to the traveller's interest and to the uncertainty of native life and property. The rivers are for the most part navigable by small boats only, but are valuable for irrigation purposes. On the largest of these, the Solo, it is said that one can row for nearly two hundred miles, but even at the broadest reaches it is impossible for steamers to plough through the mud of the shallow channel. There are no lakes on the island that are really worthy the name.

Owing to its favoured situation within three hundred miles of the equator, and to the rich

¹ Some authorities state there are over a hundred.

nature of its volcanic deposits, Java is lavishly endowed with every form of luxuriant tropical vegetation and is capable of cultivation to the highest degree. The two monsoons being fairly constant and the temperature varying but little from month to month, two or even three crops a year may be gathered from the fertile soil by employing a system of rotation. The greatest heat has been recorded in November, at the opening of the rainy season, the greatest cool in August, during the middle of the dry season. The mercury, as a rule, is found between 65° and 90° Fahrenheit.

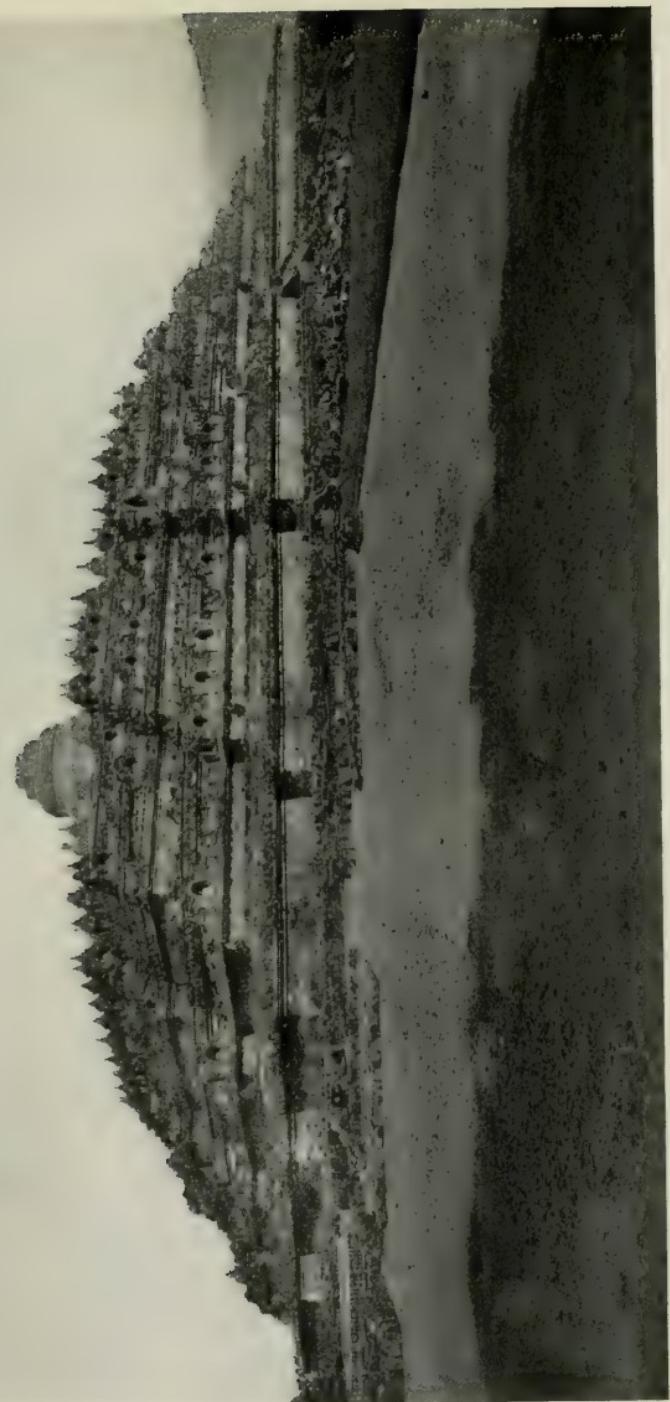
CHAPTER XI

RUINED TEMPLES OF CENTRAL JAVA

TKING the west-bound "Java express" which leaves Soerabaya every morning at six, one arrives at Soerakarta at ten, and, remaining aboard, may reach Djokjakarta, the other native capital (thirty-six miles farther on), about an hour and a half later. The famous ruins of Central Java are situated in the near vicinity of Djokja, and are most easily visited from that city, so that time is saved by taking this direct rail route. There is, however, little of novelty or special interest to be seen on this main line of travel between Soerabaya and Djokja, and the traveller with ample time will find it better worth while to stop off at Soerakarta and continue by the more roundabout way which leads through Ambarawa and Magelang to the great Boro Boedoer ruins and thence to Djokja.

The Java express is a comfortable train composed of corridor cars, with compartments for first and second class, and a restaurant-car, where not particularly appetizing meals are served under the management of Chinese who lease the restau-

THE TJANDI BORO BOEDOER



rant privilege from the government. This is the through train for Batavia, or more accurately for Bandoeng, a point somewhat over four hours by rail south-east of Batavia, where all westward-bound travellers are obliged to stop off for the night.¹ If a night service was deemed practicable by the authorities one could reach Batavia in less than eighteen hours after leaving Soerabaya, but at present the journey requires over twenty-eight, inclusive of stops.

The country through which one passes on this direct line between Soerabaya and Djokja is low and level, and almost wholly given up to rice cultivation,—a beautiful country, but monotonously beautiful, in its unvarying succession of sawahs, kampongs, and cocoanut and banana groves. We chose the longer route and changed at Soera-karta to the privately owned road over which we had already travelled from Semarang to the native capital, retracing our former route as far as the junction station of Gedong Djati, and there changing cars and climbing in a south-westerly direction to Ambarawa, 1542 feet above the sea. The foot-hills are rich in teak forests, and the scenery in this part of the journey is more varied than in the earlier stages. The soil of this district is so full of lime deposits that traces of lime are actually found in the cuttings of the timber. The natives practice a peculiar ingenuity in the conveyance

¹In 1913.

of the logs to market and railroad. Deep holes are bored in the log ends, bamboos are inserted, ropes attached, and the log is rolled along like a roller, coolies or carbos furnishing the needed motive power. It is easy to see that this method succeeds admirably in blocking the roads on which it is put in use.

Teak is the best wood for ship-building purposes, offering a strong resistance to the destructive teredo, and it is also a favourite material for furniture, especially for tropical use. The teak forests are reserved as a government monopoly, and their annual money yield has been known to run nearly as high as a million dollars gold. They cover an area in Java and Madoera of over a million and two-thirds acres. In some cases, whole forests are leased to private concerns on long-term leases which provide for cutting and replanting every ten years; in others, smaller sections are leased for short terms, the cutting being strictly limited, and the payment being made in the form of royalties running as high as eight dollars gold a cubic yard.

The rice of these districts is poor, and as a rule but one crop is harvested a year. During the dry season a poor quality of Indian corn is planted and grown in the beds of the streams. Pepper is raised to a considerable extent and all the usual fruit and vegetable products of the island are to be found. During the last half of this part of our journey we passed a number of fresh plantations of

mahogany-trees and we also noticed large quantities of cotton-trees, whose coarse fibre is sent to Australia, there to be mixed with wool for the European market. Breadfruit-trees are also common in this region, as are the graceful rain-trees, the leaves of which droop at the first approach of stormy weather.

Ambarawa, where we left the train for the slower steam tram, is of chief importance as the site of Fort Willem I., the outpost defence of Semarang from attacks on the part of the natives of the principalities. The fortifications were begun shortly after the close of the Dipo Negoro rebellion (in 1837), and completed some ten years later, at the cost of a loss of native life which seems hardly credible. Besides the fatalities due to low fevers contracted in the unhealthy marsh-lands, the unhappy peasants experienced the horrors of famine, and thousands met death from starvation, as a result of the system of enforced labour which took the cultivators from the crops and reduced the yield of foodstuffs to an inadequate minimum.

Two or three miles beyond Ambarawa we took the rack-rail and began a gradual ascent which elevated us another six hundred feet above sea-level. The terraced sawahs reached far up on the hillsides, and down below in the valley the whole country seemed one great rice-field. In little raised shelters, scattered at short intervals, small

native boys were tending networks of string from which were suspended bits of rag or paper, the motion of these frightening away the enemies of the crops.

As we reached the higher levels there was, for a little while, a much more restricted view, but as the descent began, and the rack-rail was left behind, the splendid highlands of the province of Kedoe came into full view, and we entered the charming valley of the Ello, replete with all the fresh beauties of mountain scenery. In the distance, over the hilltops or through breaks in the valley wall, loomed the great masses of Merbaboe, Merapi, Soembing, and Sondoro, volcanoes rising, all of them, to a height of nine or ten thousand feet. Suddenly down came the rain in torrents, cutting off all views but those of the near-by fields, where the peasants seemed suddenly transformed into animated sentry-boxes, hidden as they were in their peculiar rain covers of split bamboo reaching to the knees and fitting closely about the head and shoulders. As we neared the end of our railway journey at Magelang our train gave the first sign of its true tram-car character by slowly ding-donging its way through the main streets of the outlying villages.

Magelang is a town of 28,000 and the capital of the province, but its chief importance to the Dutch is as a garrison town which forms the strategic key to the neighbouring principality of



Photo by the Author

A GALLERY, BORO BOEDOER

Djokjakarta. Its chief activities, as far as we saw them in passing through thus rapidly, seemed to be nearly all closely connected with the predominant military feature. Barracks, military hospitals, rifle-butts, and magazines were numerous, and the streets were full of soldiers and officers. Magelang lies in a fertile plain, surrounded by rice-fields and, at a greater distance, by sugar and coffee plantations. Its hotels are not highly recommendable, and it is probably better to go on to Djokja, or to the rest-house at the Boro Boedoer ruins, for the night.

From Magelang to the Boro Boedoer is a motor ride of nine miles, and by retaining the motor for the additional trip to Djokja one may also visit in the most comfortable way the Mendoet ruins besides getting a far better idea of the country than is to be had from the train. We had sent word to Magelang in advance to engage a car and a Cadillac was waiting for us when we had finished rijstafel at the hotel.

The road to the ruins is for the most part level, shaded by kanaris and other magnificent trees, and with rice-fields on either side, and now and again a prosperous kampong with its name carved or painted on an elaborate, wooden arch. If one may judge by the numbers of natives on the road, this region must be thickly populated. The costumes differed in several respects from those that we had hitherto seen. Many of the men

wore a quaint headgear, resembling the front half of a jockey cap of which the rear had been removed to make room for the protrusion of the hair-knot and turban. The women wore their sarongs bound closely over the bosom in such a way as to accentuate the rounded lines of their exceptionally fine figures. Unfortunately the good looks of the women are generally spoiled, so far as their heads are concerned, by their habit of disfiguring the ears with enormous, heavy rings.

A few hundred yards before arrival at the government "passanggrahan" there is a slight up-grade, and then, as we rounded the shoulder of a small hill, we caught glimpses to the right, through the trees, of a squat, pyramidal mass of grey stone, broken, irregular, and unimposing,—the world-famous ruins of the Tjandi Boro Boedoer, considered by many the most interesting Buddhist remains in all Asia. One's first impression is disappointing, especially if one has the misfortune to arrive as we did in a drizzling rain at the hour of twilight, and one's enthusiasm is apt to be somewhat dampened in the matter of ruins and keener in the direction of hot tea and dry clothes. The passanggrahan or rest-house is fairly comfortable and the food is not bad, but the mosquitoes interfere seriously with one's pleasure.

The Tjandi Boro Boedoer, or "Shrine of the Many Buddhas," is an exalted form of dagoba, supposed to have been built to shelter some por-

tion of the ashes of the "Great Enlightened One," which were taken by the Indian King Asoka from their original resting-places and distributed in 84,000 parts throughout the Buddhist world, to be reburied under such sacred mounds and venerated by rapidly increasing bodies of converts in countries far remote. It is reasonably established from a critical examination of its carvings and sculptures that it was erected under the auspices of members of the northern sect or Mahayanists, the more progressive sect, which, in its growth, took over *en masse* most of the popular Hindu gods and their followers and eventually spread through Nepaul and Thibet to China and Japan. Its builder was undoubtedly a prince or king of the days when this region was part of the ancient Hindu state of Mataram, but this is the extent of our present knowledge, and attempts to place the date of construction more definitely are based merely on inference and conjecture.

It is a matter of historical knowledge that in 603 A.D., a prince of Guzerat, India, migrated to this central district of Java and settled here with some 5000 or more followers. It is also well known that the Hindus had been conquered by the Mahometans before the first arrival of the Portuguese in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Professor Kern states that certain inscriptions in old Javanese on the base walls of the shrine itself, now covered by reinforcing layers of stone, are of the ninth century.

An important inscription of 656 A.D., recently unearthed in Sumatra, makes mention of a seven-story temple or shrine erected to the five Dhyani Buddhas by the Maharajah Adirajah (or King) Adityadhanna of Prathanna (or Great Java). This may or may not be a reference to the Boro Boedoer, for we know merely that the latter was built by a prince of the sect that worshipped the Dhyani Buddhas and that it is usually spoken of as having seven stories. Rhys Davids states it as his conclusion that the shrine was built in the thirteenth century and Groneman believes it to have been in existence as early as the ninth, which latter, in the view of the recent work of Kern, seems more likely to be correct.

During the wars which, towards the end of the fifteenth century, established the Moslem supremacy in Java, this great Buddhist shrine probably suffered serious damage at the hands of the vandal conquerors. It may be that the covering of earth and ashes under which it subsequently lay hidden for approximately three centuries was piled upon it by its friends, in the hope of protecting it from injury, or this may have been merely the gradual accretions due to purely natural causes. At all events, weakened by rains and earthquakes, overgrown by vegetation, and permitted to fall into a state of ruin and decay by the unsympathetic followers of the prophet, the Boro Boedoer was completely lost to notice till the early nineteenth



A STAIRWAY ARCH, BORO BOEDOER

century. During this long eclipse of its glory its history seems also to have been completely lost.

It was finally rediscovered by government surveyors during the governorship of Sir Stamford Raffles at the time of the British occupation, and a casual examination gave such promise of valuable archæological results that a large body of labourers was put to work at once to remove the accumulation of overgrowth and debris. In two months the whole shrine was uncovered, but unfortunately this well-meant work proved the further undoing of the monument, for the work of excavation was not followed, as it should have been, by work of reinforcement and restoration, and during the succeeding years nothing was done to prevent native or foreign iconoclasts from further damaging the structure and carrying away its sculptured stones for the adornment of their gardens or to become part of the foundations of their houses. Bared of its protective covering the Tjandi became more than ever the victim of the elements, and the rain, trickling through its cracked terraces and percolating through its earthen core, wedged apart its stones and caused its walls to bulge. These walls were far too weak in any case, for the heavy masses of stone reinforcement at the base seem to have proved a necessary addition to the original plans even before the completion of the work of sculpturing the walls. Fortunately there has been a veritable archæological renaissance

in Java during the past few years, and the restoration of many of these splendid memorials has been put in the hands of Dutch army engineers, who have already accomplished much conscientious work in their preservation from further destruction.

Returning to the ruins in the early morning for a more extended examination, we found our first impression of disappointment rapidly displaced by a growing appreciation of the wealth of artistic detail, to which, far more than to its more purely architectural features, the shrine owes its fame. As is the case with so many shrines, not only in Asia, but in Central and South America, the primary construction of the Boro Boedoer was effected by truncating a hill more or less pyramidal in form, filling out and slicing off its sides and sheathing them with stone, digging out central chambers below the level top, and covering this last with a domed or spired dagoba. The Boro Boedoer is not, as it appears, a solid mass of masonry, but a mass of earth over which has been built a thin shell of stone. The hill whose crest has been thus covered is low and irregular, overlooking a plain of waving palm-trees. From the highest point of the shrine, a bare hundred feet above the plain, there is a view of distant volcanoes and the indented peaks of a line of high mountains. The beauty of nature seems rather to dwarf the work of man, and the site of the shrine impresses one as badly

selected, tending as it does to decry rather than to enhance the proportions and architectural value of the monument.

The material of the walls of the Tjandi is porous trachyte or lava stone, of a dull grey hue, cut in small blocks. The form of the structure is that of a truncated step pyramid, with base dimensions of about four hundred feet, resting on a platform practically square and facing the cardinal points. Strictly speaking the walls have thirty-six sides, not four, for each main wall juts out several times as it approaches the middle point from either end. There is not a single pillar or column in the whole structure, and no doors nor windows are to be found,—merely tier after tier of galleries joined by stairways to a top platform. The original base is now hidden by some seven thousand cubic yards of reinforcing stone blocks which form the present visible base. With it lie buried from sight the only inscriptions yet discovered.

Above the present base, the side walls are terraced in such a way as to form galleries about seven feet wide, through which one may walk between an outer wall, five feet thick, which is actually the parapet of the inner wall of the gallery next below, and an inner one, whose parapet similarly forms an outer wall for the gallery above. These galleries run continuously around the Tjandi, broken only by a stone stairway at the middle of each side. Their walls are adorned

with over a thousand sculptured bas-reliefs depicting scenes from the life of Gautama Buddha (the Buddha of this world) in his various incarnations, groups of Buddhas, angels, and saints. Above these sculptures, on the parapets of the walls, are small recessed shrines, in all over four hundred, each containing a Buddha image a couple of feet high.

Above the four sculptured galleries rise three tiers of circular terraces bearing, altogether, seventy-two bell-shaped, latticed dagobas, each about five feet in height and containing a lotus-enthroned Buddha, which may be seen through the lozenge-shaped openings in the sides. To touch one of these images is thought to bring good luck, but this is merely putting a premium on a long reach. In one or two cases, the upper part of the enclosing dagoba has disappeared, and the Buddha within presents the rather absurd appearance of being seated in a bath-tub. From the centre of the upper of these circular terraces rises what is left of the former apex of the shrine, a ruined dagoba about thirty feet high, containing in an interior chamber a large and apparently unfinished image thought to represent the Buddha yet to come. The cone or parasol-shaped spire which doubtless once covered this highest dagoba has wholly disappeared.

More interesting even than the novel form of construction of the Boro Boedoer, and the many

BAS-RELIEFS, BORO BOEDOER



peculiarities of its architectural details, are its remarkable wall sculptures. The subjects are almost beyond enumeration and include practically every phase of life and action. One finds portrayed on these walls by artists of by-gone centuries scenes that may still be seen in the Java of to-day. Kings and nobles, dancing girls and palace women, peasants and fishermen, bearded strangers from foreign lands, elephants and monkeys, deer and horses, birds and fish, fruit- and shade-trees, native houses, ships, war chariots, ploughs, musical instruments, state umbrellas, and hundreds of other things typical of the country are depicted here in a way that is wonderfully life-like and truthful. The representations of scenes from the "jatakas" (or tales of the life of Amida Buddha in his earlier incarnations) are particularly interesting, for each one has its story, and some of these are very entertaining. Let me quote two of the shorter ones exactly as they are given in the valuable monograph of Dr. J. Groneman:

"The Lord being a turtle in the sea perceives a ship sinking and surrounded by sharks and other fishes. Taking the crew and the passengers on his back, he carries them to the shore, where he offers them his own body as food." And:

"One day the Lord, who was a woodpecker then, met with a lion which had a bone sticking in his throat. The woodpecker got the lion out of difficulty by putting a piece of wood in its mouth and

extracting the bone. A long time afterwards the woodpecker was flying about in search of food and met the lion near an antelope killed a minute before. The woodpecker, being nearly famished, after a long hesitation made bold to ask for a part of the lion's prey, but the latter refuses, asking the woodpecker whether he was tired of life and remarking that he ought to be glad once to have escaped from its mouth. A lion is not guilty of womanly compassion. Abashed the woodpecker flies off, followed by a fawn who advises him to pick out the lion's eyes and take of his prey as much as he likes. The woodpecker replies that there is nothing like virtue. He who acts well is sure to find his reward in a life hereafter: he who returns evil for evil is sure to lose the merit of his virtues. The fawn praises the sanctity and wisdom of the wood-pecker and vanishes."

The stairways of the Boro Boedoer deserve a word or two of mention. They formerly had gate-houses at each landing and their arches are ornamented with great heads with bulging eyes. At the sides are the heads of "nagas," curious monsters with upper lips prolonged into short trunks which cause them often to be mistaken for elephants.

This wonderful relic, of a civilization which has very apparently undergone utter artistic dissolution under the demoralizing influences of the conquering Moslem and his discountenance of the

earlier religion, is actually venerated and to some extent worshipped to this day by the peasantry, doubtless on the wise principle that it is best to propitiate all gods alike. Buddhism as a live religion has long since disappeared from Java, but it has left behind it memorials far more enduring than any that are apt to be created by its successors, memorials that may serve to preserve the seed of its doctrines pure and unchanged through the centuries, some day perhaps to renew the life of former days. As a Buddhist shrine the Boro Boedoer was made the object of a pilgrimage in 1896, by his late majesty, King Chulalongkorn of Siam, the only independent Buddhist ruler of his time.

In a grove, a short distance from the principal ruin, there is an artistic little temple or shrine known as the Tjandi Pawan or "Kitchen Shrine," from the sooty, smoke-charred walls of its inner chamber. The images which undoubtedly at one time were housed in this building are now quite gone, but the structure itself has been carefully restored and is, in its way, a little gem.

A mile and a half away is another shrine well worth a visit,—the Mendoet Tjandi. This temple is pyramidal in form and about sixty feet high, with exterior walls elaborately sculptured. In an interior chamber, some ten feet square, are the figures that give it its chief interest to the stranger, three stone statues of more than life size. The largest

and central one is to-day almost universally identified as a Buddha, the others being variously denominated as Buddhas, Bodhisatvas, princely benefactors or worshippers, or even as "adoring women." The statues are very evidently not in their original positions, and there is a certain resultant loss of dignity, but the large figure in particular is a fine piece of work and quite as impressive as any of its period in all Eastern Asia. The Tjandi Mendoet was built at a period slightly later than the Boro Boedoer, was rediscovered in 1835, and restored in 1897.

From the small village of Mendoet, a few yards from the shrine, it is a drive of, I should say, about a dozen miles to the city of Djokjakarta. For the greater part of the way the road is a broad highway, alongside which runs a narrower, less carefully kept road used by heavy carts and country vehicles that might block the traffic if allowed on the main thoroughfare. Lines of shade-trees border this road, and beyond on either side are plantations and rice-fields. At least once we passed under the shade of one of the broad road shelters that spread their picturesque, conical, red-tiled roofs, across the road every few miles. In the old days when pony-posting was the usual mode of travel these were the points where changes of ponies were made. To-day they serve rather as resting places, where the tired peasants and coolies may ease their loads and



THE CHIEF IMAGE OF THE MENDOET TEMPLE

get a momentary respite from the fierce rays of the sun.

Several times we went by villages where fairs or markets were in progress, scenes of great animation and full of vivid, gay colour. It was curious to see women lying beside their wares in precisely the attitude of the reclining Buddha images and far more artistic in form and costume. Besides these recumbent goddesses there were numbers of others seated under huge straw-coloured umbrellas, chewing their abominable, mouth- and teeth-staining sirih with great avidity. Children, chickens, and produce of every variety are the other principal features of these wayside markets. The road itself is also full of life. Planters tear by in motor-cars, or pass more sedately in quaint four-pony carryalls or on horseback, sados are plentiful, and there is a constant procession of pedestrians, for the most part, of the poorest classes, for no one walks in Java who can afford to ride or drive.

The country around Djokja, like that about all cities that have been at one time the centres of their respective civilizations, is fairly dotted with ruins. The plain of Prambanan, some twenty miles out, in the direction of Solo, is especially rich in temple remains. It is advisable to make the excursion to Prambanan, if possible, by motor-car, as the railway station is a long distance from the most interesting of the ruins, and good vehi-

cles are not always to be had when most needed. We made use of the car in which we had come from Magelang and the Boro Boedoer, and, even then, found some difficulty in reaching our desired destination. It was the season of the heavy rains, the road was muddy and in some places almost impassable, and at one point a bridge over the Oepek River had been carried away, leaving no choice but to attempt to ford the stream. We stuck ingloriously in mid-stream for some time, but were finally pulled out by a score or two of good-natured natives, and, after about an hour's drive from Djokja, drew up at the shed-like office of the government officials in charge of the restoration of the finest group of the Prambanan temples, the Tjandi Loro Djonggrang.

Unlike the Boro Boedoer and Mendoet shrines, these temples are monuments of the Hindu or Brahman faith and built for the worship of Siva, Kali his wife (also known as Durga, Parvati, or Loro Djonggrang, the last of these meaning the virgin), Gunesh his son, and the two other gods who with Siva compose the Brahman trinity,—Brahma and Vishnu. The precise date of their erection is unknown, but, as in the case of the majority of the ruins of the Prambanan plain, it may roughly be given as the ninth century. Neglected and almost forgotten from the time of the Mahometan conquest, they were unknown to the outer world till, in 1797, a Dutch engineer rediscovered them

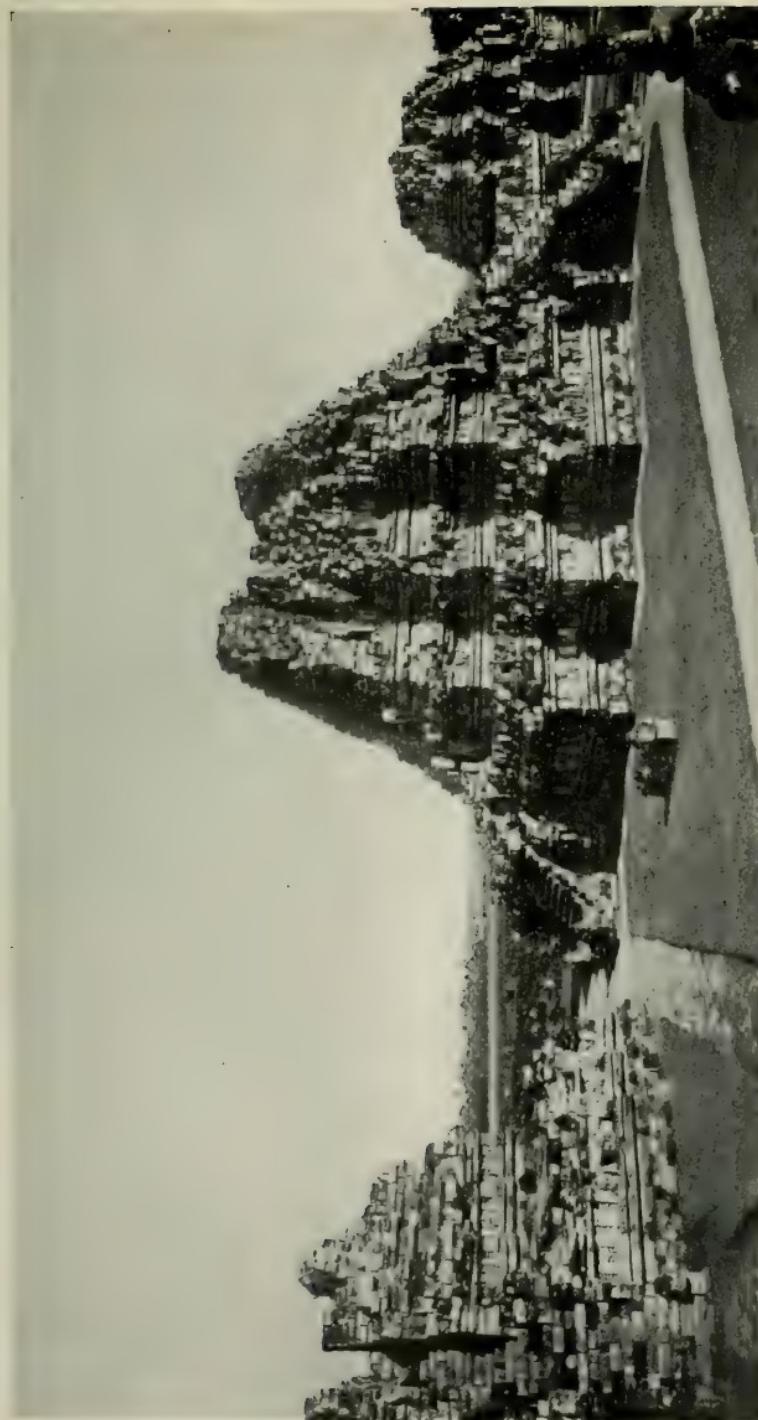
in his search for a suitable site for a Dutch fort. Thereafter, and in fact till 1885, nothing was done to protect them, but in recent years the Archæological Society of Djokjakarta has taken up with zeal the work of restoration and reconstruction of the principal buildings. Unfortunately all but two or three of the original group of over a hundred had already fallen into the last stages of decay and ruin, and to-day, in spite of the conscientious work of the restorers, it is difficult to frame more than an imaginative conception of the appearance of the original whole. In the plan of construction three circular walls enclosed three circular rows of small shrines, and in the centre stood a group of eight more important shrines arranged in an oblong, three on each side and one at each end to the north and south. Of all these buildings there remain in a recognizable state of preservation only the three of the western line and the central one of the eastern.

The central western temple is the most important and may serve us as an example of the rest. It is pyramidal and rests on a base which is practically square. Its outer walls are covered with bas-reliefs and other sculptures of great artistic merit and careful workmanship, representing scenes from the "Ramayana" and other tales of the Hindu mythology. An entrance on each side is reached by a corresponding stairway, and an external gallery surrounds the structure at some distance from the ground level.

The interior contains four chambers and a sort of entrance hall. In the largest or central chamber, which is about twenty feet square, there is an image of Siva as Mahadewa, or supreme divinity, a four-armed, bearded god, with a snake for a belt. In the west chamber squats an amusing representation of Gunesh, the popular elephant-headed son of Siva. In the room to the south is Siva again,—this time as the "Guru," the penitent recluse, with trident and water bottle. Lastly, in the north chamber, is an interesting statue of Kali or Loro Djonggrang, Siva's wife, an extraordinary creature with eight arms and the prominent breasts and hips so much admired by the Hindu artists. The goddess is represented standing on her sacred cow, and grasping by the hair a small demon or evil spirit, who has evidently been caught in an attempt to club this, her favourite beast. This statue, which is just about life-size, is responsible for the name of this entire group.

In the other buildings there are images of Brahma, of Siva's steed, the bull Nandi, and a few fragments; the rest have been removed for repairs or have long since entirely disappeared. In one building, on the occasion of our visit, part of the floor had been removed, revealing a deep well below, probably used as a treasure chamber in the days of old.

The exteriors of these temples, built, like the



THE LORO DJONGGRANG TEMPLES, CENTRAL JAVA

Boro Boedoer, of small blocks of lava stone, are covered, as I have already said, with elaborate carvings. Grotesque representations of the "monkey king" and his followers recur again and again, as do rather graceful groups of dancing girls or, as they are called by foreign visitors, "the three graces." The incidental ornamentations, borders, friezes, and the like, are particularly artistic, and might well be adapted to modern use. To appreciate such structures as these temples at even a fair part of their real value, one should give days to their study. In a rapid survey much of the very best is certain to be passed by unseen.

At a short distance by road from the Loro Djonggrang is the Tjandi Sewoe, or "thousand temples." This group has suffered so seriously at the hands of vandals, and from the destructive earthquakes, that no possible idea of the original plan can be had without reference to the diagrams of the archæologists. From these, however, we learned that in this case there was a central cruciform shrine of the usual truncated pyramid type, surrounded by four successively larger squares of small shrines, two hundred and forty in all, and each about eleven feet square and eighteen high. The entire enclosure, some five hundred feet square, was protected by a wall, with a gateway on each side, through which passed a broad, straight avenue leading to the central edifice. These gates were guarded by pairs of grotesque, pot-bellied,

kneeling, stone figures, perhaps ten feet high, with fierce mustaches, tusk-like teeth, and "pop" eyes, and with snakes as head, arm, and body ornaments. Several of these hideous figures have been removed from their original positions and two of them grace the compound of the Dutch Residency at Djokja.

The Tjandi Sewoe was built in 1094, according to old court documents still in existence in the Solo archives, and there is reason to believe that it remained in a comparatively fair state of preservation till a severe earthquake, accompanying an eruption of Merapi in 1867, shook down the roof of the principal building and cracked, upset, half-buried, and thoroughly demoralized practically all of the smaller shrines. There is ample room for restorative work here, for at every step one finds ends of images or bits of fine bas-relief sticking out of the irregular mounds of earth heaped up by the last upheaval. In the present condition of the group the visitor is most interested by the cleverly conceived vaulting of the domed roofs of the smaller shrines, which contain recessed niches evidently intended to hold small images or similar objects.

There are many more ruined temples on this Prambanan plain, and on one elevated piece of ground lie the scant remains of a former palace of Mataram days. As we drove along the main road we saw numbers of half-overgrown walls and



A GUARDIAN OF THE TJANDI SEWOE

masses of masonry. There is food here for almost unlimited archæological research and investigation, and, moreover, if one has investigated these Prambanan ruins to his heart's content and is still unsatisfied, he will find more on the Dieng plateau, only a few miles away. There is something rather sad in contemplating all this wealth of art that represents a civilization which has proved too weak to hold its own against the brutal onslaught of the religious fanatic from without. It seems to be the same old story of the expansion of the artistic side of a people's nature, at the expense of its moral and physical strength, and the inevitable sequel of defeat and destruction.

We took another half-day excursion from Djokja to the tombs of the Mahometan princes at Pasargede, four miles to the south. After a tiresome ride over a dusty, nearly deserted road, we alighted at an ancient mosque, an interesting old building, set in picturesque surroundings, shaded by the foliage of splendid trees and opening on a pool or tank of brackish, green water. To visit the tombs, which are a few yards behind the mosque, it is necessary to provide oneself with a pass secured through the offices of the residency. Upon our presenting our pass, the official deputed to show us about soon presented himself. This gentleman, and he was unmistakably such, was arrayed in native head-kain, body-kain artistically decorated in "batik" work (coloured designs applied by

wax stencil), black coat with gold buttons, white waistcoat, foreign boots, a red belt with green and gold ornamentations, and a kris encased in a sheath elaborately adorned with gold. Behind him an attendant followed closely with the payang or official umbrella indicative of rank.

In the company of this irreproachable guide we passed through quaint brick gateways leading into gardens and walled compounds; paused at a holy water or purification tank to look at the goldfish and a curious albino turtle; again, to examine a large brick tomb bearing the date 1509-79, and ornamented with a number of grotesque sculptured heads; and finally, skirting the edge of a cemetery where the lesser princelings and other royalties of minor importance are buried, entered the peculiar structure which encloses the marble tombs of the rulers of Mataram. This memorial building has been erected quite recently by the Susuhunan of Soerakarta, and is a sad reflection on the artistic decadence of the people in the past few centuries. Artistically and architecturally it is a failure. The individual beauty and costliness of its carved woodwork appear to little advantage in the presence of the marble tombs, while these in turn are cheapened by their wooden roofs or sheds and their draperies of white cotton cloth. Whatever the architectural merit, the extreme sanctity of this building in the eyes of the natives is very certain, for our official and the old turbaned

priest who went about with us, before entering the portals, both of them placed on their shoulders a sort of stole, and, at certain points in the interior, dropped on hands and knees and crawled about in the humble, reverential attitude of the "dodok," the cringing crawl obligatory also in the court audiences of the living rulers.

At a short distance from the tomb enclosure, in a square shaded by fine waringins, is a small porticoed shed containing a flat, blackened, stone tablet, bearing inscriptions in English, French, Dutch, and Latin. The only one of these which is readily decipherable reads "*Contemnite vos contemptu veredique in fortuna.*" These inscriptions are said to be the work of a European who was imprisoned here over a century ago in the days when the kraton of the emperor stood close by. Under the portico are a couple of solid stone balls, one of them a foot in diameter. These were probably cannon-balls, but the natives assert them to have been used as playthings by the children of one of the old-time rulers. Truly they must have been giants in those days!

CHAPTER XII

THE NATIVE CAPITAL AND PALACE OF DJOKJAKARTA

DJOKJAKARTA, or Yogyakarta, as Sir Stamford Raffles more phonetically transliterates the name of the city, once capital of the successive Hindu and Mahometan states of Mataram, is situated on a broad plain near the foot of the volcano Merapi, about thirty-five miles from Soerakarta and perhaps twenty-five from the Indian Ocean. In the earlier days, as we have seen, the two present native principalities formed one powerful empire, a great central state that held fast to its earlier gods and faiths for many years after the Hindu kingdoms of Padjadjaram to the west and Madjapahit to the east had yielded to the behests of the Mahometan conquerors. In this region the Dutch found the natives inclined to offer a strong resistance to their policies of colonization and control, and of all the native towns of Java the cities of Mataram were the last to give up the struggle for independence, and then only after a final desperate effort in the early years of the nineteenth century. In connection with

Photo by the Author

BAS-RELIEFS, PRAMBANAN TEMPLES



Soerakarta I have already told of the cunning diplomacy by which the Dutch gradually came into control, and of how, by successive steps, they weakened the power of the native rulers.

Present conditions at Djokja are the exact counterpart of those at Solo,—the same puppet ruler, native court life, Dutch Resident, and garrison,—but Djokja is even more typically Javanese in its street scenes and the sights of its native quarters, while, for some unknown reason, its people impress one less as puppets and more as men. There is a certain something in the carriage and expression of the people of Djokja expressive of pride and high spirit, the inheritance of a great past, the memories of which still linger in the minds of the present generation and are kept alive by legend, song, and play.

The Djokjakarta Residency is a substantial structure of the usual classic order, set in a roomy compound on the main street. Within its grounds there is a temporary shed or shelter containing a most interesting collection of images and fragments of sculptures from the ruined temples of the vicinity. Opposite is the Dutch fort, Vredenburg, a moated, bastioned fortification of fairly modern construction, which serves as quarters for the local garrison of five hundred soldiers. Near by is the comfortable foreign club, and scattered about the neighbourhood are the residences of the European officials and busi-

ness men. The best hotels and many of the best shops are found on the main street not far away.

The traveller who is anxious to buy specimens of the native art, but is often deterred by the prospect of being defrauded or being obliged to endure the misery of tiresome bargaining, will experience a positive pleasure in visiting the sales rooms of a Dutch society which has for its aim the encouragement and exploitation of the native arts and industries. Here each article is labelled with a price-mark, and the price is not subject to change, while there is another advantage in the fact that here under one roof one may see and buy practically anything of native make. There are kains and sarongs of artistic shades and ornamented with thoroughly Javanese designs in batik, screens, cigar cases, card cases, book covers, and other articles of carbo leather, embellished with graceful designs, genuine krisses with elaborately carved handles and strange, crooked, murderous blades, richly carved teakwood furniture, gold and silver jewelry and tableware, in which native designs have been applied to foreign forms and uses—all these and a thousand and one more, ranging from objects of great value to picture postcards, and the quaint, jointed figures of coloured leather and pasteboard which are used as marionettes in the native shadow plays. I found this shop by far the most satisfactory in the whole Orient, though of course there are others

of greater proportions and greater pretence elsewhere.

The two most striking industries of Java are the making of batik and the making of the kris. Every true Javanese that can afford it wears batik head- and body-kain and carries a kris in his belt. The value of both batik and kris varies immensely and depends upon the beauty and fineness of the work of the artisan. A batik sarong, for instance, may be bought for a dollar gold, and another may cost as high as seventy or eighty dollars. Djokja is the centre of the batik industry and the majority of its women are adepts in the production of this artistic fabric. Batik is cotton cloth on which designs have been printed in a special way. Melted white wax is allowed to trickle from the small end of a funnel upon those portions of the fabric that it is not desired to colour, the operation being exactly duplicated on the two sides. This done, the cloth is dipped in the dye vat, withdrawn and hung up to dry, and the wax removed later with the use of boiling water. This series of operations is repeated in the application of each colour, till the entire design is transferred. The designs are of every conceivable description, from conventional flowers and geometrical figures to jungle scenes and quaint representations of wild beasts. Certain designs may be worn only by royalty, others by priests, and so on. Unfortunately this laboriously pre-

pared fabric is being gradually supplanted by the cheaper but less beautiful product of European looms.

The kris is a weapon with a blade about a foot long and a handle of wood, horn, or metal, usually highly carved. It fits into a sheath or scabbard, and is worn stuck through the belt near the middle of the back. Once a necessary weapon of self-protection, the kris has of late years, in Java at least, become a mere ornament and symbol of rank and position. Like the swords worn, prior to the restoration of 1868, by Japanese of rank, the krisses of the Malays are known for their fine temper and for their artistic merit as well. Their blades are generally damascened and have a sort of watered surface or grain. A glance at the kris at once establishes to the practised eye the district of its origin, and the differences between the krisses of Atjeh, of Madoera, of Bali, and even of East and West Java are well marked.

In the ceremonial court costume of the men, the presence of the kris, in combination with the bared upper half of the body, is a strong reminder of the days when weapons were a far more important part of the personal accoutrement than clothes. It is curious to notice that, as in so many eastern countries, costumes resembling the court costume are worn if possible by even the lowliest bride and groom on their nuptial day. Other features of court dress are the peculiar draping

Photo by the Author

A KRATON GATE AND GUARD-HOUSE



of the men's body-kain so as to produce an effect somewhat like that of paniers, and the arrangement of the hair with a curl hanging down behind the right ear. The women affect at such times huge black earrings or rather staples, which ruin their otherwise good looks.

Djokja is a town of 80,000 inhabitants, inclusive of 5000 Chinese and about 1500 Europeans. Over 15,000 of these people live within the high walls of the kraton, which, like the "Forbidden City" of Peking, is really a city rather than a palace. This kraton and the former palace, the "Water Castle," are the two great sights of the capital city. For a visit to these passes must be secured in advance through the Resident.

The Water Castle, Taman Sarie, or "Garden of Flowers," is a ruined palace built on plans of a Portuguese architect in 1758 for the then sovereign, Hamangkoe Boewono I. Its almost complete destruction was due to the terrible earthquake of 1867, which did such tremendous damage to Djokja and its vicinity. In its present ruined condition it still serves to give one a quite vivid idea of the sort of life lived by the semi-barbarous native monarchs—an Arabian Nights existence, at once primitive and luxurious to an excess.

Presenting the permit at the guard-house at the side gate, we were at once admitted and furnished with a guide. The palace is a collection of stone, brick, and stucco buildings of no established form

of architecture and falling rapidly into an unrecognizable condition. Here and there a few traces still remain of garish colouring, which must have given the buildings in their prime the cheap and tawdry appearance of the gates and palace buildings of the palace of the Oude king at Lucknow, India. To-day the walls are pretty generally in ruin,—weather-stained, and overgrown with moss, lichen, and creepers, and in this condition they are probably quite as pleasing to the eye as in their original state. It is said that this palace was built on an island in an artificial lake and could, at the will of the Sultan, be flooded and wholly submerged with the exception of certain secret chambers, accessible from the city by subterranean passages, where the royal owner could live in comparative safety from attack. Unfortunately it takes but a glance to prove the imaginative quality of this story, for there are several large buildings, far too lofty and on too high ground to be capable of being flooded. Such, for instance, is the great two-storied banquet hall, a structure, by the by, which looks like the ruins of two university refectories or chapels, placed end to end.

Besides the banquet hall there are two buildings that have preserved their striking individuality in the midst of this, for the most part, indistinguishable mass of disintegrating walls, abandoned gardens, and slimy tanks of brackish water. The

first of these, the private apartments of the Sultan, are reached through a sort of tunnel. There are two or three rooms, dank and unwholesome, one containing a bed or couch, half wood, half masonry, on which the Sultan is said to have actually slept. It is difficult to believe that this was not a dungeon for criminals rather than a monarch's living apartment, or perhaps these rooms were used only in case of great emergency, when life was in danger or absolute seclusion desired. It is said that it was from this apartment that the Sultan Hamankoe Boewono IV was forcibly dragged and removed to the Dutch fort by the irate Daendals, who had been kept waiting an hour after the hour appointed for an audience. The other point of interest is the Simoor Gamelang or "musical spring," a building constructed about a deep well, with a double tier of arched stone galleries and chambers.

It seems a great pity that steps are not taken before it is too late, to collect all the stories of this mysterious old palace and put them in such form as to be of use to visitors. It is insufficiently satisfying to one gifted, like the elephant's child of Kipling, with insatiable curiosity, to have every question answered by the stupid guide "Sultan's bath," "Sultan's room," or "Don't know." We wanted to know the uses of the many water tanks,—which were for mere ornament, which for bathing, which for religious purification,—where the women lived, and the children, and where the

Sultan did his work, and where he was amused,—and not one of these things were we able to find out. There is a certain fascination about this old ruined palace, a certain air of mystery that arouses a feeling that there are some as yet undiscovered secrets here, some hidden treasure, or some unknown, underground halls or cells. As we wandered about the courts and former gardens we constantly came upon some fresh pavilion, waterfall, or arch. These grounds could be made into one of the most attractive parks in Java with the expenditure of a small amount of money and labour, and at the same time a breeding place of fevers and pestilential germs could be got rid of.

Of greater interest to the visitor to Djokja is the kraton of the present Sultan. This, like the kraton at Solo, opens on an aloun-aloun or square. This square was in earlier days the scene of all public executions. It is remarkable to-day chiefly for its two fine waringin-trees trimmed to the semblance of the royal payong or state umbrella. To the sides are the now deserted buildings of the courts of justice and a mosque.

Having secured the required permission to visit the kraton, we drove to the gate and, at a guard-house full of native soldiers in dark uniforms, brimless, black hats, and bare feet, our passes were taken up and an official guide took us in charge. Passing on through two or three outer courts lined with whitewashed walls, we finally

IN THE MAIN COURT OF THE KRATON, DJOKJA



arrived at the great central reception court, where we were escorted to a small pavilion designated as the Reception Hall for Europeans.

In this building, in a ground-floor room, which is entirely open on the side towards the court, we found European furniture and a great collection of clocks and photographs, a few paintings and various bric-a-brac, and Chinese flower-pots. Among the clocks there was one with no visible connection between the works and hands, and among the photographs there was one of the late King and Queen of Siam with a few of their children. There was also a triplicate picture of the Queen of Holland and her father and mother so printed, on the edges and faces of narrow slides, that from each of three separate view-points (directly in front and to either side) a different likeness is seen. We noticed, too, several pictures of those of his sisters and race-horses in which the Sultan has been most interested, and a few poor paintings of the Sultan and members of his family. The oft-recurring initials "H. B. VII," in the decoration of the room are the initials of the present incumbent of the throne, Hamangkoe Boewono VII, in title "Ruler of the World" and "Spike of the Universe."

Beyond the reception hall, to the right, are cages of live birds and glass cages containing a variety of stuffed birds of paradise. One of the live birds at the time of my visit was a perfect

beauty—with a bright yellow head, green throat, brown back, and a tail of yellow shading to white, with two long, curved feathers stretching far out behind. There were also several peacocks and a number of tame guinea fowl. Near the cages is some woodwork, carved and painted with representations of birds, grotesque dragon heads, and fights of bulls and tigers.

In the centre of this main court is a marble-floored dancing pavilion, decorated heavily in red and gilt and furnished with a few card tables and European chairs. Crystal chandeliers hang from the ceilings. To the right is the Audience Hall or Throne Room, a large, low apartment, quite open to the court and containing a not particularly ornate Persian throne and countless foreign-style chairs. Just beyond this an archway and marble screen mark the entrance to the quarters of the women and children, and farther off, at the rear end of the court, is the great, bare, State Dining Hall. Returning in the direction of the entrance, we found the store-houses for the musical instruments, and others where the dresses of the court dancers are kept. In a stall, close by, we were shown the favourite steed of the Sultan, a remarkably handsome Sandalwood pony, a spirited stallion with a silky, coal-black coat, fine, full mane and tail, and a truly Arab curve to his head and neck. We were assured that the Sultan frequently rode this beautiful animal, but, as His

Majesty is over seventy years old, it is difficult to believe it.

In various shady corners of the court, crouching close to the ground in the grovelling position of the dodok or a more easy sitting position, their long, bayoneted muskets resting against convenient trees or walls, were the shiftless-looking sentinels of the Sultan's bodyguard. We were fortunate enough to see the guard relieved, and a more amusing military scene it would be difficult to imagine. With a leisurely, dignified step the new guard marched in from a rear entrance, headed by an officer armed with a huge scimitar, its ferocious, curved blade unsheathed. The private soldiers wore brimless hats and blue uniforms, and were armed, some with long pikes or lances, others with the ancient muskets with long barrels and longer bayonets. On ceremonial occasions these men wear costumes such as we are used to see on the comic-opera stage, and a drum and fife corps provides marching music.

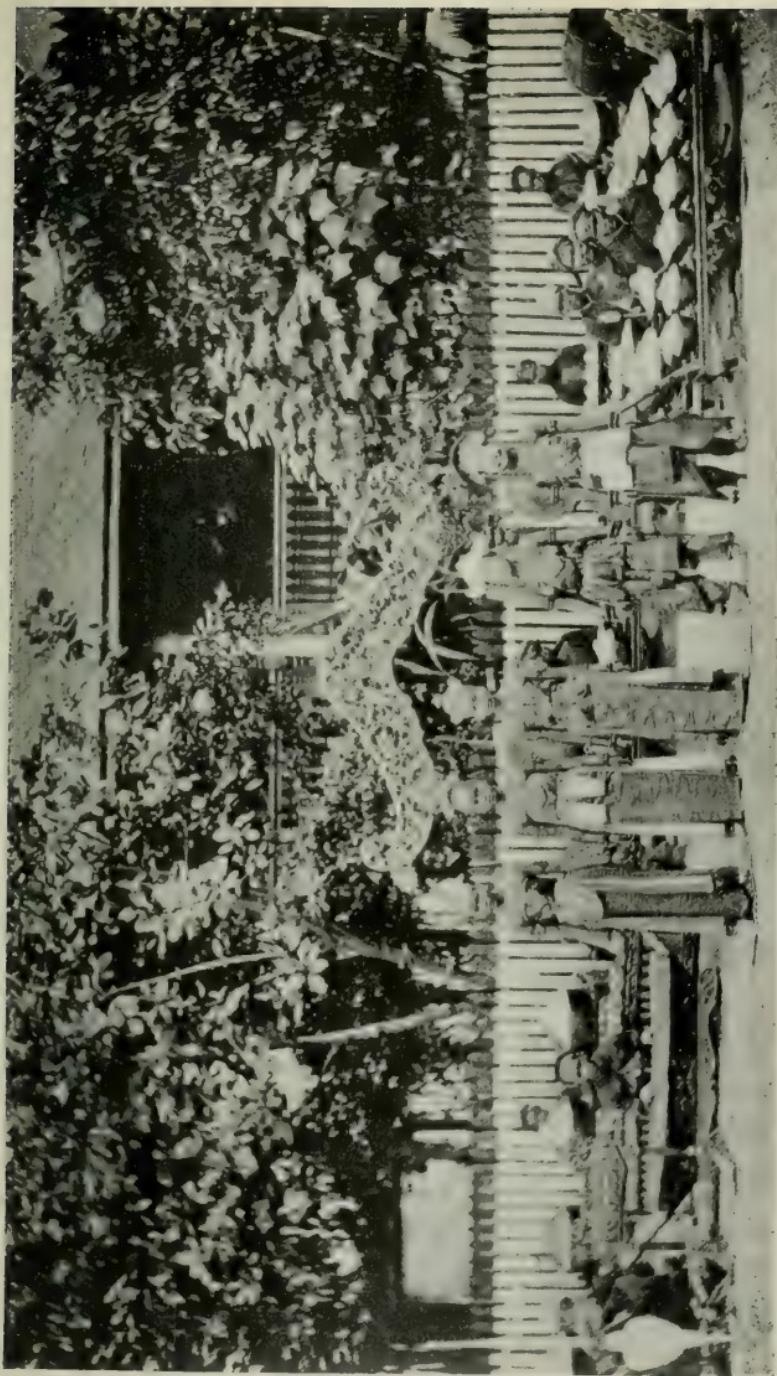
We were fortunate enough on the morning of our visit to witness a dancing lesson in which many of the princesses and ladies of the court took part. As the appointed time drew near, a number of small children, attended by payong bearers and other attendants, issued from the gate of the harem, and settled themselves about the edges of the dancing platform. A few minutes later the members of the "gamelang," or orchestra,

straggled in with their instruments and arranged themselves on the ground at one side. The Javanese orchestra includes,—besides the gamelang proper, which is a sort of xylophone,—kettle-drums, gongs, cymbals, bells, a two-stringed fiddle, and several other unfamiliar producers of melody. Its music is much more agreeable to occidental ears than most of the typical music of the Far East, and there is a certain quality of sweetness about it that comes as a surprise and delight. With the performers of the gamelang came an old woman with a book of music, and two or three younger assistants, whose purpose, as we soon discovered, was to sing or intone in hoarse, rasping voices, which quite spoiled the instrumental music, for us at least.

While we were awaiting the arrival of the dancers, our guide suddenly whispered in awed and reverential tones "Tuan Sultan" and pointed to a dignified old gentleman in native dress who was crossing the farther corner of the court. The Sultan of Djokjakarta is a fine-looking man, tall for a Javanese, and with a pleasant but weak face. He is said to be a wise ruler (which probably means that he makes no attempt to interfere with the rule of the Dutch Resident), and to be beloved by his family and all others with whom he is brought in contact. His one great vice is cock-fighting, and he is said to have always on hand and ready for the main at least a hundred birds,

Photo by Nijland

JAVANESE ACTORS AND ORCHESTRA



each attended by a trainer who is held responsible for the perfect condition of his charge. A sort of quail is the bird used in Java for this cruel sport.

At last the royal and noble dancers put in an appearance, in charge of several elderly but sprightly teachers. Some of them were mere children, giggling and tittering among themselves at the sight of the strange-looking foreigners and dancing energetically whenever they saw their teachers' eyes turning in their direction. Other, older girls and young women preserved a solemn decorum and serious mien throughout, giving every appearance of being quite wrapped up in their work. Nearly all were very slender, according to our western notions, and rather inclined to angularity, the result, in part at least, of costume and training. The costume itself differed slightly, if at all, from that in general use among the native women of the higher class, but was supplemented by a long, diaphanous scarf, which was wrapped about the shoulders or arms or stretched between the hands, in the various poses and postures of the dance. Javanese like nearly all Asiatic dancing is not so much a matter of rhythmic motion of the limbs as it is an attempt by postures and movements of every part of the body to express some phase of natural life or to act out the emotional side of a love tale or tragedy. The adept dancer of the East attains

by long-continued practice a complete control over all the muscles, and is capable of feats of suppleness rarely seen in western lands. Those who have not had the opportunity of seeing oriental dancing in the Orient can get an excellent idea of it by going to see Ruth St. Denis, who has succeeded in mastering the wonderful muscle-rippling and other typical features of the dances of tropical Asia and Africa.

Strangers are not allowed to investigate the more remote parts of the kraton (which, by the by, is an enclosure with walls four miles in length) and, after seeing the sights of the central court, we returned to the entrance, stopping for a moment in one of the outer courts to look at the native school for the sons of the princes and high dignitaries. The boys crouched in the usual oriental way on the floor behind their forms, doing their studying aloud. The young Javanese are said to be far brighter than the Dutch boys and far more readily acquisitive of knowledge till they reach the age of fifteen or sixteen, when they seem suddenly to strike some obstacle which seriously impedes the rapidity of their previous progress and enables their European rivals to catch up and pass them without effort.

Djokjakarta is probably the best city of Java in which to study the native forms of amusement, for there is no other town so large and at the same time so free from the taint of outside influence.

The most typical exponents of the dramatic and terpsichorean in Javanese life are the "topeng," the "wayang," and the dancing girls. The game-lang is a necessary adjunct of each of these. The topeng is the nearest approach to our theatre, and in it actors in grotesque masks act out in silence the tale or drama recited or read aloud by the "dalan," a man who confines his efforts to this alone. The masks used are peculiar in having the noses invariably long and pointed. From the colour of his mask the onlookers can judge at a glance whether an actor is representing an angel, demon, prince, or common mortal. The wearing of the mask is a mere subterfuge employed for the purpose of avoiding the appearance of infringing the Mahometan prohibition which applies to the representation of the features of man, whether on canvas or photographic plate, in stone or wood carving, by actors on the stage, or in any other form.

The wayang is a miniature of the topeng, differing from it in that the real actors are replaced by jointed figures whose silhouettes are thrown on a screen. The dancing girls are of two kinds,—one being devoted solely to dancing, the other, like the geisha of Japan, a general entertainer as well. Gambling is a native vice which exhibits itself in many diverse forms—the bird fighting which I have already mentioned, card playing, dice throwing, and other less usual means to the same end, the possible gain of money

without work. By reason of his Mahometanism the Javanese is not addicted to drink and the lower classes accordingly appear to advantage as compared with those of the Christian nations.

CHAPTER XIII

GAROET AND THE PREANGERS. A VISIT TO THE CRATER OF PAPANDAJAN

AT Djokjakarta one is roughly somewhat over a third of the way overland across Java from Soerabaya to Batavia. The next step generally takes one rather more than another third of the total distance, for the average traveller finds nothing to detain him between Djokja and the mountains of the Preanger Regencies, and hurries by express train through the low, unhealthy lands to the south-west of the capital, to make his first stop at Garoet (Garout), in the centre of a region famous for natural beauty and volcanic scenery. We took the "Java express," the same train on which we travelled between Soerabaya and Soerakarta, and leaving Djokja shortly before noon, arrived at Garoet in time for dinner at half-past seven.

For the first few hours the journey was through a country of sugar plantations and paddy fields, tobacco estates, cocoanut groves, and the usual kampongs. While we were at lunch in the res-

taurant car we passed through the first tunnel that we had seen in our wanderings in the Insulinde. Between two and three hours after leaving Djokja, the train drew up at Maos, one of the most dangerous fever localities in Java, but, till quite recently, a necessary all-night stop for the through traveller in either direction.

Maos is the junction for a branch line which runs a dozen miles south to Tjilatjap, an even more pestilential town on the Indian Ocean, where the repeated ravages of a malarial fever, named after it the "Tjilatjap fever," made it necessary for the authorities to withdraw the Dutch garrison which was for some time stationed there. All this region is low and flat, and abounding in marsh, swamp, and jungle. When the railroad was built it was impossible to obtain free labour in sufficient quantity and convicts were employed to a considerable extent.

Soon after leaving Maos the tracks turn in from the coast and lead to higher, healthier country. At Bandjar, at half-past three, we were already in the wilder, more picturesque region of the Preangers. A half-hour later, at Tjiamis, where pineapples were very evidently the principal product of the district, the air had become perceptibly cooler and fresher, and high mountains were in sight to the right. At Tissakmalaya the whole surrounding plain was under cultivation, and there was a general air of prosperity about the



BAS-RELIEFS, PRAMBANAN TEMPLES

people and their dwellings, which made it easy for us to believe that this is the most valuable agricultural land in the Regencies. This plain has, nevertheless, had its misfortunes. In 1822 it was laid waste by an eruption of the volcano Galoeng-goeng, and in 1894 still further damage resulted from another eruption of the same mountain.

Between Tissakmalaya and Tjibatoe—a distance of about thirty-five miles, covered by the express in about an hour and a half—is some of the finest railway scenery in Java, scenery such as one rarely sees from a car window in any part of the tropics. The train climbs higher and higher, rounding sharp curves, crawling over embankments, viaducts, and several fine bridges, looking down upon rocky ravines, rushing streams, and forests of deepest green. To the north there are glimpses of flat cone-tops rising above the low-lying clouds. Everything in the landscape is beautiful, strange, and typical of this wonderland of beauty.

At Tjibatoe, shortly after six o'clock, we changed trains. The first-class cars on the branch line were smaller but comfortable, with centre tables and arm-chairs. It was a short ride from Tjibatoe through the fertile plain of Leles to our destination, Garoet, where we were met at the station by the mandoer of our hotel, the Villa Dolce, and taken at once to quarters in one of the pavilions of this comfortable hostelry, from the verandah

of which we could look down a long avenue of graceful rain-trees to the road and see beyond, rising high above the house and tree-tops, the great, bare mass of the "Thunder Mountain," Goenoeng Goentoer, 7400 feet high.

Garoet, although the seat of one of the native regents, is a comparatively uninteresting village in itself, but its situation in the very centre of a family group of volcanoes gives it pre-eminence for its wonderful surroundings and its variety of excursions of peculiar charm. Garoet is 2300 feet above the sea, and nearly encircled by volcanoes, of which there are fourteen, each over 6000 feet high, within a few hours' ride or drive. Its elevation, cleanliness, and excellent hotels, in addition to its volcanoes, have made Garoet a favourite health resort as well as a favourite headquarters for excursions and starting point for hunting trips. To the south, the big-game hunter finds panther, wild boar, rhinoceros, the dangerous "banteng" or wild cattle, deer, and even tiger, though this last animal is found in greater numbers and is more easily hunted in the vicinity of Smeroe, the great volcano of the Tenggers.

The present Czar of Russia visited Garoet when he was still Crown Prince and is said to have exclaimed upon his reluctant departure, "See Garoet and then die." Remembering this, the new arrival is apt to feel somewhat disappointed. Before coming to a conclusion, however, he should

wait till he has been on some of the drives and rides about Garoet, watched for a time the changing aspects of the neighbouring volcanoes, seen the farms and habitations of the native Soendanese, and visited the hot-baths, the lakes, and the craters—till, in fact, he has become acquainted with a few of the natural wonders that are to be found on every hand.

In a sado we drove in three quarters of an hour over a level and smooth but poorly shaded road to the Sitoe Bagendit, a small lake or tarn which derives its name from its form, more or less fancifully thought to resemble that of the hilt of a kris. In the sawahs by the roadside a new variety of scarecrow was very much in evidence, a tall stalk of bamboo, bearing a noisily revolving pin-wheel on its top.

The natives, as we saw them on their way to market, differed but slightly from the other inhabitants of Java, but their country carts had quite a novel appearance. These vehicles are, as elsewhere, of the two-wheeled variety and drawn by ponies; their bodies are constructed like large, square boxes, open in front, with a projecting vizor to protect the driver from the sun, and a grated opening in the back. The most conspicuous feature is the colouring, generally a pink or light blue. The prosperity of the region is reflected, not only in the newness and neatness of these carts, but also in the numbers of cows, goats,

and even sheep, being driven to market or to pasture.

The houses of this district, too, testify to the thrift and well-being of the people. Many of them are quite elaborate, with tiled roofs, balustraded verandahs, split-bamboo screens, and Venetian blinds. The true Soendanese dwellings are easily distinguishable by their high gables and several layers of roof, and by the continuation of the front cross-posts several feet beyond their intersection. At the native forges in the villages we noticed a peculiar form of bellows in use. In a room adjacent to that of the forge, and connected with the fire by long pipes, were upright wooden cylinders, in and out of which huge pistons were pushed and pulled by man power—a primitive and at the same time curiously complicated contrivance.

In the main street of the small lakeside village where we were obliged to wait for a few minutes during the making ready for use of the craft on which we were to navigate the waters of the lake, a group of children helped to beguile away the time with the melodious sounds of their “anklongs”—musical instruments consisting of rows of flexible bamboo reeds secured at the lower ends to a wooden base. These reeds when moved from side to side give forth a music that is, despite its strangeness, quite agreeable to the ear.

When we repaired to the boat-landing we found

a sort of floating summer-house awaiting us. This water conveyance was probably specially designed for the use of visitors, but it may well be that the idea came originally from the pleasure-boat of some native of high degree of a past century. It is decidedly primitive. Two dug-outs are placed parallel to one another at a distance of about five or six feet, and on them rest the ends of a platform or flooring, over which rises a roof supported by four corner posts. In this rather shaky pavilion we were seated on European chairs, while our crew of four men or boys squatted in the projecting bows and sterns of the dugouts and paddled us along. A third dugout, brought up on the windward side, served the double purpose of breaking the force of the waves and ripples before they could reach and swamp our top-heavy houseboat, and of pushing us about whenever a change of direction became necessary, just as the tugboats assist the great ocean liners to the docks at home.

The voyage in this craft was of short duration and for the most part through shallow, green water, but the momentary expectation of being precipitated headlong into even shallow water made the quarter hour a long one. Now and again the weedy grass of the bottom stopped us suddenly and threatened disaster, and occasionally the carelessness of the small boy in command of our moving breakwater allowed a wave to get

by and our chairs teetered ominously from leg to leg. By luck quite as much as good management we finally arrived safely at our goal, a hilly promontory with a little pier or landing, from which a steep flight of steps led to a covered shelter at the summit.

The view from the top well compensates for the hot climb, for, spread out before one, is a splendid panorama of volcanoes. There are, in all, eleven of these fire mountains:—Goenoeng Goentoer (7400 feet), Goenoeng Haroeman, and the Tangkoeban Prahoe to the west, the Galoeng-goeng (7200 feet) and Seda-kling to the east, the Kratjak, Tjikorai (9200 feet), and Papandajan (8700 feet) to the south, beside others less prominent and lofty. The scene is wonderfully impressive, and the smoke rising from two or three of the great cones brings one to a realization of the fact that these monsters are alike the creators and destroyers of the fertile lands about them, responsible alike for the extraordinary richness of the soil and for those upheavals which from time to time, without warning, ruin the crops and turn these beautiful valleys into scenes of misery and desolation.

Returning to Garoet from the Sitoe Bagendit we made a detour to the right at the village of Trogong (two miles from Garoet) in order to visit the hot springs at Tjipanas. At one point along the way there is a colony of "kalongs" or flying

foxes. These hideous creatures are fond of hanging head down from the branches of the cocoanut palm trees, and might easily be taken at first glance for some strange fruit. They are said to live, as do ants, bees, and other smaller animals, under a well regulated social organization, but for this I am not willing to vouch. Their food is wholly fruit, and they themselves are used as food by the natives.

Not far past the grove of the flying foxes we came upon a succession of terraced fishponds, the water of which is supplied by hot springs just beyond. The fish seemed remarkably lively considering the warm medium in which they pass their lives. There are five hot springs at Tjipanas, all issuing from the ground at the foot of the Goentoer or Thunder Mountain, a volcano of violent activity till about sixty years ago. The bathing establishment comprises separate tanks and dressing rooms for Europeans, Chinese, and natives. The waters are said to be very efficacious in affections of a rheumatic nature.

The whole landscape in this vicinity has a peculiar look of artificiality which extends even to the large pond with its surrounding fringe of enormous banana trees. The valley is cut into thousands of rice-fields, the roads have all their bordering lines of trees, and on all sides one is reminded of the toy landscapes of childhood days till brought back to a proper sense of proportion by the great

Thunder Mountain and the other neighbouring volcanoes. Goenoeng Goentoer may be ascended by a somewhat difficult trail which starts just back of the hot springs. It is the barest and most sinister in appearance of all the fire mountains about Garoet, and forms an extraordinary contrast with the fertile valley at its foot.

The excursion which best repaid us at Garoet was the one to the crater of Papandajan, the "Forge." The first part of the way one travels by native cart, and steamer rugs prove useful, for the start must be made soon after dawn and the air of the early morning is cool and fresh. It is a drive of about eleven miles nearly due south to the village of Tjisoeroepan, some 4000 feet up in the hills, where the carts are left behind and a light breakfast is taken at the Villa Pauline before resuming the journey on the tough, wiry, little mountain ponies. It seems curious in Java to take tea in preference to coffee, but one almost invariably does so after a few preliminary experiments, for the bitter essence of coffee that is usually offered is far from satisfactory.

Hardly had the confines of the village been passed after our start from the Villa Pauline before we found ourselves mounting a steep trail between tea and coffee plantations. As tea and coffee planting are two of the most important industries, not only of this Preanger country, but of all Java, let me give a few facts concerning



Photo by the Author

THE ENTRANCE TO ROYAL TOMBS, PASARxEDE

them. The Preangers produce a greater bulk of tea leaves than all the rest of the island. The plants generally used are of the Assam variety or hybrids of the Assam and Chinese,—larger than the pure Chinese. A locality of some elevation and of rich soil having been selected, the matured seed is sown. As the young bushes grow up considerable care has to be taken to air the roots by means of trenches, to remove weeds, and to smoke the shrubs from time to time. It is not till the third or fourth year that a crop can be gathered, but thereafter each succeeding crop is better than the last, and the bushes continue to produce for many years, if properly pruned and otherwise cared for. The colour of the commercial leaf, green or black, is indicative merely of the treatment of the leaf after picking, a black colour resulting from the fermentation and subsequent oxidization, while a green is obtained by an immediate "firing" or drying of the freshly gathered leaves by contact with surfaces of hot iron. Tea was, till comparatively recent years, one of the government monopolies, and free planting only dates from 1865. Java to-day produces annually over twenty-eight million pounds of tea. India leads with nearly two hundred and fifty million pounds, and China, Ceylon, Japan, and Java follow in the order given.

Coffee is an even more important product of Java than tea. Like the latter it is not indigenous.

It was first brought to the island by the Europeans. There are, roughly, about two hundred and fifty million coffee-trees in Java, and the crops of the island furnish a fifth of the entire world supply. Similarly to the tea plant, the coffee-tree produces the best results when grown at an altitude of a couple of thousand feet. For coffee planting the ground is thoroughly broken in the early spring, and at the same time the beans or seeds are sown in beds or nurseries, from which the young trees or shrubs are transplanted towards the end of the year to carefully fertilized pits in the prepared ground, where they are grown under the shade of the "dadap" or other appropriate tree. After four or five years the first crop is gathered, and a fresh crop is taken every year thereafter for many years. The life of a coffee-tree is about that of a man, but its best crops are had from the twelfth to the fifteenth years. The flower appears at the opening of the rainy season and the crop is not ready for harvesting till the following April or May, when the berries are ripe and their husks a bright red. In the preparation of the commercial product the outer husks are removed by machinery, the berries washed and dried, then the inner skins taken off, and finally the berries, as we see them, sacked for shipment. The Liberian tree is to-day almost universally used, and the government supplies seed to the natives and is doing all it can to encourage planting. The old

system which brought such wealth to the Dutch during the first half of the last century, the system of enforced cultivation, has not yet been wholly abolished in the case of coffee planting in Java, but the free crops are far in excess of those of the government, and the number of trees is in about the proportion of three to one. The annual output is subject to violent fluctuations and the successful cultivation is greatly hampered by various pests, moulds, and insects, which have been known to lay waste whole plantations at a time.

From Tjisoeroepan to the Papandajan crater, it is a ride of over two hours and an ascent of about 2500 feet, for the most part through the typical tropical forest, where every moment brings some new thrill of pleasure. Magnificent trees, giants of the jungle, graceful ferns and brakes, brilliant flowers, snake-like creepers, and wonderful orchids combine in adding to one's enjoyment and actual bewilderment. No description, no sketch nor photograph can adequately picture the mysterious fascinations of the jungle. There is an atmosphere, a dreamy, indescribable something in these dense forests which has a peculiarly intoxicating effect on the senses and makes one feel like a happy child, even when the chills are running down one's back and common sense warns one that malaria and fever are in the very air. The beauty of the scene, the marvellous

exuberance of nature absolutely carry one away for the time being.

We finally emerged from the forest on a stretch of open trail, passed a series of sulphur terraces, over which trickled streams of appreciably warm water, continued for a short distance over yellow and brown rubble, lava beds, and bare rock, and finally dismounted at a break in the crater wall to ascend on foot the rough, steep path which leads to a wooden shelter on the edge of the main crater basin, 8460 feet above sea-level. The complete breakdown of the crater wall on this side is due to the terrific eruption of 1772, which was also responsible for the destruction of forty villages and the loss of nearly three thousand lives. It is said that on that occasion ashes and other matter from the crater were blown over the neighbouring country to a depth of four or five feet.

Climbing over the path of broken rock to the shelter, we were soon in a position to view the entire crater basin, an irregular valley or floor, crossed by a turbulent mountain torrent, the Tjiparoegpoeg, which rushes from the high wall opposite and escapes through the break by which we entered. This basin is at least two miles in circumference and is dominated on all sides, save that of the break, by walls, partly wooded and partly bare, which rise to a height of from six to nine hundred feet. The crater floor is quite bare, and well-defined paths and one or two rather

dilapidated bridges make it possible to examine closely the many curious phenomena of this uncanny place. From one point ascends a dense cloud of smoke, and from many others come slender columns of vapour or little intermittent puffs. As compared with the Bromo crater, the noise is almost unappreciable, and, if one but keeps on the windward side of the principal volumes of smoke, very little discomfort is experienced from the fumes of the sulphur.

Here we were able to investigate at close range a variety of strange manifestations of volcanic activity,—to poke our sticks in bubbling pools of seething grey mud and boiling water in which small stones were being continually forced to the surface, to divert ourselves by throwing sticks or stones into the vent holes of sizzling little mud volcanoes, miniature cones two or three feet high, which took grievous offence at the liberty and with angry splutters quickly vomited out the object of their aversion. Here and there gleaming masses of yellow sulphur deposits emitted from brown-stained cracks in their groaning sides sheets of vapour and suffocating gas. At other points, from narrow fissures, as from the safety valve of a locomotive boiler, slender columns of steam escaped to the outer air with a slight hissing sound. Nearly everywhere the ground under our feet had an unpleasantly hollow, springy, unreliable feeling, and in many places there was a very con-

siderable heat felt, even through thick boot soles. We were constantly reminded of the Ojigoku or "Great Hell" in the Hakone Mountains of Japan, but Papandajan is on a much grander scale, and far richer in its array of solfataras, fumaroles, hot springs, and other natural wonders. The 1772 eruption still stands on the records as the last, but there is no good reason for supposing that the mountain has quieted for ever, and it is highly probable that some day the terrible forces within will again burst forth and overwhelm the valley and its inhabitants.

On our way back, we met in the depths of the forest a French traveller, making the ascent in an arm-chair placed on a covered platform attached to long bamboo poles borne on the shoulders of coolies in relays of four. This was formerly the usual method of mountain travel adopted by foreigners, but is slower and, I should think, far less agreeable than pony riding, even though the temper of these little beasts is almost invariably bad and they seize every opportunity to bite and kick their riders.

There is one other excursion taken by all able-bodied visitors to Garoet, besides the trip to the Papandajan crater,—that to the Telega Bodas or "White Lake" and the Padjagalan, the "Slaughter-Place," or "Valley of the Dead" as it has been more euphemistically translated. As in going to the Papandajan crater, one must

take a preliminary drive by sado or car for about an hour to the village where the real trail begins and the transfer is made to pony-back. It is a matter of some nine miles farther to the lake, but the sights along the way are so varied and the views so fine that the time goes quickly by. For the first mile or two the trail passes through villages of Soendanese houses with quaint gables and ridge-poles drooping crescent-like between the ends, past rice-fields, coffee plantations, tobacco plantations, and acres devoted to the cultivation of cinchona, tapioca, and the ubiquitous banana. Beyond are pasture lands, groves of bamboos, and forest. At a point about half-way, where the ponies were rested and we took a picnic breakfast, there was a splendid view of the valley far below and its background of great mountains, and the sound of the wooden bells on the necks of the cattle reminded us of Switzerland. For the last hour we were in the virgin forest, the beauties of which were partly lost as our ponies slipped and slid in the slime of the trail, threatening at every moment to land us sprawling in the mud. No one is competent to form a judgment of the possibilities of moisture and dampness till he has travelled through a tropical forest in the rainy season, when everything is absolutely saturated and dripping.

The lake itself was somewhat of a disappointment. A deposit of alum and sulphur on the

bottom gives its water, in certain lights, some resemblance to milk, but the usual colour is a greenish white, not unlike that of the mud springs of volcanic craters. This body of water is very evidently a crater lake. It is nearly circular, about half a mile in diameter, and over 5500 feet above the sea. On its shores are hot springs and sol-fataras, but walking is difficult, owing to the marshes and mud-holes, and there is nothing new to be seen. On the opposite side the lake is shut in by the crater walls, high, steep, and densely overgrown. This peaceful basin was, in 1822, the scene of terrible activity, and its eruption is said to have destroyed hundreds of villages and brought death to thousands of natives. The debris thrown out at that time has long since been covered with vegetation and is hardly recognizable in the green or wooded hillocks which abound in the valleys near by.

Six or seven hundred feet below the lake to the north-west is the rocky, barren valley known as the Padjagalan or "Slaughter-Place." From the ground exudes a varying amount of carbonic acid gas, sometimes enough to kill birds and small quadrupeds, and always sufficient to prevent the growth of vegetable life. There is something gruesome in the absence of life here where nature on every side is so prolific, and one feels a relief on getting back to the forests, wet and gloomy though they are. Our return trip to Garoet proved

even slower than that to the lake, for the ponies found going down-hill in the slippery mud an irksome and dangerous task and accomplished the feat with great care and deliberation. Only our very early start permitted our return in time for rijstafel.

There are other excursions to be made in the vicinity of Garoet, but the traveller who has seen the Papandajan, the Telega Bodas, and the Sitoe Bagendit has seen the best, and in such a wonderland as Java one can hope to do little more than see a few of the best out of the hundreds of places worth visiting.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE WESTERN PREANGERS—SINDANGLAYA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

RETURNING over the branch line to Tjibatoe junction and continuing westward on the main line, we were at Bandoeng, the capital of the Preangers, in a little over two hours from Garoet. The scenery along the line is exceptionally fine, especially in the vicinity of the Nagrek Pass. The railway engineers of this section of the line were confronted with almost insuperable natural obstacles, but ultimately triumphed over them all in miles of almost continuous rock cuttings, tunnels, curves, viaducts, and bridges. Between Nagrek and Tjitjalengka the tracks drop nearly six hundred feet in less than three miles.

Bandoeng is only four and a half hours from Batavia by express train, but westward-bound passengers from Soerabaya are still obliged to break their journey there for a night. The town belies its rapidly growing population of 50,000 and in appearance is a quiet, garden city of homes. Its elevation of 2300 feet and a good reputation for

climate and sanitation, added to its low rents and low rate of living, have made it a favourite place of residence for retired Dutch officers and officials of modest means. It has the usual aloun-aloun, mosque, residency, club, and other features of the Javanese city, and a pretty river as well, but there is nothing in particular to detain the visitor, unless it be the quinine manufactory or the volcano.

The manufacture of quinine is one of the most important business interests of the city, and the company engaged in the industry seems likely to succeed in its desired end,—to corner the manufacture of the Javanese bark and to build up a world market for its product. The cinchona-tree, from which the bark is obtained, was first introduced from South America in 1854, and is now widely grown throughout the Preanger Regencies, both by the government and by individual planters. The variety called calisaya is the most popular. Its cultivation resembles that of the coffee-tree. After six or seven years the tree is sufficiently matured for the removal of its bark, and this bark, after being carefully dried, sorted, and baled, is sent to the Bandoeng manufactory and there employed in the preparation of sulphates and other salts.

There is one excursion from Bandoeng which is really worth while,—that to the craters of the Tangkoeban Prahoe (6500 feet), a mountain which derives its name from a supposed resem-

blance to an overturned boat. This trip entails a drive of a dozen miles to the village of Lembang and a climb on pony-back of some six miles more. One finally reaches a point overlooking the rather remarkable twin craters. These craters, in the rainy season at least, are partially filled with water. An eruption occurred in 1896, after a period of quiet extending over fifty years; another in 1910. From the crater rim there is a splendid view, including, to the north, the Java Sea. In the little village of Lembang may be seen the grave and the memorial obelisk of Junghuhn, the celebrated naturalist, who spent the greater part of his life in the study of the natural wonders of Java.

About twenty minutes to the west of Bandoeng the express train stops at Padalarang, the junction station for the new line by which Weltevreden may be reached (by way of Krawang) in less than four hours from Bandoeng. It is preferable, however, to stick to the old way, which, though longer, offers greater attractions. Doing so, one is soon in the mountains again, crawling along the shoulder of the Goenoeng Misigit or Mosque Mountain, a mass vaguely suggestive, to those gifted with strong imaginations, of the form of a mosque. The descent to the plain of Tjiandjoer is steep, and viaducts and sharp curves are frequent. The country is wild for the most part, and forests and ravines constitute the principal

TYPES OF JAVANESE BEAUTY



features of the scenery. At a point passed shortly before the train pulls up at Tjiandjoer, about an hour and a half after passing the junction, the level of the plain is broken by innumerable mounds or small hills, some of them as much as seventy or eighty feet high. The tops of many of these have been pre-empted as building sites, and others are occupied by little cemeteries. It is said that they were formed by lava streams from the volcano of Gedeh, but it seems hardly possible that this is so.

Tjiandjoer is the station for Sindanglaya, and there we left the train for a steep, uphill drive of two hours and a half (nine miles) to the famous mountain resort and sanitarium, the mandoer of the Sindanglaya hotel meeting us at the station with a three-pony sado for our baggage as well as one for ourselves. Tjiandjoer, formerly the capital of the Preangers, lies in a plain or valley 1882 feet above the sea: Sindanglaya, in a charming, rolling, hill country, about 1600 feet higher up. The road connecting the two places is broad and remarkably straight, but the grades are very hard on the ponies and on the human burden carriers, who struggle up the endless hill with evident discomfort. The sados or cars of this district have a peculiar contrivance by means of which the body of the vehicle may be moved forward or back on the axle, according as the grade is to be up or down hill, thereby lessening

to some extent the labour of the long-suffering ponies. It is not surprising to find such a road lined with inns for the refreshment of man and beast. These inns have immense roofs which cover, not only the house proper, but also a sort of recessed court, affording ample shelter from the scorching rays of the sun and the drenching downpours of the tropical showers. We noticed a new type of roof on some of the native dwellings, the supporting ridge-pole being horizontal in the middle and sloping down at each end for a distance of several feet. Nearly all the houses have front steps leading to raised and balustraded verandahs.

The Sindanglaya hotel, which is entirely of wood and in many features of its architecture calls to mind the chalet constructions of Switzerland, occupies the site of an earlier building destroyed in 1879 by disturbances of the earth which accompanied a severe eruption of the volcano, Gedeh. It has outside stairways, deep piazzas, reading rooms, a billiard room, and a bowling alley. The bedrooms have real windows with glass panes, and some of the upper ones are lighted by skylights in addition.

Sindanglaya is in the Preangers, but quite close to the boundary line of the Batavia Residency,—in fact, from the Poentjak Pass, about seven miles distant, one may look far into the neighbouring province and almost see Buitenzorg. The road

which leads over this pass is justly celebrated, not for the cleverness of the engineers responsible for its laying out, but for the manner in which it goes over rather than around all obstacles, sacrificing comfort in every instance to an attempt to follow as nearly as possible the straight line. It was built in 1810 under the stern hand of Daendals, the Iron Marshal, and its construction was effected at the cost of thousands of lives, for the natives, forced to abandon their crops and give their labour to the prosecution of this prodigious piece of work, succumbed in great numbers to the famine which followed as a natural consequence.

Our first notion of the difficulties of the Poentjak Pass road came with the arrival of the cart in which the steep ascent was to be made. Not only were there three ponies hitched abreast to this vehicle, but a fourth or cockhorse stood alongside ready for use when necessary. Almost immediately after leaving the hamlet in front of the hotel the climbing began, and before long we were glad to be able to avail ourselves of the services of our additional horse power, for the grade was the steepest that one could easily imagine in a road for wheeled vehicles. This road is the highway to the markets of the valley beyond, and up this terrible ascent toils a never-ending procession of peasants and day labourers, their sweating backs bent low under bamboo carriers supporting at the ends heavy loads of local produce. Huge quanti-

ties of onions and potatoes are thus transported to the lowland markets, but at the expense, one would imagine, of many lives, for the heart strain of climbing so steep a road, at such an elevation, under so hot a sun, and with loads so heavy, must be enormous.

At the summit of the pass, 4950 feet above the sea, and only nineteen miles by road from Buitenzorg, there is a little wayside inn or lodge, where the ponies are given a chance to rest in a sheltered spot, while a visit is made to the Telega Warna or "Colour-changing Lake," a picturesque mountain tarn nestling close to the hillside on the far side of the ridge. We walked a short distance beyond the summit of the pass with the magnificent panorama of the country towards Buitenzorg spread like a map below us, then turned off to the right and followed a path leading through an unattractive area of half-burned timber land to the fringe of thick woods which surrounds the charming little pond. The Telega Warna is nearly circular and about three hundred feet in diameter. It takes its name from the various tints assumed by its waters in different lights and at different seasons. For some reason that I have not been able to find out, tradition has given the lake a certain sanctity, and childless women go there in great numbers to pray for offspring.

The return drive to the hotel was far too full of thrills to be enjoyable. If the road seemed steep

on the way up, it certainly seemed doubly so on the way down, and there were places where nearly everyone would prefer to trust to his feet. The view of the country below is extended, and on a clear day the mountains near Bandoeng may be clearly seen. The descent took us hardly more than a half-hour.

A few minutes' stroll down hill from the hotel we found a pretty pond where rowboats could be hired, and where, until quite recently, one could be paddled about in one of the floating summer-houses such as we used on the Sitoe Bagendit. It was also possible at one time to hire clumsy water-boots or foot-boats, in which one using great care and gifted with a natural sense of balance could walk about on the surface of the water. Repeated accidents finally caused the abandonment of this novel form of water sport.

At the foot of this same hill is Tjipanas, the country palace of the Governor-General. The grounds of the palace are open to visitors during the absence of officialdom, and one may enjoy the privilege of wandering about the park-like gardens and beside the quiet stream, breathing in the delicious scent of the roses, and loitering in the shade of the trees of our home-land,—oaks, chestnuts, cypresses, and willows, as well as eucalyptus-trees and many other varieties. In these gardens, too, are begonias, fuchsias, dahlias, hortensias, cowslips, maidenhair ferns, and many other familiar

and beloved members of the plant and flower world. It is quite a treat to get this little glimpse, as it were, of home, in far-off Java.

Continuing our walk beyond Tjipanas, through the hamlet of Rarahan, and past the diminutive waterfall, one reaches in less than an hour the top of Kasoer, or "Breakfast," Hill, a small ridge rising abruptly from the valley floor to a height of 3640 feet above sea-level. It is said that a former governor-general was in the habit of walking to its summit every morning and taking his breakfast in the little summer-house on top. There is a fine view from the pavilion, comprising a wide range of country. To the north-east, the Java Sea is visible; to the south-west, the active volcano Gedeh and its quiet fellow, Pangerango (9800 feet); to the south, the Poentjak Pass, and nearer and lower, the Sindanglaya hotel; to the north-west and west, a rough chain of bare mountains, screening in a nearer valley of rice-fields.

Among the longer excursions from Sindanglaya that on horseback to the three waterfalls is the most interesting to the average traveller, and has the merit of being easily accomplished in a short half-day. Descending the hill from the hotel, we turned sharply to the right at the palace of the governor-general, and, after a gradual ascent through highly cultivated land over gentle slopes, once or twice dropping to the valley and crossing the stream by a bridge with walls and roof such

as one is used to associate with the White Mountains or the Berkshire Hills at home, reached a fork in the trail where the left-hand branch leads to the government experimental station or mountain botanical gardens, situated on the side of Gedeh over 4600 feet up. In these gardens experiments are being made with the various useful plants and shrubs which are ordinarily found in the temperate zones, with a view to introducing their cultivation in the mountain districts of Java. The gardens are well equipped with nurseries and laboratories, and directly back of them lies the forest primeval, a perfect paradise for botanists and collectors.

The trail to the right at the fork leads around the shoulder of the mountain, through slush and slime, and part of the way apparently in the bed of a brook, over slippery bits of dilapidated corduroy road, and broken-down bridges, and through sopping foliage and underbrush. It is by no means level, and climbing over slippery wood and rolling stones on a steep grade puts to a severe task the capabilities of the sure-footed ponies. For nearly an hour we rode through the dense woods, occasionally walking for a time so as to be able to take in more thoroughly the beauty of the splendid trees, the ferns, the orchids, and other beauties of the jungle. Finally, at a widening of the path, beside a rustic bench and a sign marking the trail to the "Kandang Badak," we left the

ponies in charge of one of the boys who had followed us on foot from the hotel, and continued for a few minutes' walk through a perfect "Slough of Despond," fairly wallowing in mud and slimy grass, and at last bringing up at a wild, rocky, thickly overgrown basin, at the far end of which, over a high wall of rock, plunged three streams of water in three fine waterfalls of totally different characteristics.

These falls are generally called the Falls of Tjibeureum (red water), after the central one of the three, which is the largest and has a drop of some 450 feet. The Tjibodas (white water), to the left, is considerably wider but otherwise incomparable with the Tjibeureum. The Tjikoendoel, to the right, is still smaller and almost concealed by the luxuriant vegetation surrounding it on all sides. The absolute riot of jungle in this spot can hardly be realized. Everything seemed to be saturated with moisture and the very rocks seemed fertile. The greens of the verdure and the browns of the trees were intense. We felt an impression of a certain heaviness and oppressiveness in everything. The gloom, and wildness of the place became actually unpleasant after a few minutes, and it was a relief to get away. Near by is an even damper spot,—a cave or grotto where scores of malodorous flying foxes spend their hours of rest.

Rejoining the ponies, we made the return trip



Photo by the Author

ON AN UPPER PLATFORM, BORO BOEDOER



Photo by Carr M. Thomas

A SOENDANESE HOUSE IN THE PREANGERS

to the hotel in an hour and a half. If the traveller wishes to see more of the jungle, he may take the trail to the "Kandang Badak" or "Rhinosceros Kraal," a point on the saddle which joins Gedeh and Pangerango, about two hours and a half beyond the sign-board. In earlier days the Kandang Badak was a favourite sleeping-place of the "rhinos," but to-day there are probably none within several miles. Energetic mountain climbers spend the night in an iron shelter at the Kandang Badak and ascend either Gedeh or Pangerango in the early morning, the additional climb taking about two hours. The sunrise view is said to be marvellous, but very few are willing to undergo the hardships which are the necessary accompaniments of such a trip. The active crater of Gedeh is probably the most impressive of all the accessible craters of Java. This volcano, after a long period of quiet lasting from 1761 to 1832, erupted violently seven times in the next twenty years and has since then been the scene of numerous upheavals and convulsions. In 1879 it was responsible for the destruction of Sindanglaya, and it is said that in, 1899, rocks weighing upwards of three hundred pounds were thrown from its crater to a distance of over half a mile.

It is quite possible to go from Sindanglaya to Buitenzorg direct, by taking a cart over the Poentjak Pass, but in going to the Telega Warna

we had seen the best part of this route, and we preferred to return to Tjiandjoer, pick up the train there, and make one last stop in the Preangers, at the little settlement of Soekaboemi ("Place of Delights"), an hour and a half farther on by the express. After the wonderful scenery that we had been enjoying so lately, the views from the train windows seemed tame, and for the first time for many weeks books were welcome as travelling companions. Installed in comfortable quarters at the Victoria Hotel at Soekaboemi we spent a day or two in absolute rest before starting on the last stage of our journey across Java. Soekaboemi is well suited for rest and recuperation, by its elevation of 2000 feet, by the opportunity it affords for pleasant drives in comfortable carriages along agreeably shaded roads, and by its very lack of excursions requiring the expenditure of energy and muscle.

On leaving Soekaboemi we bade farewell to the wonderful Preangers, rich in scenery, in volcanoes, and in crops. I doubt if there is anywhere in the world a greater abundance of beautiful and impressive bits of scenery, a more numerous collection of fire mountains, or a more liberal variety of crops. Of these last I have, for lack of space, given but the barest idea. Besides the hardwood forests, the tea, coffee, sugar-cane, and cinchona plantations, the ubiquitous rice-fields, cocoanut- and banana-trees, the salt pools

and tobacco plantations of the Preangers are of great value.

There are two kinds of tobacco grown in Java: the native, which is grown chiefly in the Preangers, in rotation with dry-grown rice, and produces a raw, rank leaf used only by local smokers, and a higher grade, nearly all exported, which is raised, principally in Central and Eastern Java, from Manila seed. In tobacco planting the young plants undergo a nursery period of a couple of months, and are then replanted, shaded from the sun by rice-straw, carefully watered, and the roots aired from time to time. When the leaves begin to hang down they are plucked and taken to the drying shed to be fermented, sorted, and baled for market. Some twelve million dollars worth of tobacco is exported from Java annually.

From Soekaboemi we took the express to Batavia, and ended our visit to Java with a few final days at Weltevreden, preliminary to embarking for Sumatra. During over a month of travel in this most delightful of islands, this "garden of the East," each day had added something to our fund of pleasant memories and, despite the prevalence of the rains and other petty annoyances and discomfitures, we left Java with one general and unanimous sentiment as a result of our experiences,—that nowhere on earth is there a land which so nearly approaches one's highest ideals of tropical beauty, and nowhere a land where such wonders

are so accessible. Java is indeed a traveller's paradise.

Sumatra, where we spent the remainder of our time in the *Insulinde*, is so little known to the average reader or traveller that, before going on with the relation of personal experiences, I shall devote a few pages to the geography and history of this island.

CHAPTER XV

THE ISLAND OF SUMATRA—DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL

THE great island of Sumatra is over thirteen times the size of Holland, its mother-country, and larger than Great Britain and Ireland together, nearly four times as large as Java, and the fifth island of the whole world in area, Greenland, New Guinea, Borneo, and Madagascar alone surpassing it. It lies almost equally in the northern and southern hemispheres, north-west of Java and west and south of the Malay Peninsula, its western and northern shores being washed by the Indian Ocean, those to the south by the Straits of Sunda and those to the east by the Straits of Malacca and the Java Sea. It has a length of over 1000 miles and a maximum breadth of 230 miles. Though quite capable of sustaining a population of sixty or seventy millions, the present number of its inhabitants is estimated at only a little over three millions. Of the vast area of this enormous island a large part is still unexplored and unknown, and although a bordering strip of coast-land, a section

of country at the extreme north, and the splendid highlands back of Padang (half-way up the west coast) are open to commerce and civilized cultivation; the interior plateaus, forests, and mountains are still the home of cannibal tribes and the haunt of elephants and tigers.

Running lengthwise through the island, and forming a sort of irregular spine from end to end, is the great broken range of mountains known as the Barisons or Sumatran Alps. The summits of some of the giants of this chain reach to an elevation of ten and even twelve thousand feet, and among the highest are found the awe-inspiring fire-mountains or volcanoes which form such an important feature of the usual Sumatran landscape. Of a total of nearly a hundred volcanoes, only about a dozen are active at the present day, but on all sides is to be seen the evidence of recent volcanic eruption, and many of the now slumbering giants are probably quite capable of a fresh awakening to work of destruction.

The rivers of Sumatra are many. They are for the most part inconsequential from the point of commercial importance, but are valuable as means of irrigation, and have been in past ages the undoubted cause of the building up of the rich lowlands of the east coast, carrying down and depositing at their estuaries the soil washed by the heavy rains from the mountains and hillsides of the interior. The four largest

rivers are the Asahan, the Indragiri, the Djambi, and the Moesi. The last of these furnishes an admirable illustration of the extent of the alluvial deposits of Sumatran rivers, for Palembang, now fifty-six miles from the sea on the Moesi, was once a coast town at the river's mouth. The lakes of Sumatra are probably not yet all known. The greatest is the lake of Toba, a sheet of water covering an area of nearly 800 square miles. The lake of Singkarah and the crater-lake of Manindjau are in the Padang highlands and better known to Europeans.

The fertility of the soil of this immense island is about on a par with that of Java, but in richness of mineral deposits and the variety of animal life Sumatra is decidedly more fortunate. Gold, silver, iron, lead, tin, sulphur, alum, naphtha, saltpetre, petroleum, coal, marble, and precious stones are all found, and in sufficient bulk to swell to tremendous proportions the budget of the island's natural wealth. Among the larger animals, tigers, rhinoceroses, elephants, panthers, and the great constrictor snakes abound, while among the lesser, the butterflies have a world-wide reputation for size and gaudy colouring. The vegetable kingdom is represented by a profusion of trees and plants, and some of the flowers of Sumatra attain prodigious dimensions, the blossom of the "tjindawanmatahari" being over three feet in diameter. The climate has nothing to dis-

tinguish it from that of Java. Early mists are general, and forked lightning and waterspouts are phenomena of everyday occurrence off the coast. The monsoons are approximately the same as elsewhere in the Indies.

The history of the great island before its re-discovery by the Portuguese is wrapped in mystery. In the maps and notes of the early cartographers and travellers a number of different names have been used in connection with an island vaguely situated somewhere beyond the India of the mainland, and thought by many to be sufficiently identified as Sumatra, but the geographical knowledge of the time was extremely hazy, and it is apparent that at least one of these names was used of Sumatra by one man and of Madagascar by another. Among these names on the ancient maps are Taprobani, Tropoban, Samara, Al Rami, Samantara, Palisimonde, Malayu, and Tosan. Even the derivation of the present name is a matter of doubt and two explanations are offered, some stating its origin to lie in an abbreviation of the Malay words "burut suma utara," used by the people of Java to describe the situation of Sumatra to their "north-west," others declaring an earlier form, Sumudra, to have been the name, first of a village on the north-east coast, then of the town to which the village grew, later of the kingdom governed from the town, and finally of the entire island. These last authorities affirm

SUMATRAN WOMEN IN THEIR SLENDANGS



Sumudra to be from the Sanscrit word for sea. Di Conti, a traveller of the fifteenth century, is responsible for the spelling Shamuthera, and Ibn Batuta, the Arab who spent a fortnight at the court of a Sumatran king, in 1346 or thereabouts, while on his way to China, prefers Samathra or Samuthra.

The Malay Chronicles relate the founding of a city on the island by a fisherman, Marah Silu, later a Mahometan ruler under the name of Malik al Saleh. The name of this city is given as Sumudra. The chronicles also state that Mahometanism was introduced by a Moslem mission from Mecca which reached the island by way of mainland India. We know of a certainty nothing definite, but it is a fact that, centuries before the advent of the Portuguese, the Arabs, Hindus, and Chinese were familiar with the coasts of Sumatra and were interested in its trade.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century that remarkable traveller Marco Polo passed several months on the east coast, called the island "Java Minor," and expatiated on the tails and cannibalistic customs of its natives. Apparently at this period there were three kingdoms on the island, Mahometanism had not yet put in an appearance, and the then rising state of Sumuthala was in the habit of paying tribute to the famous Kublai Khan, the ruler or suzerain of nearly the whole of far-eastern Asia. Odori-

cus and Mandeville visited the island in the fourteenth century, but their relations add little to the scant information at our command.

As was the case in the rest of the Insulinde, the Portuguese, in the early years of the sixteenth century, were the first Europeans to make serious attempts to establish permanent trade relations with the natives of Sumatra. Sequeira, as early as 1509, cruised about the coast, landed at Pedir and Pasay on the north-east, and did some trading; Albuquerque also, in 1511, visited Pedir; and in 1513 the King of Portugal in a letter to the Pope makes mention of the recent discovery of Sumatra. Ludovico di Varthema tells of a visit in 1505, but despite claims in his behalf, he apparently was no more a discoverer of the island than was Polo. In 1520 Diogo Pacheco made the first complete circumnavigation, but by that date nearly every point on the coast had been already visited by his fellow-countrymen. The voyages of the various Portuguese captains brought into their hands a profitable trade in peppers and other spices, but the continued hostility of the natives, especially in Achin in the north, for a long time delayed them in extending their recently acquired dominion at Malacca to the great neighbouring island,—in fact the Achinese actually made strenuous attempts to drive them from their Maiaccan stronghold.

The Dutch and English entered the competition

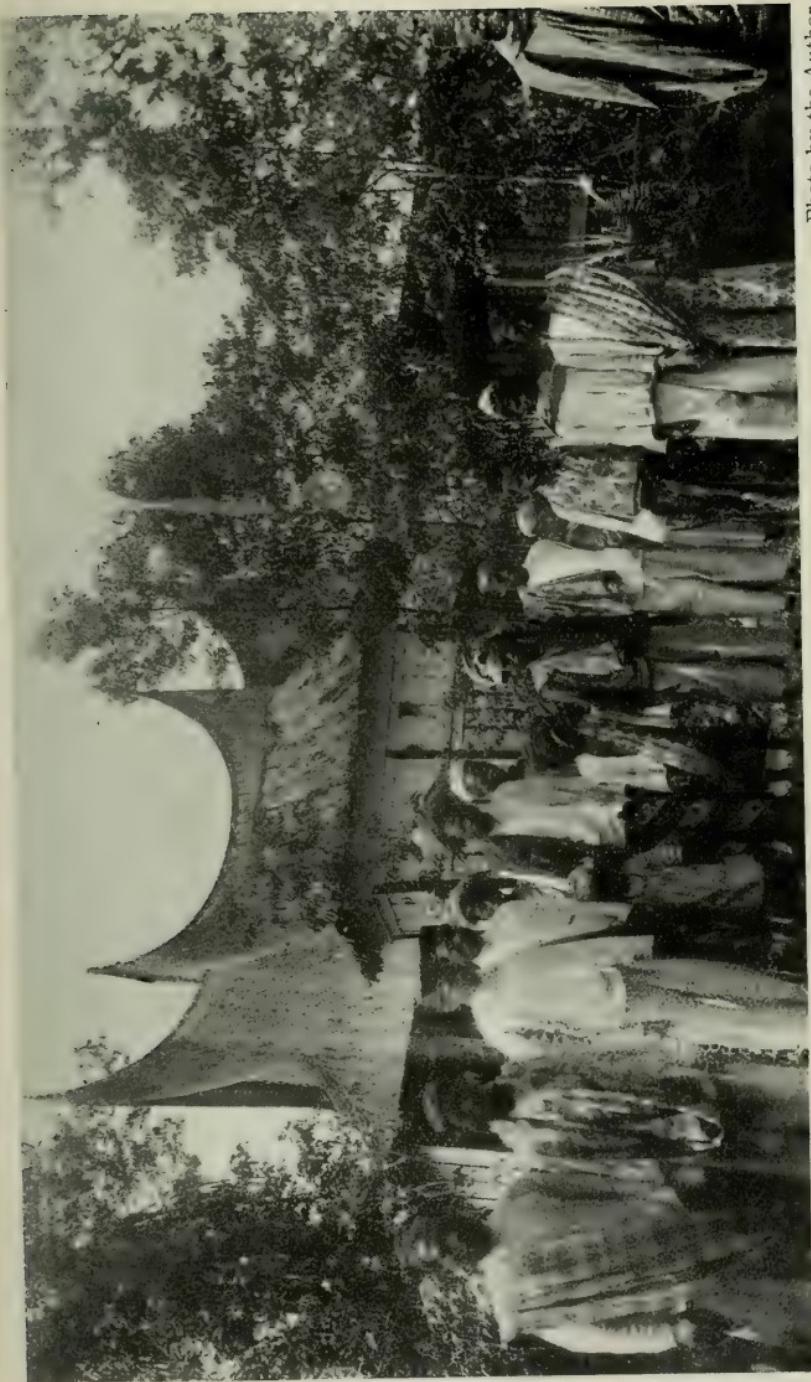
for Sumatran trade nearly a century later, Cornelius Houtman being the first arrival. Houtman was killed by the resentful natives of Achin in 1599, and in the same year John Davis visited Achin, Lancaster coming in the following year and succeeding in making a treaty with the Achinese on behalf of the East India Company providing for a trade in pepper. By this time the famous "armada" had met its end, and the maritime ventures of the Latin peoples had received a severe setback, giving the newcomers every opportunity to reap the benefits so long beyond their reach. The English, as we have seen in another connection, gradually centred their energies on the mainland and took comparatively little interest in the islands after the middle of the seventeenth century. The Dutch met with such harsh treatment in Achin that they preferred to give the best of their attention to Java and the Spice Islands farther to the east.

It was only after the fall of Napoleon and the restoration of the islands to the Dutch after the temporary British occupation that steps were taken to bring the vast territories of the Mahometan sultans of the Sumatran kingdoms under the direct or advisory rule of Netherlands India, and it was not till 1872 that Great Britain agreed to recognize the sovereignty of Holland over the entire island, and then only in return for concessions on the African Gold Coast.

The subjugation and pacification of Sumatra have from the first proved undertakings of more than ordinary difficulty, and the presence of garrisons in the chief towns and at strategic points throughout the country is still a necessary safeguard to the maintenance of the Dutch rule. Outbreaks occur from time to time and the handling of the sensitive, courageous, revengeful natives requires a rare combination of firmness and delicacy. In the north, in Achin, or Atjeh as it is officially named, the domination of Europeans has been strenuously resisted from the very first. The killing of Houtman by the Achinese in 1599 was but the beginning of a series of bitter struggles, which were brought to a temporary close by the expulsion of the Dutch in 1616, but resumed upon their return after a short absence and continued intermittently to within a few years. During the British occupation of the early nineteenth century, Raffles deposed the Achinese king or sultan and forced a commercial treaty upon the natives, but the effects of his efforts were not lasting, and when the Dutch recovered possession Achin once more broke into open rebellion. In 1873 the endless feud culminated in actual warfare, and the bad health conditions of the coast and natural inaccessibility of the highlands proved such able allies of the Achincse that for over thirty years the Dutch expeditions were unsuccessful in their attempts to bring about

Photo by the Author

HOUSE AND GROUP OF NATIVES, PADANG HIGHLANDS
(Note effect of heat on film.)



conditions of peace. The various Achin wars and expeditions are estimated to have cost the Dutch over 200,000 lives and \$200,000,000 gold in all. To-day Atchin is reported as pacified and its capital, Kota Radja, is the seat of a Dutch governor and the headquarters of the army of occupation. Apparently permanent peace conditions have at last been established in this disturbed region after three centuries of almost unbroken hostilities.

In Deli, Siak, Djambi, and Palembang on the east coast the native sultans have become protected rulers and Dutch Residents dictate their policies and are responsible for their government. The Lampung country in the south was annexed at the time of Marshal Daendals, as the result of a successful expedition against the King of Bantam, then overlord of the Lampongs. The neighbouring kingdoms to the north were taken over soon after the middle of the last century. Bencoolen on the south-west coast was acquired with a strip of coast land from the British. The lands of the uncivilized Bataks, once considered part of southern Achin, have only quite recently come under the absolute control of the Dutch.

The rich, central, highland country back of Padang (half-way up the west coast) remained in the hands of the native sovereigns of the kingdom or empire of Menangkabau till near the close of the last century, although its annexation had been

planned for a number of years. The downfall of Menangkabau may be traced to religious disagreements of the natives occasioned by certain "hadjis" or Mahometan pilgrims who returned to their native land from Mecca in 1803, filled with zeal for the reformation of their lax co-religionists at home. Unsuccessful in their efforts to induce the ruler of their land to abolish the adat or customary law which for several centuries had been the supreme authority in the government of domestic and other relations, these hadjis and their followers, later known as the "Padris," finally instituted a religious rebellion. This grew to such proportions that the native ruler found himself unable to cope with it without outside assistance, and in 1821 called upon the Dutch for aid. It took the Europeans over fifteen years of hard fighting to suppress the fanatic rebels, and during these years their covetousness was constantly aroused by the sight of the magnificent country over which they were fighting. Soon after the end of the Padri war steps were taken towards a possible annexation of Menangkabau, but native sentiment was aroused to a fever point by the mere suggestion, and the fear of a general outbreak throughout the whole island seems to have led to the abandonment of the scheme for the time. It was not till 1899 that the psychological moment arrived and the long-planned annexation was effected.

The Achin and the Padri wars serve in some measure to illustrate the difficulties of subduing the natives of Sumatra and to explain in part the backwardness of the island in matters of exploitation and civilization, as compared with Java and the Spice Islands. The present seems to be a transition period between an exceptionally dark past and an exceptionally bright future. Sumatra is surely a coming country. Its resources have as yet been hardly touched, and when its vast natural wealth is developed it will probably prove as valuable to its owners as any colonial possession in the world. Its possibilities for cultivation are almost limitless, and one of its future fields of usefulness will doubtless lie in the ability of its now sparsely populated lands to furnish homes and food supplies to the surplus millions of yet unborn Javanese who will be unable to find space or sustenance on their own island.

Communications are beyond a doubt the most important aid in the opening up of a new country, but for many years the Dutch were strangely conservative in the matter of railroads in their colonial possessions, even blocking for a time the construction of a trunk line across Java. Recently a more progressive spirit is becoming manifest and tracks are beginning to stretch out in every direction. Sumatra already boasts about two hundred miles of railway proper and in addition three hundred and fifty odd of narrow-

gauge or tram-line. The latter are all in the north-east, and two hundred and fifty miles of track are comprised in the military line which extends along the coast and through the interior of Achin, a line built to serve the needs of the troops, but lately thrown open to public use. The broad-gauge roads include the Medan-Deli system in the east, and the hundred and fifty miles of track joining Padang and the highland regions of Central Sumatra to its east. At the present there is no railway across the island, but from Bencoolen, Padang, and other points it is possible to accomplish the journey from east to west or vice versa by making use of pony carts part of the way and river steamers the rest. There are good roads in the coast districts and motor-cars are fast becoming a familiar sight.

The hotels of Sumatra are few and primitive, moderate in their charges, and usually managed by polite and willing hosts. The same pavilion or gallery system is used to which we have become so accustomed in Java, but it is best to make no further comparisons and to expect very little in the way of modern conveniences or even of usual comforts. Travelling for pleasure has not yet become sufficiently common in Sumatra to create a demand for much more than a place in which to sleep and get meals, and the local inns afford little in excess of the demand.

CHAPTER XVI

UP THE WEST COAST OF SUMATRA TO PADANG

FROM Batavia one has a choice of two routes to Sumatra by the steamers of the inter-island line (the Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij),—one service running to Palembang, Djambi, and the other ports of the east coast, another to Bencoolen and Padang on the west coast. As the finest country in all Sumatra is the central plateau land accessible from Padang, nearly all travellers prefer the voyage up the west coast, despite the fact that the sea is apt to be rough nearly all the way and the few stops are made in open roadsteads, where the ships roll heavily at anchor, exposed to the wash of the whole Indian Ocean.

Lacking time for both trips, we decided on the west coast route and set sail from Tandjong Priok in a trim little steamer of about two thousand tons, burning oil fuel and laden with a cargo which appeared to be composed principally of ammunition and explosives. Nearly all the first-cabin

passengers were booked for the first stop, *en route* to newly discovered gold-fields, and only a mere handful for the entire voyage of three days and a half to Emmahaven, the port of Padang. Our departure was remarkable chiefly for the gay parties of half-castes who came to the steamer to say farewell to relatives and friends among the passengers. The Dutch seem to find no difficulty in ignoring the colour-line, and it is perfectly true that many of these "coloured Europeans" are highly cultivated and thoroughly refined, yet at first it is, for some reason, extremely difficult to admit their claims to social equality. The captain of our ship spoke English fluently, but the "jonges," or stewards, I soon discovered, knew no European tongue but Dutch.

We left the harbour shortly before sunset, steaming through the islands at the most favourable time of day for a thorough enjoyment of the last views of Java. Attended by schools of flying fish, our steamer passed slowly the Poeloe Kapal or Ship Island (also called Onrust), once an important naval base, but now, through the rise of Soerabaya, shorn of its glory and reduced to the low rank of a mere repair station; then Kuiper with its old lookout tower; Edam, the light-house island, and a score of others, low-lying and covered with masses of green verdure. Looking back towards Java, the summits of Salak and the Gedeh of Bantam could be seen for a long time raising their

majestic tops above the disappearing lowlands of the coast.

During the night we navigated the choppy waters of the Straits of Sunda and at dawn entered the quiet, deep bay of Telok Betong, anchoring about half a mile from the shore and settlement. From the ship sandy beaches, plantations, and a background of low, hummocked hills with unsightly clearings on their heavily forested sides are the main features of the landscape. Towards the sea the entrance of the bay is partially closed by a series of small cone-shaped islands of evident volcanic origin. Unfortunately for the gratification of my curiosity, the through passengers were not able to go ashore at Telok Betong, the ship's boats having quite enough to keep them busy in landing the cargo and the persons booked for this port. The town is the capital of the Lampong districts and said to be a favourite trading place of the Chinese, Arabs, and Bugis, but its population is under 4000 and there is absolutely nothing of interest to be seen in it or its vicinity; none the less, we would rather have landed than spent the hot morning as we did in watching the native sail-boats skidding tantalizingly about over the smooth water, their inverted triangular sails bellied out by breezes which we could not feel.

As we finally got under way and left the bay, a line of high mountains far astern—the lower

ridges of the Barisons—began to shed their pall of clouds, and at nearly the same moment the steamer cleared the protection of the islands at the entrance, and began to roll heavily in the ground-swell. Mountains and all else soon lost interest in a general rush for cabins, and although Krakatoa, the most famous volcano in Asia, if not in the whole world, was to be sighted very shortly, hardly a passenger retained a sufficient interest in the outside world to remain on deck.

Krakatoa, or Rakata, is a crater-island or island-crater that brought itself prominently before the eyes of all mankind in its great, historic eruption of August, 1883. In this titanic convulsion the monster volcano nearly destroyed itself, totally obliterated from the map an island of considerable size, changed completely a part of the neighbouring coast-line of Java, expelled eighteen cubic kilometers of mud and lava from its rent crater, and emitted clouds of vapour which rose to an altitude over five times as great as that of the summit of Mont Blanc. Other facts are even more impressive. The noise of the explosion was heard nearly three thousand miles away, darkened skies were reported for as much as twenty-four hours to a distance of over a hundred miles, and ashes fell over all Southern Sumatra and Western Java. Smaller particles of ash, blown high into the upper air, remained in suspense for weeks and gave a

Photo by Carr M. Thomas

A GROUP OF NATIVES NEAR LAKE MANINDJAU, SUMATRA



peculiarly lurid colouring to the sunsets as far even as Australia.

One terrible aftermath of the explosion was a tidal wave, seventy or eighty feet high, which swept over the near-by coasts of Java and Sumatra, carrying death and desolation in its wake. The marks left on the hillsides by this colossal wave are still plainly visible at Telok Betong, and the story is told that a small steamer was dragged from its anchorage and deposited in the market-place of a native village two miles away and thirty feet above sea-level. On the west coast of Java some 36,000 people were drowned and their homes carried off to sea in the recession of this monstrous wave.

To-day the island of Krakatoa is a misshapen mass and bears no resemblance to the graceful cones which enclose so many of the island craters. The traces of the great eruption are being rapidly concealed by a thick growth of vegetation, and the ragged slopes and bare, ugly levels of yesterday are already nearly covered. From a distance, at least, one would never imagine that this utterly peaceful-looking island was, but thirty years ago, the scene of such terrific manifestations of the internal unrest of our thin-shelled planet.

After rounding the south-western extremity of Sumatra, Cape Vlakke Hoek, we met rougher seas, and the little steamer settled into an unremitting roll, which seemed to grow worse and worse as we

steamed to the north. At Bentoehan in the Bay of Sombat, and at Manna on the open sea, we stopped to discharge cargo, and the rolling and tossing about at anchor reminded me unpleasantly of similar experiences in cruising down the east coast of Australia. There, one has the advantage of being protected by the Great Barrier Reef while between ports, but the stops are generally made off towns built at the mouths of rivers, where the current of these streams is responsible for great breaches in the reef, through which comes the wash of the Pacific in all its accumulated strength. Writers have described the voyage from Cape Vlakke Hoek to Bencoelen (the next stop north of Manna) as, during the prevalence of the wet monsoon, the worst for bad weather and high seas in all the Far East. From my limited experiences I feel inclined to concur most heartily in this.

It is a half day's steam from Manna to Bencoelen, and sandy beaches and a background of high mountains are always in sight. An hour before turning in to the Bencoelen anchorage we passed a small bay, the mouth of which was nearly closed by a large wreck and the coral accretions which had built up about it. Some seventy-five miles inland are the valuable mines of an Australian coal concession, and the bay was soon to be opened for use as a shipping point for the product, and a railway built to the interior. Arriving off Bencoelen too late to admit of the working of the cargo, we

anchored well out from the shore, and rolled all night as we had rolled all day. In the evening some of the ship's officers gave an impromptu concert with the aid of a quaint little portable organ with a register of but two octaves, the wind for which was supplied by a bellows worked by a crank and foot pedal. "Rolling down to Rio" seemed altogether the most appropriate of the many selections with which we were edified.

At dawn we moved in towards the shore, but there still remained a good twenty minutes' pull in a ship's boat to the landing jetty. Bencoolen is, after Padang, the most important city of the west coast. It is the capital of a residency and has a population of 7700. Under the régime of the British and their able representative Raffles, this town for a time seemed likely to become the principal city of all the far eastern island settlements, and later, under the Dutch, it was still thought to have a great future before it, but in the end the natural obstacles to its progress proved insuperable, and the town has fallen into a state of stagnation, a victim to its feverish, unhealthy site and the rapid silting up of its harbour.

Beyond the landing jetty, on a hillock to the left, as one approaches by water, stands a relic of British days, the correct little fortification still called Fort Marlborough. Within its sally-port are the tombs of three Englishmen who died here in the performance of their military duty. This

miniature fort is in a fine state of preservation, and its dry moat, walls, parapets, sentinels' lookouts, barracks, dungeons, and magazines are all in serviceable condition, though, of course, too ancient to challenge comparison with the defensive works of more modern times. The fort overlooks both the sea and the settlement, and the view from the battlements is well worth the exertion of the climb. A few yards from Fort Marlborough, on a plain or parade-ground which recalls vividly the "training-grounds" of the early New England village, we found the mansion of the Dutch Resident, and near-by, like the skeleton at the feast, a domed memorial built at the behest of the government by forced native labour to the memory of a former Resident assassinated by natives.

The foreign section of Bencoolen lies back from the shore and is hardly visible from the sea. It is the embodiment of quiet and restfulness. Its sanded roads, fair lawns, and prosperous, colonial houses with high, gabled roofs of red tiling bear many signs of the English influence. Along the water-front are the Arab and Chinese Camps or quarters, the buildings of which are huddled together in about equal proportions of thatched and tiled roofs, sheet iron bearing a disagreeably prominent part in the construction of many. The native kampongs lie quite outside of the town, and are to no appreciable extent different from those to which we have become so used in the ports

of Java and the smaller islands. The country carts of this vicinity have high, arched roofs and are gaily coloured and otherwise ornamented. The motive power is furnished by bullocks or carbos. The inhabitants of Bencoolen are in physiognomy and dress quite indistinguishable from those of Western Java, unless perhaps to the eyes of an expert ethnologist.

The country surrounding the settlement is rich in rice, tobacco, peppers, gambir, rattan, and other valuable products, and the forests and plains farther inland are a favourite herding ground of wild elephants and the home of several other varieties of big game. Individual tuskers have been killed within fifteen miles of the town, and large troops are often reported slightly farther away. During our short stop of a few hours I heard wonderful tales of hunting the huge beasts on motor cycles, and again of cases in which these animals became lost in the dense fog and strayed into native villages, or where, suddenly frightened, they stampeded to the jungle through fields, orchards, and native houses alike, leaving behind them a track of ruin and waste.

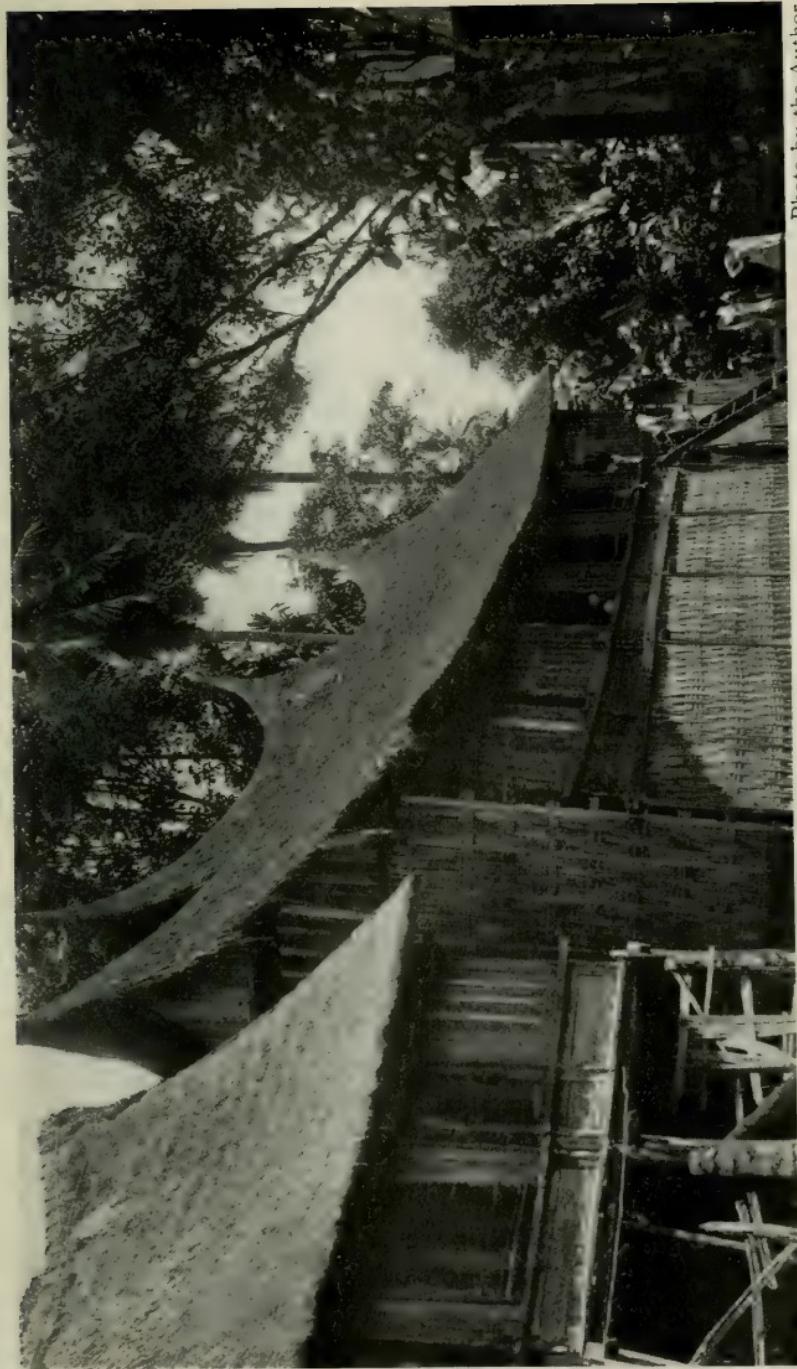
There are high mountains in the Bencoolen Residency, and several peaks may be seen from shipboard on clear days,—the Bongso, in form like a sugar-loaf, the volcano Kaba, and, almost behind Manna, the giant Dempo, over 10,000 feet high. Despite the mountains it is quite easy to

cross the island from Bencoolen to Palembang. Tebing Tinggi, a garrisoned post on an upper reach of the Moesi River, makes an excellent half-way station; river steamers are available for a great part of the distance, and a postal motor-car may be used for the last hundred miles or so of the journey.

A few hours after leaving Bencoolen we ran into smoother water, in the lea of a line of coastal islands, and for the remainder of the voyage to Emmahaven the sea gave us no cause for complaint. There was luckily one compensation for the roughness of these heavy west coast seas and the discomforts which were their natural consequence,—the splendour of the sunsets and the beauties of the sky at sunrise. The sunsets in particular were simply marvellous. Every evening for at least an hour the sky was a gorgeous mass of colour, changing continually but always brilliant, a strong contrast to the weird shades of the water, which gradually darkened from indigo or green to inky blackness. One evening the sky and clouds took on, with almost uncanny truthfulness, the semblance of a fairy city,—a city on a river-bank, with streets, squares, buildings, and water of wondrous tints of rose-pink, grey, and blue. For a full quarter-hour the outlines were as clear as those of a mirage, and then of a sudden the vision lost form, and the fairy tints deepened into splendid, vivid reds, purples, greens, and golds.

Photo by the Author

NATIVE HOUSES, PAJAKOMBO, SUMATRA



Turner and the impressionists have been repeatedly criticized for intense or impossible colouring, but surely no human artist ever conceived such riots of lurid colour combination as nature has painted on these skies of the Sumatran west coast. Of all the many fine sunsets that I have witnessed in many lands and on many seas, I have never seen one that could compare with these for gaudy splendour or for soft loveliness.

The morning of our arrival at Emmahaven, when we came on deck, the coast-line was still enveloped in the haze or fog, but the summit of Indrapoera,¹ monarch of the Sumatran mountains, stood out above its shroud of vapour like the head of a white-robed giant. Indrapoera, in the belief of the natives, is the home of the gods, and its mysteries have not yet been defiled by the foot of man. The great volcano puffed its spirals of smoke into the upper air in quiet harmlessness and with the calmness of unapproachable, immeasurable dignity.

The immediate approach to Emmahaven proved a most agreeable surprise. The little port is situated at the far end of a charming bay named after Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, its own name being in honour of the Queen-mother. The bay is dotted with bewitching islands, some fringed with gleaming beaches of coral sand, and

¹ Its height has been given by different authorities as 11,800 and as 12,200 feet.

covered with fine trees and thick undergrowth of brilliant green, others apparently of more recent volcanic origin, masses of rock, broken by the processes of nature into curious and fantastic forms, with cliffs and caves and sharp promontories partly overgrown, as the others, with the irrepressible vegetation of the equatorial tropics. Here and there, through the dense foliage of these islands, we could pick out an occasional thatched cottage or the boats of the fishermen. The most fascinating island of all, Marok by name, had for all the world the look of an old-fashioned, paper-frilled bouquet of greens, floating on the surface of the bay. We quite expected that a closer view would reveal its paper-enveloped stem reaching down through the water below.

Far off to the left, the captain pointed out the wreck of an English ship, which broke up a few years ago on the reef, of the position of which a defective chart gave no warning. Nearer at hand, a new light-house was being erected. The principal light-house of the port stands on a hill on the mainland, at some distance from the settlement, but we were told that this was to be superseded by one on an island site; and for the most extraordinary reason that the keepers of the old light had several times been attacked by tigers, and as a result there was a certain difficulty in finding anyone to fill the post. For the truth of this explanation I prefer not to vouch personally. One hears

so many strange tales in this part of the world that faith becomes credulity after a time.

As we prepared to land at the busy wharf, already occupied by a Dutch gunboat and a couple of other steamers, the railway train that we had supposed was there for our special convenience pulled out, and, in default of another for an hour or so, we were forced to hunt up sados and drive with our baggage to Padang, an hour distant on the road. The highway was moderately picturesque, but we found it hard to repress a feeling of disappointment in seeing nothing typical of Sumatra as distinguished from Java. The people that we saw were mere Malays, the scenery was of that rice-field, palm-tree type of which we were perhaps a trifle weary.

In Padang itself the same similarity continued. The streets of the European quarter are broad and shaded with the shade-trees of Java and the foreign residences are the same comfortable structures surrounded by wide stretches of lawn. The military district, the tokos, and the Chinese Camp are in no wise different. The one distinctive feature is the prevalence of wooden houses and thatched roofs,—a gain in the picturesque, but at what would seem to be a vast increase in the fire hazard.

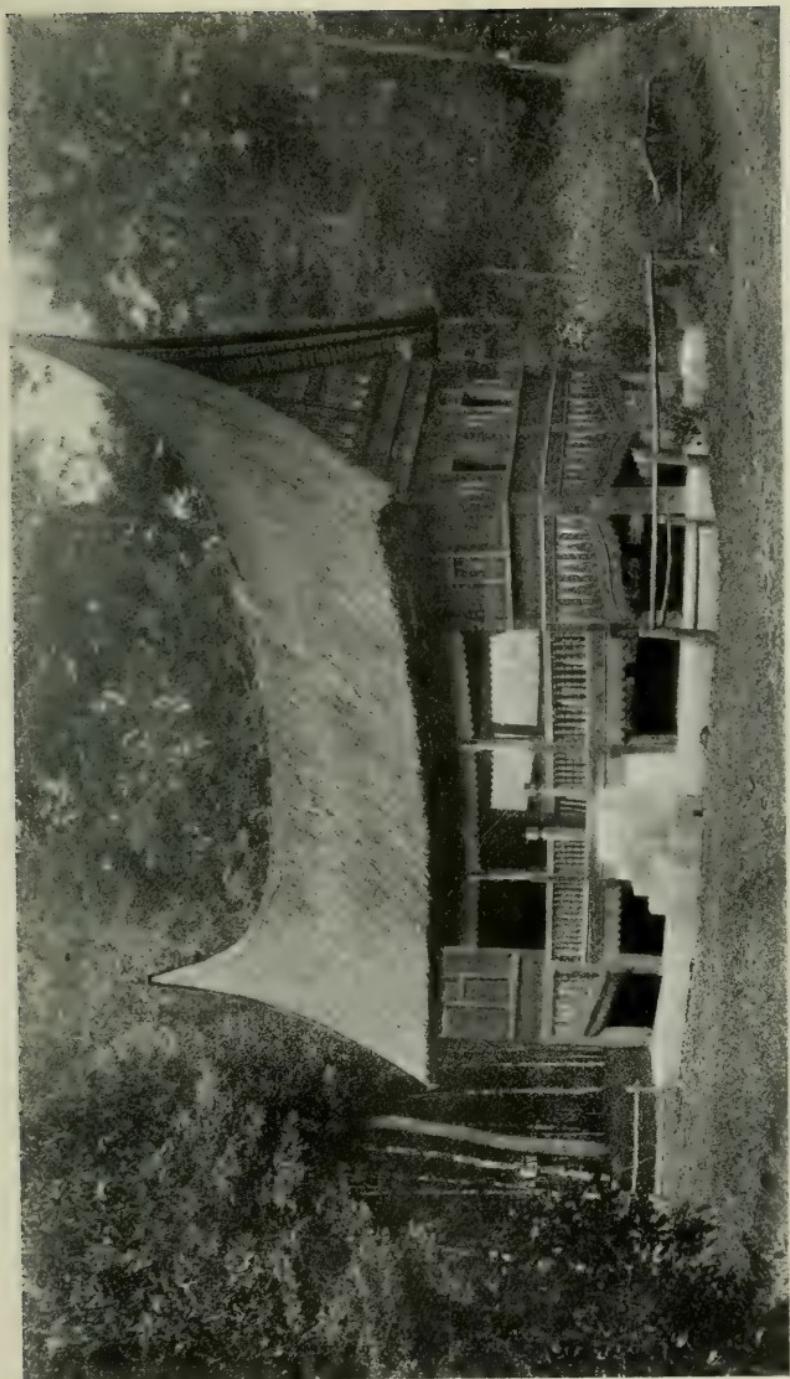
At the hotel the most agreeable feature, to our minds, was a fine shower in the bath-room. The atmosphere of Padang has a peculiar miasmic

quality that brings to one's mind thoughts of fever and malaria, and the mosquitoes are so pernicious in their activities that life in town becomes burdensome within a few hours. We concluded that it was best to get away from the city at the earliest possible moment and seek the healthier region of the highlands. Fortunately the sights of Padang may be seen in one drive of a couple of hours. The great square, the monument to General Michaelis (killed in the Bali war in 1849), the water-front promenade, and the Apenburg or Ape Hill, with its scores of half-tame apes, are the only noteworthy features of this city of over 90,000 inhabitants, the capital of the Residency of the Padang Lowlands.

During our stop of a day in Padang, in wanderings about the streets in a vain effort to obtain a temporary respite from the attentions of the hotel mosquitoes, I chanced on several rather unusual city sights: men carrying about fighting quails (the Malay substitute in the islands for the fighting cocks of more northerly peoples), the birds being in cages and hidden from view by elaborately embroidered and heavily tinselled cloth covers; a specimen of that grotesque creature, the "poekang"; and one large constrictor snake. The "poekang" was chained to a perch and offered me by his boy owner for a few guilders. The animal is a sort of lemur, I think, and about the size of a small monkey. It somewhat resembles a marmo-

Photo by the Author

A BALEI, PADANG HIGHLANDS



set, has grey-brown fur, a quaint head with "pop" eyes and prominent ears, a long tail, bushy at the end, and an extremely nervous temperament. The curious little beasts are said to make good pets.

The snake that we saw was about seven feet long. He had been dragged by small native boys from his place of hiding in the undergrowth of an unoccupied compound and was being cruelly teased with that lack of feeling which characterizes the treatment of snakes the world over. It seemed curious to see, here in a main street of the European quarter of Padang, the first snake that we had seen in even a partial state of freedom during all our weeks of travel in lands where these reptiles are thought to be so common. It is hard to realize that in these regions of the equator the jungle so quickly reclaims its own that an unoccupied and uncared-for private compound in the centre of a city may in a few weeks degenerate into a suitable lurking-place for all sorts of objectionable forms of animal life, but such is the case.

Padang, the name of the city, means literally "open plain," and is a recognition of the flatness of the country in the neighbourhood. The town lies at the confluence of two rivers, the Padang Aran and the Padang Idel. The bay which forms the outlet of these streams was once the harbour of the city, but became so clogged with mud that it was finally superseded in 1892 by Wilhelmina

Bay, and the new port, Emmahaven, was built beyond the Apenburg,¹ or Ape Hill, from Padang proper. There is nothing of general interest in the history of the town. It was first occupied by the Dutch in 1660, and four years later a government was established which remained supreme till the seizure of the Indies by the British at the time of Napoleon and was renewed after a break of a few years. Of late, Padang has flourished to an unexpected degree, and it is safe to prophesy a still more prosperous future for this chief town of Sumatra. The riches of the interior are only just now beginning to be exploited, and through this gate must pass to the outer world the greater part of the coffee, rubber, tobacco, copra, gums, hides, timber, petroleum, and other products of the central districts. It is quite possible that within a decade or two Padang may become a serious rival of the greatest ports of Java in the value of its exports.

¹ Three hundred and forty feet high.

CHAPTER XVII

A WEEK IN THE PADANG HIGHLANDS

A SINGLE day in Padang is quite enough to exhaust the sight-seeing possibilities of that city, and one sweltering night spent, for the most part, in fighting off the attacks of the vicious mosquitoes is quite enough to exhaust the sight-seer and drive him quickly to time-tables and sailing lists. Less than twenty-four hours after our arrival we were reduced to this condition and we started at the earliest opportunity for Fort de Kock, the highland capital, in search of fresh air and less depressing surroundings.

The railway journey to the Bovenlanden or highlands takes but four or five hours. For the first forty miles or so the road runs nearly due north through the flat, alluvial lands of the sea-coast, a region of rice-fields, watered by a number of streams or so-called rivers. After four or five long stops at almost deserted stations, we finally reached the foothills at Sinjintzin. This section of country is rough and rocky, abounding in small, brush-covered hills, the intervening depressions

overgrown with long, coarse grass and scrub. Sinjintzin is the centre of a famous tiger country, and many of the "big cats" are killed yearly within a few miles of the station. There is a marked resemblance in the general conformation of the land in this vicinity to that of the lion country near Nairobi in British East Africa. The hillocks are full of caves which furnish safe retreats for the wild beasts to hide in, and the long grass affords good temporary cover.

At the next station we had already reached an elevation of over four hundred feet, and were at the point where the climb begins in earnest. The engine went to the rear of the train to push, and the passengers crowded to the front platform of the leading car, in anticipation of the ascent of the picturesque ravine or valley of the Aneh just before us. This wild valley has been compared by several writers to the St. Gotthard Pass between Goschenen and Andermatt in the Swiss Alps, but the comparison seems to me rather strained, though it is true that in each case the valley is narrow and shut in by high mountain walls, and in each there are a madly rushing torrent and a winding road. The contrasts are really greater than the points of resemblance, for the Alpine valley is as bare and destitute of trees as the Sumatran is rich in all the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation.

The Aneh River, as we saw it, was a perfectly

self-contained and well-behaving stream, flowing quite properly through the gorge in its natural bed; but it is not always so peaceably inclined. In 1888, for example, and again in 1892, swollen by freshets and pent-up by landslides, it broke loose in a frenzy of destruction, completely overflowing its banks and carrying away tracks, embankments, roads, bridges, and buildings—in fact, everything lying in its path. The railway has been relocated along higher levels and the bridges have been rebuilt more strongly, but even to-day it would probably be rash to make a positive assertion that the present works are wholly adequate to protect the road from the tremendous forces which nature may suddenly hurl against it.

Through the ravine the tracks twist and turn for a distance of over ten miles, crossing and recrossing the turbulent little river, now at its level, now a full hundred feet above. For over an hour the train is on the rack rail, running between high walls of rock, in the midst of cliffs and crags clothed to the last foot with trees and under-growth. The landscape is even wilder and more savage than those of the Preangers. The vegetation shades gradually from the plant and tree life of the equator to that which we are more accustomed to associate with the temperate zones. From palms and bananas we rose to the typical forests of the East Indian mountains, with stately trees, graceful tree-ferns, uncanny creepers, and

parasitic climbers. As we drew nearer the fertile plateau lands of the highlands, the vegetation was less dense, coarse grass and mountain wild-flowers covered the ground, and we noticed a welcome change from the burdensome atmosphere of the lower levels. From time to time, through clefts in the gorge walls or looming above, could be seen to the left the twin volcanoes, Singgalang-Tandikat,¹ and later, to the right, the truncated cone of the Sumatran Merapi,² violently eruptive as recently as 1876, but now tranquilly puffing its pipe of peace. At one point where the valley floor widens into a considerable basin, there is a pretty waterfall some eighty feet high, the Ayer Mantjoer. Unfortunately the road has been built of necessity in such a way as to hide from general view a large part of this fall.

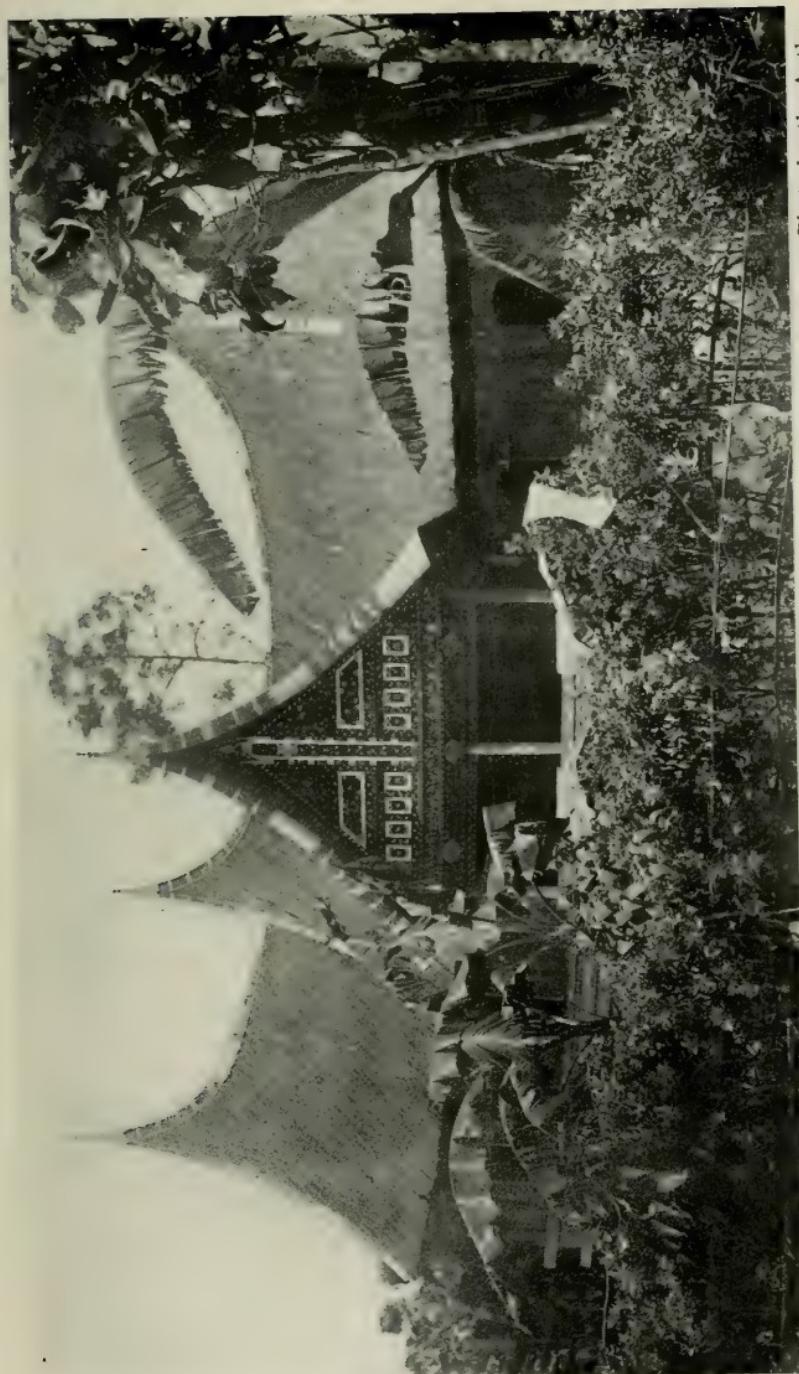
About three hours from Padang we reached the junction of the two branches of the railway, one continuing north to Fort de Kock, and beyond in an easterly direction to Pajakombo, the other turning to the south-east, skirting the shores of Lake Singkarah and bringing up at Sawah Loento, the terminal from which the products of the great Oembilin coal-fields find their way to the coast. The known deposits of these coal-fields are estimated at over two hundred million tons, and the annual output is already in excess of a third of a million. Lake Singkarah is said to be very beau-

¹9350 and 7925 feet high respectively.

²9393 feet high.

Photo by the Author

A NATIVE HOUSE, PADANG HIGHLANDS



tiful, and not far beyond it, from a high point in the vicinity of the village of Pajo, there is said to be one of the finest views in the whole Insulinde.

At Padang-Pandjang, our junction station, it was for the first time possible to realize that we were in Sumatra, and not merely somewhere in Malaya, for here we had our first sight of something unmistakably and indisputably Sumatran,—the extraordinary “horned” house of the highlands. Aside from its horned houses (of which I shall have considerable to say later), and its reputation as the rainiest place in the Dutch East Indies, there is nothing to commend this settlement of less than two thousand people to the attention of the traveller. The village is 2400 feet above the sea.

Beyond this point it is a ride of but thirteen miles to Fort de Kock. For three-quarters of an hour the tracks continue to climb on the rack rail to the summit of the ridge which connects the two great mountains, Singgalang and Merapi. The air becomes steadily fresher and more agreeable, the scenery more familiar and usual, and the country more highly cultivated. At one point we got a glimpse of Lake Singkarah, far back to the right, and at Kota Baroe we reached the highest elevation—3750 feet—and began the descent to the plain of Agam, the fertile plateau land a few hundred feet lower, through which we continued to our destination. Here and there horned houses and rice-barns added to the natural beauty of the

scene, and in many fields we noticed grotesque rag scarecrows, kept in constant motion by small boys in shelter-huts. There seem to be no bare, uncultivated spots in this entire plain and its people have the appearance of being more than usually industrious and prosperous. The whole atmosphere is one of peace and rural content, and one finds it difficult to realize that he is in Central Sumatra, and that this peaceful plain witnessed some of the bloodiest encounters of the Padri war less than a century ago.

Fort de Kock is primarily a garrison town, and its non-military population is less than 2500, including the hundred or two Dutch civilian residents. Selected originally as the site of an army post by reason of its strategic position in the centre of the great plain of Agam, it has, by reason of its healthful situation 3000 feet above the sea in an open stretch of country, become a favourite resort of the European residents of Padang and boasts its club and race-course. Its ungrown shade-trees, and the unoccupied streets which we noticed here and there, give one the impression that Fort de Kock is a new settlement, a mushroom growth, a flat town like Russian Dalny in the days before the Japanese seizure. In its broad streets there is little local colour. One meets more Dutch officers and invalids than natives, and a search for horned houses proves vain. The hotel at which we put up was a crude copy in miniature of the larger hotels

of the pavilion system. Its plaited bamboo walls were admirably adapted to the convenience and comfort of many forms of insect life, its beds were honoured in being so called, and its culinary and sanitary departments primitive, to say the least and the best. The shops of the settlement are hardly more satisfactory than the hotel accommodations. They are largely in the hands of the Chinese, as are the photographers' "portret" galleries.

The principal amusement of life at the hotel is the daily bargaining with the native merchants who swarm down upon the guests before and after each meal, and with a patient persistence which deserves its usual final success. The unwary visitor is likely to be laden down before he realizes it with a lot of trash for which he has paid several times the value, and he should remember that these wandering pedlars never hope to get more than a fraction of the sum first mentioned as the selling price. The wares displayed by these itinerant merchants are beadwork, metal work, native jewelry and arms, brocades and other native fabrics. Perhaps the most interesting to the stranger are the little metal models of the horned houses and the stilted rice-barns. As a rule, it is preferable to make one's purchases so far as possible in the markets or bazaars.

There is one walk in Fort de Kock that one soon falls into the habit of taking at least once a day and

if possible at a different hour each time,—the walk which leads along the edge of the gully or gulch known as the “Karbouwengat” or “Ngarai.” This “Buffalo Gully” is accessible in a few minutes from the hotel and is one of the wonders of the place. It is a deep ravine gradually worn through the soil and soft tuff rock by the waters of two streams, the Masang and the Si-Anok. Its name comes from the fact that a number of cattle, straying too near the edge of its sheer sides, have fallen to destruction hundreds of feet below. The “wengat” extends for two or three miles, with a varying width of from a hundred and fifty feet to several hundred yards, shut in by walls of stratified clay and sand, disintegrated pumice and tuff, in some places three or four hundred feet high. These walls are partly overgrown, but there are many bare places, where in certain lights one may see all the rich reds, browns, and yellows that are so conspicuous in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The beauties of the wild scenery of the wengat are greatly enhanced by the lights and shadows of early morning and sunset and in the moonlight are at their very best. From the floor of the wengat, at some distance beyond the town, there rises to a height of perhaps two hundred and fifty feet a detached mass of bare, yellowish rock, crowned by a few trees. The sides of this “Island Hill” are almost perpendicular and the top is nearly level, giving one an

THE ISLAND HILL, FORT DE KOCK, SUMATRA



impression at first sight that he is looking at a ruined tower or stupa.

Another walk, uncomfortably hot except in the early morning, leads us to the hill or "boekit" from which Fort de Kock gets its native name Boekit Tinggi. Here on high ground are the ruins of the fortifications erected by the Dutch during their operations against the Padris in 1825, and named Fort de Kock after a Dutch officer, the father-in-law of the then military commander at Padang. Among the other things to be seen near by is the local market or weekly fair, but the fair at Pajakombo, an hour and a half away by train, is far more extensive and much more interesting, and few strangers take the time and trouble to visit the lesser mart.

To me the most interesting excursion in the neighbourhood of Fort de Kock was the trip to the crater lake, Manindjau, about ten miles away. We made the usual early start in one of the high, uncomfortable, badly balanced two-pony sados, with loudly creaking axles, which are the approved conveyance of the highland districts. We forded the shallow Si-Anok near the Island Hill, climbed the steep slope beyond, and drove along the farther edge of the "wengat" for a mile or so, enjoying splendid views of the town, plain, and volcanoes.

At the river Matoer, the road makes an abrupt descent and crosses a bridge. On the far side is an extraordinary natural fortification, a

vertical wall of rock over four hundred feet high. This rampart was made good use of by the natives in the Padri days, and in 1833 it was assaulted by the Dutch troops without success for a period of several months. It requires a close examination to convince one that this strange wall is not an artificial barrier constructed for the express purpose, which it so well serves, of guarding the river-crossing from a hostile force. A short distance beyond, after ascending a steep hill, the road passes, at the top of the ridge, through a cutting hardly wide enough to allow of the passage of two carts abreast, and with perpendicular walls fully forty feet high. At a hamlet beyond Matoeer village we left the ponies behind and continued on foot for a hot half hour's walk up hill.

This drive served to confirm my surprise (if such a phrase may be permitted) at the high degree of cultivation and of civilization in this region of Central Sumatra, a region that I had always associated, in mistaken imaginings, with jungles, wild animals, and savage tribes. This country is more open than the mountain country of Java, and on every hand one finds prosperous coffee plantations, well-to-do villages, and gaily dressed, prosperous-looking natives. This is the region of the Malays of Menangkabau, that former empire whose very name (buffalo victory) signifies the superiority of its people over the Hindus of Java.

The inhabitants of these lands are of good

physique and carriage, and the women are lighter in colour and of stronger build than their cousins of the lowlands or of other parts of the Insulinde. As to costumes, differences are slight, especially in the case of the men. The dress of the highland women is generally brighter in colour, and they affect voluminous, white head-dresses and great quantities of Malay gold jewelry, and almost always cover their shoulders with the "slendang" or scarf-like shawl, which, in the case of the rich, is made of the native silver or gold thread fabric. Their good looks are unfortunately marred, as a rule, by the mutilation of their ears by the piercing of holes from which to suspend ornaments,—a wretched custom of savagery from which even the occidental races have not yet been able wholly to emancipate themselves. Besides earrings, finger rings, bracelets, necklaces, and other articles of jewelry are worn in profusion. These women of the highlands have very generally an air of complacence and self-satisfaction such as one rarely sees in a Mahometan country. As elsewhere in the Insulinde, there is practically no veiling of the face, the adat being evidently more regarded than the Koran.

At the hamlet where the ponies were left behind we had a good chance to examine, not only a number of faces and costumes, but also several of the horned houses and rice barns. A far better conception of these unique structures is obtainable

from photographs than from a verbal description, but I shall try to supplement the pictures by a brief mention of some of the most salient features of their construction. The dwellings are oblong, with the front on one of the long sides. They are one-story high and stand several feet above the ground, on posts or piles. The walls are of wood or plaited bamboo, the front steps of wood, stucco-covered brick, or stone, the windows mere openings closed by means of shutters or screens, and the doors plain and usual. In the better buildings an elaborate gabled porch projects at the entrance, and the ends of the main structure, rising in curves like the ends of a boat, are highly carved.

It is to the roofs, however, that the highland houses actually owe their individuality of appearance. The roof in its simplest form consists of a flexible ridge-pole running lengthwise of the house, supported only at the ends, and covered with so heavy a load of thatch that it sags in the middle and its top line presents the outline of a crescent; to-day the curves are purposely planned, and the entire roof is often made of tin. This, the simple type of roof, when viewed from the front or rear of the dwelling, has something of the shape of an exaggeratedly peaked army saddle or, to a less degree, of the horned upper half of a cow's skull seen from full in front. A development of the primitive form is found in the houses with wings at the ends, each wing necessitating an additional



Photo by the Author

A RICE-BARN, PADANG HIGHLANDS

horn or peak in the roof. The horns are usually covered with metal in the best houses and shine in the sun with dazzling brightness. In the less pretentious structures they are decorated with the black fibre of the areca palm and are much less striking. The side-walls below these unique roofs are sometimes carved to the last inch, and additional embellishment is provided by ornamenting the porch and ends with crude designs in red, black, and white, and occasionally other colours. The general effect cannot fail to awaken in the occidental mind memories of the toy Noah's arks of childhood days.

Facing each dwelling-house there are as a rule two small structures on high posts, which, if met in a museum or the jungle, would probably be taken for savage places of worship or places for hiding the dead. These are rice barns or family granaries, and their entrances, for better security from men, rats, and snakes, are high up under the gables of their horned roofs, and reached only by the aid of ladders. The walls of these granaries are less solid than those of the houses but even more highly ornamented, being decorated with bits of glass and tinsel arranged in artistic designs, besides the carving and painting of the larger buildings.

There are two other distinctive buildings in every self-respecting highland village,—the “*balei*” or meeting-house, and the *misigit* or mosque.

The former of these,—the local council hall where the village elders meet,—is also used as a substitute for a hotel, and in it a visitor may find shelter for the night as in a government *passanggrahan*. It consists of one large hall, open to front and back by day and closed by Venetian blinds, shutters, or screens at night. At each end are a room or two for the caretakers. Its roof is always of the simple, saddle type, and its woodwork is usually elaborately carved. The misigit more nearly resembles the type seen in Ternate and other island settlements than the mosque of the Asiatic mainland. Its walls rise from a square base, and several tiers of sloping roofs of thatch or tin, successively smaller towards the top, culminate in a small pyramidal apex. The more important settlements pride themselves on misigits of brick or stucco, with side cloisters or covered galleries, and a few of the most prosperous are distinguished by miniature minarets, from which the muezzins intone the solemn call to prayer. The village graveyards are quite apart from the houses of worship and seem to receive little care, their plain, upright tombstones being often broken or fallen down.

Our half-hour's walk led us through an open country of fields and orchards and finally up a steep path to the top of the Poentjak Boekit, an observation point overlooking Lake Manindjau. Here there is a shelter from which, while resting

comfortably, the visitor may gaze to his heart's content on the exceptional panorama before and below him.

Several hundred feet below, and a mile or two away, stretches a sheet of blue-black water, shut in by high mountain walls, except at one point directly opposite, where a deep gash allows the surplus water to escape in a river to the sea. It is hard to believe that the dimensions of this body of water are so great,—that it is ten miles from end to end, and five from the shore below the observation point to the cut through which the Antokan River finds its outlet. It seems hardly possible that the wooded walls on the far side can actually be two and three thousand feet high, as they are said to be. It is easier to understand the true proportion of things, however, if one looks at the diminutive village on the near shore just below. This village, whose glittering tin roofs are but sparkling dots amid their impressive natural surroundings, is over 2200 feet lower than the shelter.

Lake Manindjau is a crater lake, 1500 feet above the sea. It is said to be over five hundred feet deep. The great Danau volcano, whose top has thus curiously fallen in and formed a basin for the lake, seems to have fallen asleep in harmless slumber, but from time to time it gives visible evidence that it is not yet to be classed as wholly extinct, and its subterranean and subaqueous disturbances sometimes trouble the waters

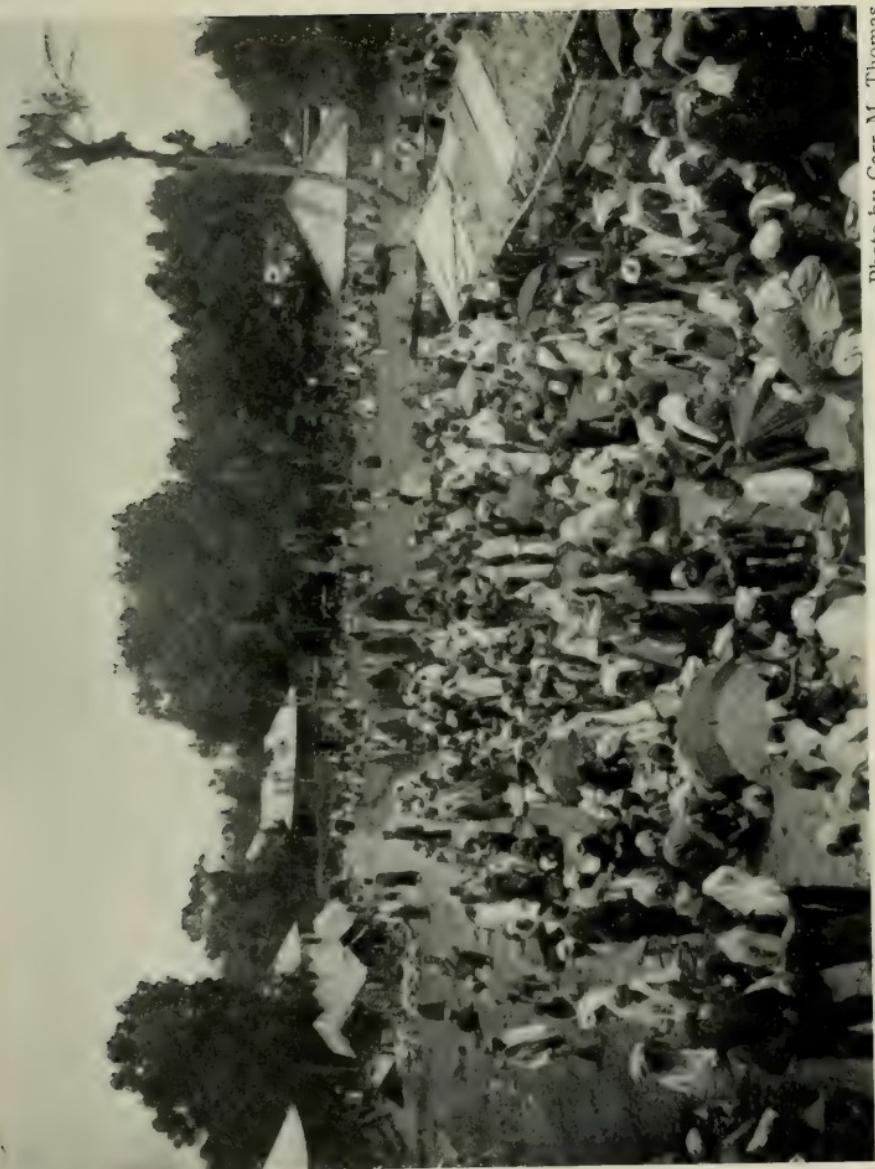
of the lake to such an extent as to make it dangerous and even impossible for the frail native craft to venture from the shores. Seen as we saw it, in the gloom of a heavily clouded sky, there is something almost unpleasant in the beauty of the lake, and the peculiar impression of unearthliness which we had experienced at the first sight of Bromo and the sand sea from the Moenggal Pass once more obtruded itself. We felt an actual sense of relief when we had left behind us this scene of superhuman activities and returned to the realms of man.

At Matoer there is a Dutch "Controleur," and, at the house which served as his official residence and also as a government rest-house, we had rijstafel, and then drove back towards Fort de Kock by a road leading through the villages of Simpang and Padang-Loear, much less interesting than the one taken on the way out. At one point, where a fair or market was being held, we noticed a strange circle of upright slabs of stone which reminded us vaguely of the much larger Druid remains at Stonehenge. The stones were in use as hitching-posts and the charmed circle within had been appropriated as a playground by the children. We failed in all attempts to find out what was the real significance of the arrangement, and at Fort de Kock we failed to find anyone who even knew that such a thing existed.

The harnesses and the native drivers of the

Photo by Carr M. Thomas

MARKET DAY IN A CENTRAL SUMATRAN VILLAGE



Padang Highlands are about on a par with those of the Minahasa District. On this drive from Matoer to Fort de Kock we had the peculiar experience of having one of our ponies fall in such a way that the harness was broken to bits and the car nearly passed over him,—and all this on a perfectly level stretch. Either the pony, or the driver, or both, must have been asleep. It is extraordinary that accidents are not of every-day occurrence, with rags and ropes for harness, fools for drivers, and half-broken ponies in the traces.

Another all-day excursion from Fort de Kock, and second only in interest to that to Lake Mandjau, is the one to the Kloof or Gap of Harau, another of the many natural wonders of this land of the unexpected. For this trip the railway is available as far as Pajakombo, about ten miles from the Kloof, and one should never fail to arrange so that the weekly fair at this village may be seen on the way. The market train leaves Fort de Kock at six-thirty in the morning and is crowded to the steps with natives and their baskets, boxes, and bundles, and even live stock of small size, all bound for the passar, the great event of the week. To-day this is a pleasant holiday trip for these people, but in the days before 1896 (the year when this section of the railway was completed), when country carts and native legs were the only means of transport, it must have required a great expenditure of energy and hard work to

convey to market these tremendous bulks of produce and merchandise, and the faces were probably not so smiling nor the costumes so gay.

Between Fort de Kock and Pajakombo, a journey of an hour and a half, the train runs quickly over the levels of the plain of Agam, with the Kamang hills to the left and Merapi to the right; then, near Baso station, about a half-hour after starting, enters the "Stone Field" valley, named from the great numbers of boulders and smaller rocks with which its floor is strewn and which are supposed to have been ejected from the crater of Merapi in by-gone ages. On the far side of this valley there are said to be many fantastic rock formations, and the limestone and chalk of the hillsides beyond contain a number of caves and grottoes. Before drawing up at Pajakombo another rich plain is entered, and off to the right is a good view of another of the great mountains, Goenoeng Sago (7280 feet).

We had wired ahead to the little Pajakombo hotel asking that sados or, as they are called here, "bendies," be engaged and sent to the station to meet the train. By doing this it was possible to start without delay on the long drive to the Kloof and to be back at Pajakombo in time to see the market at its height. The road is on the whole rather uninteresting and the vehicles are far from comfortable. The country is fertile and cultivated and the higher lands are covered with

coffee-trees. The houses are better than those of the same class in the lowlands, but very few have the horned roofs that add so much to their pictur-esqueueness. If we had not realized that the able-bodied adults had all gone to the fair, we would have thought that this whole region had been given over to greybeards and children.

Our first view of the Kloof from this road was uninspiring. As the ponies were rudely pulled up on a long, bare stretch, particularly straight, dusty, unshaded, and hot, and with rice-fields on each side as far as the eye could comfortably see, the driver pointed jubilantly to a high wall of bare rock, which seemed to shut in the plain at its farther end, directly ahead. There were no mountains, no scenic features,—only this rocky wall. As the distance to the wall was lessened, however, a rent in the barrier became visible, through which the road could be seen disappearing between perpendicular sides several hundred feet high, and peculiar irregularities of stratification and strange streaks and lines of colour were noticeable in these rocky sides. We became, in spite of ourselves, more and more impressed by the strength and grandeur of these great natural walls that shut in this most remarkable of natural strongholds.

A few steps beyond the portals a perfect vale of enchantment revealed itself between the rocky walls. To one side there is a little village on the bank of a pretty mountain brook, and, just beyond,

a refreshing waterfall and shady woods charm the eye. It takes a full hour to traverse the Kloof from end to end and agreeable surprises greet one repeatedly in this fascinating glen. The scenery is of the kind in which Gustave Doré would have revelled. The Kloof is in some places as narrow as sixty feet, in others as broad as a thousand, and its splendid walls rise to six hundred and even a thousand feet above the road and brook. These inner walls have nothing of the grim bareness of the outer ones. They have been worn by wind and rain into many strange resemblances to human structures,—buttresses, towers, and walls such as one sees on the Rhine, ruined battlements, castles, churches, all overgrown with a wild profusion of vegetation. The whole Kloof is full of scenes of great romantic beauty. No better hiding-place for pirates, brigands, or other such folk could be imagined, no safer lurking place for wild animals. After an examination of the Kloof one understands why the Padri war was of such long duration. Such wonderful natural fastnesses as this, duly equipped with ammunition and food supplies, should be able to hold out for many months against invaders without artillery.

We drove back to the Merapi Hotel for an early rijstafel and then hurried to the great market square. The passar of Pajakombo is, if not the largest, the most entertaining in the Insulinde. If not averse to bad odours one may wander



Photos by the Author
THE ENTRANCE WALLS, GAP OF HARAU, CENTRAL SUMATRA

through the galleries, and past the stalls in the open air under the trees, for an hour or so, seeing something new and strange every minute. I shall make no attempt to describe it fully, but one or two of its specialties are worth mentioning. Such for instance is the bird market, where one may buy at will singing birds, plumage birds, fighting birds, and edible birds, and find many varieties never before seen. Another section is devoted to the butchers, and here whole carcasses of carbos are trussed up and the special cut carved out "while you wait." The gruesome sight of the heads of these beasts, quite lifelike and still attached to the hacked-up bodies, equals anything to be seen in a Chinese market at its worst. In a large department given over to the sale of foreign goods there is an irritating display of inartistic chromos, hideous table-covers and draperies, ugly, cheap Dutch porcelain, and candlesticks and other small articles made, ingeniously but not tastefully, from old kerosene tins. More interesting are the stalls where the native jewelry is on exhibition, or those where the dealers in the crude but artistic beadwork hold forth. The native fabrics, too, are worth while, but, as these are kept folded and tucked away with the exception of the cheapest kinds, time is wasted in looking them up unless one wishes to buy, in which case it is far better to go direct to the makers. Some of the gold thread brocades are very handsome in

colour and design as well as in material and workmanship.

There are plenty of other trips to be taken from Fort de Kock to mountains, caves, villages, and bits of scenery, but "enough is as good as a feast," and it is perhaps just as well not to spoil strong impressions that please by others that may prove less agreeable. I, myself, made the mistake of investigating the caves or grottoes of Kamang and Paoeli in the wet season, and I should strongly advise against attempting such a trip except in dry weather. The ascension of the volcano Merapi is a climb of five or six hours, broken by a cold night. It should not be attempted by one unused to mountain climbing, but the view from the summit is one of the best in Sumatra. The usual way of accomplishing this achievement is to go from Fort de Kock by rail to Kota Baroe, and thence by cart for an hour to the starting point of the climb proper. The night is spent in a hut or shelter about 5000 feet up.

We had become especially interested in the horned houses of the highlands, and hearing of several particularly fine specimens at Padang Pandjang, we stopped off on our way to the coast to examine them more fully. The interiors of these houses are nearly as novel as their exteriors, but, in the case of those dwellings belonging to the richer and more prosperous, there is a tendency to adopt cheap European fittings and decorations at the

sacrifice of much that is unique and typical. In every house the front door opens on an oblong hall or living room of equal length with the middle section of the roof or that between the central pair of horns. Chairs, tables, chests, mats, and, generally, Dutch-made lamps and chromos decorate this room. To the rear are the sleeping rooms and kitchen, and when the houses have wings, there are a few steps at each end of the main apartment leading to raised sleeping rooms or platforms, shut off by curtains. The houses are all raised high above the ground on posts, and this lower space is often fenced in with lattice and used as a cellar and carriage-house, probably sometimes even as a stable, piggery, or chicken house, though for this last I cannot vouch.

The highland folk who occupy these ornamental abodes are Malays and Mahometans, but their whole system of social relations is so unique that their racial and religious affinities become of small moment, and are almost forgotten in the interest awakened by the manner in which their families are constituted and governed. The social system is a form of matriarchate based on the "soekoe" or clan, which is composed of the descendants through the female line of a common ancestress. A man or a woman on marrying does not lose membership in his or her original soekoe, and the children belong invariably to the soekoe of the mother, instead of that of the father. The hus-

band, in his relations with his wife's family (*i.e.*, the wife herself, and his children) seems to be little more than an outsider,—a necessary evil,—to be quite disregarded; in return, his wife and children do not share his property or inherit his titles at his death. The head of what in any other country would be considered the family of a married man is here, not the married man himself, but his wife's oldest brother. The heirs of a married man are not his wife and children, but his sisters and brothers, the children of his mother, and, in failure of these, the children of his sisters. A common form of the marital contract provides for the setting aside by the parents of the woman of land of a certain agreed value, which is turned over to their daughter at her marriage, to be cultivated thereafter by her husband, for her benefit and that of her children. The poor man is apparently, aside from what property he may have of his own, a mere labourer working for his keep. Another peculiarity of this system makes it quite the usual thing for a woman to continue to live in her mother's house after marriage, her husband being graciously permitted to live there too, by the grace, forsooth, of his mother-in-law. What a paradise for the much-maligned mother-in-law.

Each soekoe has its hereditary chief, by whom family matters are controlled or said to be controlled. One is inclined to wonder which, in this land of paradoxes. There is also a council of these

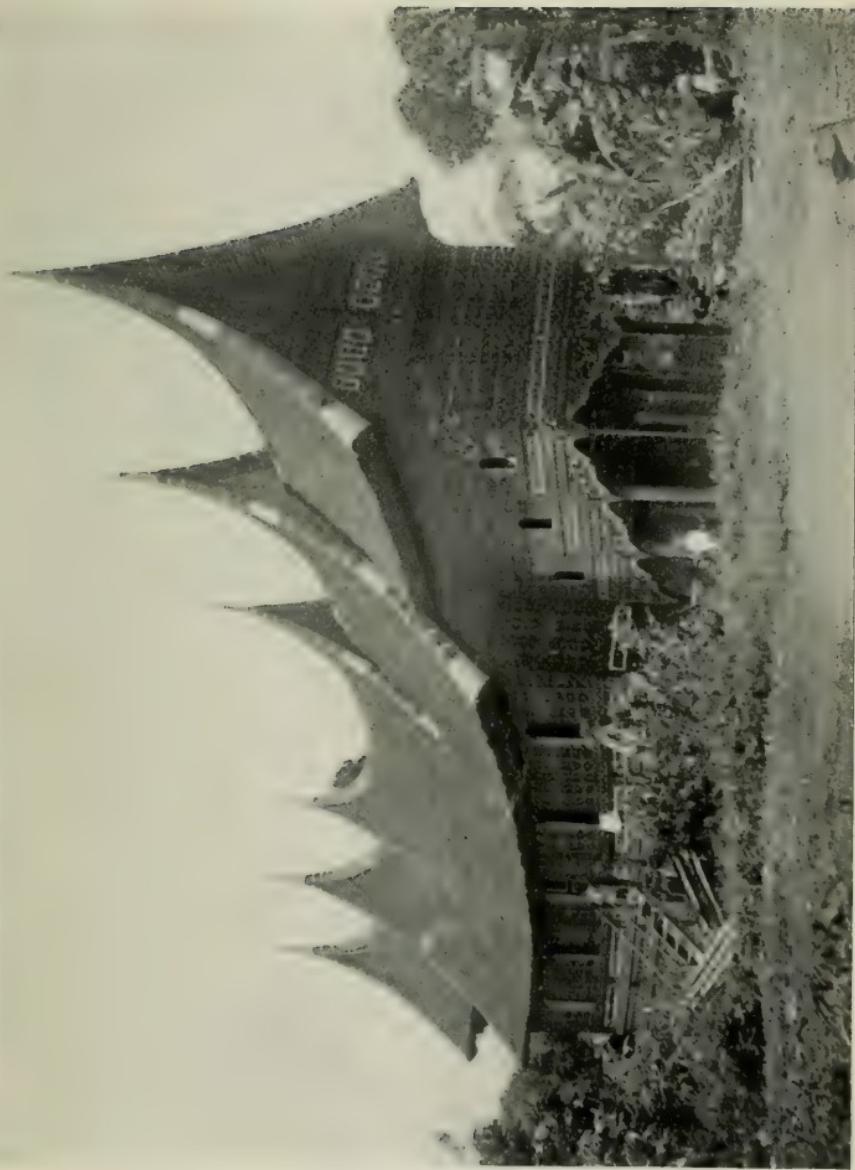


Photo by Carr M. Thomas

A NATIVE HOUSE, PADANG HIGHLANDS

chiefs in each district, with a presiding officer who is nominally elected, but actually appointed by the Dutch Governor or Resident, whose government or residency includes at once several of these districts. For the local government of the "kotas" or village communities there is a village council, composed of the elected heads of the various soekoes represented in the kota, the "panghoeloes kapala" as they are called. After all there is something to be said in favour of a system which, like this, leaves the woman supreme in her own realm, the home, and the man in unquestioned control of matters whose necessary discussion and administration require absence from home. What is most extraordinary is that women have been able to secure any recognition at all in a country where Mahometanism is practically the one religion of the people.

Of the personal characteristics of the Malays of Menangkabau, as in fact of all Malays wherever found, there is little good to be said. They are brave after the manner of fanatics, but vicious and underhanded, hard working through necessity rather than choice, and with no ambition, as a rule, to add to their fund of knowledge or to improve their characters. Beyond the necessities and the simplest creature comforts, there is nothing with which the Malay is familiar to tempt him to extraordinary exertions or to call forth his best abilities. Clothing, house, and food are all of low

cost, and the villages are in no way dependent on supplies or labour from beyond their own confines. Fish, fowl, curry and rice, eggs, vegetables, and fruit, shrimp spawn dried in the sun and beaten with salt and water into a sort of paste, and "ding-ding," or carbo flesh salted and sun-dried, are his principal articles of diet, the cultivation of the crops his usual employment, and bird-fighting and gambling his favourite forms of amusement.

To the north of the Padang Highlands dwell half a million or more of the half-civilised Bataks, a cannibal people of weird customs and beliefs, until quite recently almost unknown and unheard of. They eat human flesh, not from any fondness for it as food, it is said, but with the idea that in so doing they are perpetuating the man eaten by incorporating him in their own living bodies. They also believe that by eating the heart of a brave enemy they will become endued with the bravery of the victim.

CHAPTER XVIII

PORTS OF NORTH SUMATRA—THE END OF THE JOURNEY

BEFORE taking our departure by steamer for the north we passed two sweltering nights and a day in Padang, where through the courtesy of the American Consular representative I was put in touch with a native trapper who had just arrived in town with several fresh tiger skins. After the usual palaver and bargaining I found myself in possession of two fairly good skins with skulls, whiskers, teeth, and claws intact,—at a cost of twenty dollars gold. A very different and most exasperating experience was that with the local Chinese “portret” man or photographer to whom I had entrusted my films for development. This wretch had carelessly hung the drying films within reach of his inquisitive small boy and nearly all were ruined by finger-marks. Such accidents are sufficiently irritating anywhere, but in Sumatra, where it is practically impossible to buy photographs of either costumes or scenery, they are positively infuriating.

Returning to Emmahaven by rail we boarded the little express steamer "Coen," bound for the ports of Achin, and Penang, the British island at the north end of the Malacca Straits. The slower steamers which stop at various small ports on their way north, enjoy the benefit of a course which keeps them for the greater part of their way in the lee of the line of islands which stretch along the coast; the "Coen" headed boldly for the open sea directly on leaving Wilhelmina Bay, and in a few hours her thirteen hundred tons were being tossed about most thoroughly on the restless waves of the Indian Ocean. The voyage to Oeléë-Lheuë, the first stop, is a matter of about forty-eight hours, but fortunately at a little past the half-way point, Cape Lebong, the north-west promontory of the island of Nias, there are a few hours of quiet as the steamer skirts the lee shores of Babi Island.

Nias is the largest island off the west coast of Sumatra, and, according to a Dutch missionary to the Niassais whom we chanced to meet at Fort de Kock, it is still in an almost wholly uncivilized condition. It is inhabited by about a quarter of a million natives of a low grade of intelligence, for the most part fishermen or agriculturists, who worship the phallic emblem and various hideous household gods, and live in constant fear of evil spirits. In the interior districts they are said, even at the present day, to bury their chiefs with rites

CENTRAL SUMATRAN WOMEN



involving human sacrifice, to kill twins, to be afraid of albinos, and to adorn family habitations with the skulls of their enemies. Though filthy in personal habits the high chiefs of the Niassais array themselves for ceremonials in costumes valued at over a thousand dollars each. Such people as these would seem to be far more fit subjects for missionary effort than those who, like the Japanese and Chinese, have already a high form of civilization of their own, and are quite as law-abiding and well-behaved as Europeans or Americans of similar employment or position.

The second morning after leaving Emmahaven we anchored off Oeléë-Lheuë, having passed as we turned in to the anchorage a couple of tall masts projecting above the water and marking the grave of a large ship that ran on the reef some fifteen or twenty years ago. The dangers of navigation in these treacherous waters are borne upon one continually by the wrecks that one sees in so many of the ports of the archipelago. Our admiration increases daily for the fearless captains who sailed these uncharted seas in their bold voyages of discovery, and for the able men of to-day who take their ships through these perils as a mere matter of daily routine. The modern captains deserve far greater praise than they generally receive, for they have not only the perils of the sea to guard against but the unreliable, irresponsible nature of their native crews, an element of danger as

great almost as that of the reefs. On one of the steamers on which we cruised in the seas of the archipelago I was given a striking illustration of the lazy shiftlessness of the Malay sailor, an officer calling me to the bridge to show me one of the native helmsmen asleep at his post. It is easy to understand that officers occasionally lose temper and treat these men not over-tenderly.

Oeléë-Lheuë, Oleh Leh, or Uleih Leueh is the port of the capital town of Achin, Kota Radja, and the two settlements are connected by a narrow-gauge railway line, here called a tram, which continues beyond Kota Radja to the east coast. The ride from port to capital takes an hour and a half, the tracks running a large part of the way on an embankment, with swamps on either side. Kota Radja on various occasions during the long-drawn-out Achin war was the scene of desperate fighting. To-day, with a native population of but 4000, its rulers dead or deported, and its kraton occupied by a garrison of Dutch colonial troops, the town has lost all that made it interesting and seems likely to die of inanition while enjoying the blessings of tranquillity and peace. The port is of quite recent growth. It has a fine sea-wall and a jetty, a few European offices, go-downs, and residences, Chinese stores, and the inevitable straggling kampongs. The site is low and unhealthy, but there is evidently higher, healthier country in the interior, for we could see

in the distance the northern end of the mountain range that forms the backbone of the great island.

On leaving Oeléë-Lheuë the steamer headed north once more, glided over glassy waters for four hours to the little island of Weh or Way (Poeloe Weh) and entered the bay of Sabang, the only important settlement of the island, and a coaling and transfer station of the Dutch East Indian steamers. During this little ferry trip land was never lost sight of and the smoothness of the sea was a much appreciated surprise and change.

Sabang is a neat and rather small settlement at the far end of a fine bay nearly enclosed by low, rolling hills. We tied up alongside a wharf from which the principal objects within our range of vision were coal go-downs. Going ashore we found a main street of shops and offices, with sign-boards at nearly every corner, not only giving the names of the streets in both Dutch and English but also pointing out the direction of the post-office and other public buildings and places of interest. On the hillside above are the hotel, the residences of the foreigners, and the quarters of the troops, and a little higher an observation tower offers a splendid view over the town and bay.

Sabang has been under the full control of the Dutch for only some thirty-five or forty years, but its future is already promising, and, although its present population is under a thousand, the more

optimistic of its friends prophesy for it a rapid growth and declare that it will some day be a rival of Penang and even of Singapore in shipping and commercial importance. At present the visitor is perhaps most struck by the predominance of the European element. The Malays are, as so often, an almost negligible quantity, and the Chinese seem less prominent than in other ports of the Insulinde.

A mile or two from the settlement there is a pretty lake or pond, a charming spot when one is once there, but a long, hot walk over a road almost without shade. Hideous telegraph wires cross this road repeatedly, and to the wires are attached the webs of enormous, venomous-looking spiders. Along this road, besides the usual banana, palm, and rubber trees, there are wild flowers in profusion and many specimens of the gay "flame of the jungle." Beautiful blue-winged birds and huge, gaudy butterflies served in some measure to drive from our minds the ugliness of the spiders.

The "Coen" made a stop of about twelve hours at Sabang and then returned to Oeléë-Lheuë for an hour or two before continuing on her voyage to the east. A new cabin passenger amused us while in the latter port by shooting with a revolver at the sharks which swarmed about the ship in dozens. Four more hours of absolutely smooth sailing brought us to the anchorage of Sigli, a

supply port for the army of occupation and a station on the strategic railway which we had already seen at its north-western terminus. There is nothing whatever to be seen in Sigli to repay one for the difficulty of going ashore. The country of this neighbourhood is flat, swampy, and in every way thoroughly uninviting, and the native Achinese that came out to the ship were the dirtiest and the most thoroughly villainous-looking lot that we had met with so far in the Insulinde. A few years ago the captain of a large Chinese trading steamer was murdered on his bridge by a crowd of these cut-throats, while his steamer was lying at anchor off this village.

The inhabitants of this northern end of Sumatra are probably the worst of all the natives of the islands in the Insulinde, with the exception of the savages of New Guinea and other absolutely untutored, uncivilized, wild men. In these Achinese every oriental vice seems abnormally over-developed and every occidental virtue conspicuously lacking. They boast their Hindu ancestry and declare the founder of the kingdom of Atjeh to have been a direct descendant of Alexander the Great, but these facts, if true, merely accentuate the degradation and degeneracy of the present decadent representatives of a famous stock. Those in the best position to judge are practically unanimous in characterizing the highland Achinese as unscrupulous, fanatic, warlike brigands, and

those of the coast as vicious, servile, treacherous thieves. The early travellers had much to say of the splendour of the Achinese king and court and of the royal elephants. To-day there is no longer anything to remind one of these days of native prosperity, and the visitor rarely sees a tame elephant in any one of the coast villages, though it is probably true that many of the inland kam-pongs pride themselves on the possession of one or more of the huge brutes, which they keep at the public expense and regard as local mascots or pledges of good fortune. The interior regions doubtless furnish pasturage for countless herds of wild elephants as well as other big game, and, when the natives have become more friendly to foreigners and more reliable, it seems likely that a new hunting district as important as that of British East Africa will be thrown open to the world.

The north-coast ports of Sumatra proved by far the least interesting spots that we had seen in the Insulinde. At Sigli the only novel or amusing sight was the drawing of the nets by the fishermen. While the nets are spread the catch is protected from the birds by fish-herds in little shelters on piles beside the nets, but the moment that the nets are raised and the fish are actually in sight the temptation proves too great and the winged marauders swoop down and fight for their share of the spoils, generally with considerable success.



Photo by Carr M. Thomas

UNLOADING CATTLE, SUMATRAN COAST



Photo by Carr M. Thomas

SUMATRAN RAILWAY TRAIN AT KWALA LANGSA

The last two stops of the steamer were productive of even less satisfactory results than that at Sigli. At Lho Seumawe, in an atmosphere of malaria and fever, there is a small settlement of Europeans and a large colony of Chinese, but not a single attractive feature, natural or artificial. We stopped for a day to discharge cargo and to take on a consignment of three large bags of peanuts and a Chinese passenger. At Kwala Langsa there was not even a settlement to be seen,—only a toy station of the narrow-gauge railway, a cattle pen, and a half dozen filthy, rotting, frame shanties built over pools of fetid slime and inhabited by sallow, pock-marked Chinese. The approach to Kwala Langsa is through a deep bay, and a number of thickly wooded islands add a redeeming touch of beauty to the otherwise depressing monotony of mangrove swamps and dirty water. The town, of which the railway station and a wharf form the port, is at some distance.

It seemed a pity to leave the glorious island of Sumatra thus, by the back door, past the rubbish heap and the cesspool. These wretched Achinese ports do damage to one's impressions and almost obliterate for the time one's recollections of the magnificent highlands, and I would unreservedly recommend travellers to omit the north coast from their itinerary. The lower east coast is far better worth visiting and the town of Palembang, the "Venice of Sumatra," must be unique in its way.

This city of over 60,000 people lies on the banks of the Moesi River. Part of its houses are built on high piles over the water of the river and the side canals and streams; part on rafts, like the floating houses of Ayuthia, Siam. The buildings are said to be, many of them, painted with bright colours and ornamented with elaborate carving. Another east-coast town, Medan, is wholly modern and the centre of the tobacco interests. From it one may reach the great lake of Toba and pay a visit to the home of the Bataks, probably the most interesting of the native peoples of Sumatra.

From Kwala Langsa it is a steam of from twelve to eighteen hours at slow speed across the Straits of Malacca to the island of Penang. The "Coen" left the coast of Sumatra early in the afternoon and when we awoke next morning we were anchored in British waters and our Dutch skipper, seated on the rear rail in his pyjamas, had resigned himself to the congenial occupation of fishing, with evident distaste for the bustle and commotion of the foreign harbour and a superior disdain for its conventions and customs,—a true type of a sensible, unaffected, independent people.

Our wanderings in the Insulinde were over all too soon. In fifteen weeks of travel in the Dutch possessions we met with unfailing courtesy and kindness at the hands of all the Hollanders with whom we came in contact by chance or introduction, and in their wonderful island colony we enjoyed

a succession of delightful surprises and pleasurable experiences such as I hardly think could be duplicated in any other part of the world. I know of no regions of more lovely and more varied scenery, as I have said before, and of no lands where so much that is strange and unusual may be seen at so little risk and with so little discomfort. The beauties and wonders of these islands of volcanoes and spices are typical and unique of their kind, and even the most blasé traveller can hardly fail to be aroused to enthusiasm by their alluring charms. For myself, I can only say that my visit to the marvellous Insulinde and its mountains and jungles, its garden cities and ruins, will always stand out in the dreamland of agreeable memories as one of the few never-to-be-forgotten experiences in many years of travel.

APPENDIX

ADMINISTRATIVE DIVISIONS, ETC.

NETHERLANDS India is a crown colony, and its administration is theoretically carried on by the throne of Holland, acting through a Colonial Secretary and a Governor-General and Council appointed by it. Its administration is regulated by the Dutch East India Administration Regulations, a sort of constitution for the Indies granted in 1854. Foreign relations are taken care of by the home government, the heads of the colonial army and navy are appointed by the throne, and all matters having to do with the alienation of territory, incurrence of public debt, or changes in established legal rights are subject to the approval of the home parliament. The Governor-General is, in practice, elected by the Council. His term of office is five years and his emoluments amount to over seventy thousand dollars gold a year, a liberal travelling allowance, and the free use of the palaces at Weltevreden, Buitenzorg, and Tjipanas in the Preangers. The

Council is in theory a consultative body, but in reality wields great power. It is at present composed of five members and sits weekly at Weltevreden to discuss and in point of fact to determine, subject to the approval of the Governor-General, all affairs of governmental policy and administration. Under it are a number of general departments or bureaus, such as those of Finance, Justice, Agriculture, etc.

For administrative purposes, Netherlands India is divided into (1) Java and Madoera, (2) The Outer Possessions.

The first of these, Java and Madoera, is subdivided into the following Provinces or Residencies: Bantam, Batavia, the Preangers, and Cheribon, in Western Java; Pekalongan, Semarang, Banjoemas, Kedoe, Djokjakarta, Solo or Soerakarta, Rembang, and Madioen in Central Java; Soerabaya, Kediri, Pasoeroean, and Besoeki, in Eastern Java; and the island of Madoera. All of these provinces with the exception of Solo and Djokja are under native regents or "adipatis." The exceptions, the "Vorstenlanden," are under a native Susuhunan and a native Sultan respectively. In each case a Dutch Resident advises the native sovereign or regent. The "adipatis" are appointed by the Governor-General and receive about six thousand dollars gold a year; the Susuhunan of Solo receives over three hundred and sixty thousand dollars and the Sultan of Djokja

over two hundred thousand, but the taxes and monopolies of these two monarchs are given up to the Dutch.

The second division of Netherlands India, the Outer Possessions, embraces the Dutch territories in Borneo and New Guinea, and the great islands of Sumatra and Celebes, besides all the smaller islands of the archipelago. It is divided into Governments and Residencies, the Governments being superior to the Residencies and in at least one case including several of these last. The Governments are as follows: (1) Celebes (or the south of the island and the smaller islands off the coast); (2) Atjeh (or North Sumatra); and (3) the West Coast of Sumatra (including the Padang Highlands, directly under the Governor, and the two Residencies of Padang Lowlands and Tapanuli). The Residencies proper are as follows:

1. West Borneo. Capital, Pontianak.
2. South and East Borneo. Capital, Bandjermasin.
3. Menado (North Celebes). Capital, Menado.
4. Ternate (North Moluccas). Capital, Ternate. (This includes West New Guinea.)
5. Amboina (South Moluccas). Capital, Amboin. (This includes the Bandas, Aroes, etc.)
6. Timor and Dependencies. Capital, Kupang. (Including Flores and the lesser Sundas.)
7. Bali and Lombok. Capital, Boelelang.
8. Bencoolen (Sumatra). Capital, Bencoolen.

344 JAVA AND HER NEIGHBOURS

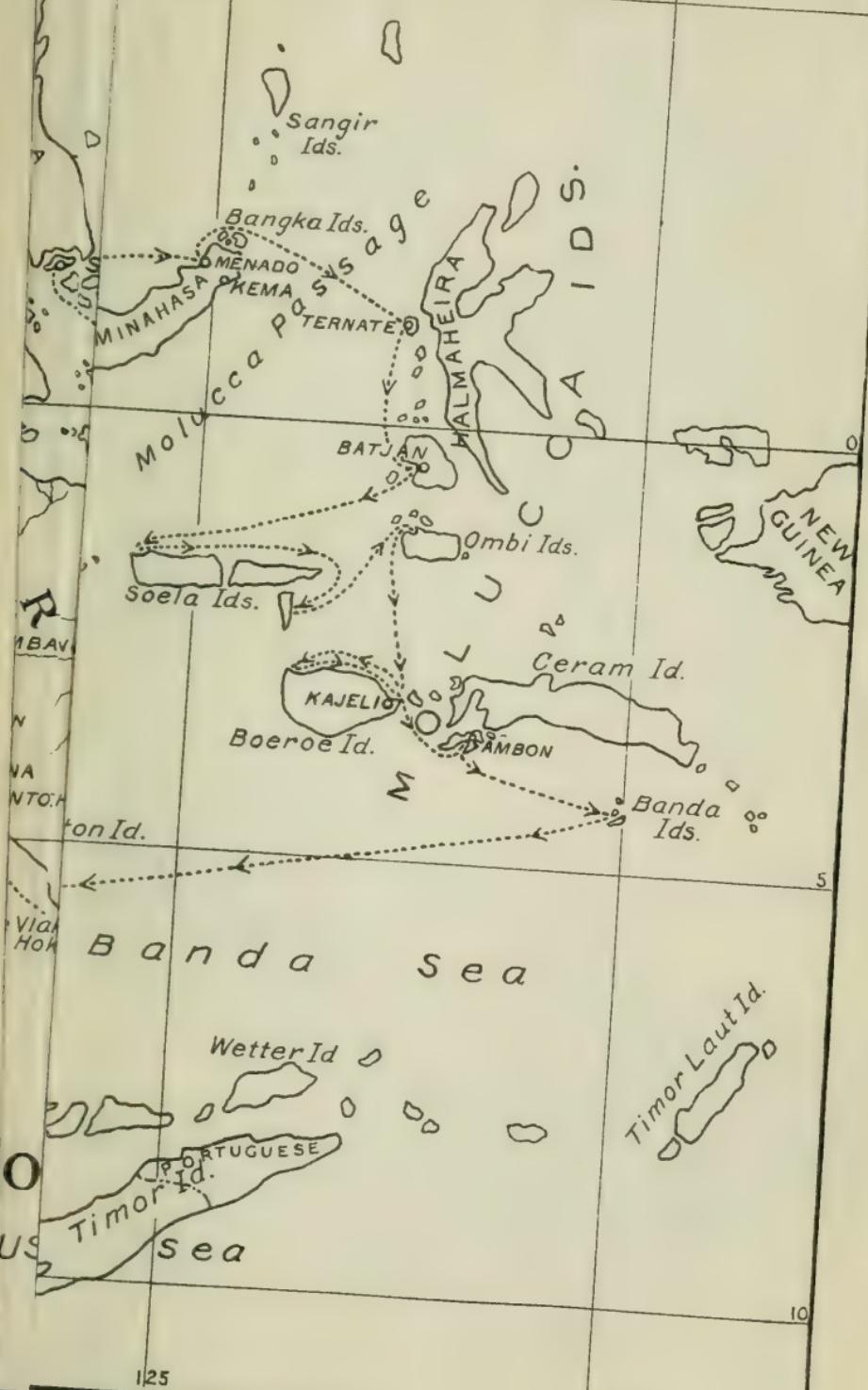
9. The Lampung Districts (Sumatra). Capital, Telok Betong.
10. Palembang (Sumatra). Capital, Palembang.
11. Sumatran East Coast. Capital, Medan.
12. Rhiouw Lingga Archipelago. Capital, Tandjong Priok.
13. Banka (island). Capital, Muntok.

Governors receive about 7300 and Residents about 6100 dollars a year, and, in addition, houses and allowances for travelling and entertaining are given to both classes of officials.

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**SKETCH MAP OF
THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO**

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The Dutch spelling "oe" has generally been used, even when often transliterated in English "ou" or "u."

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